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balancing
the Budget

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and who stays out





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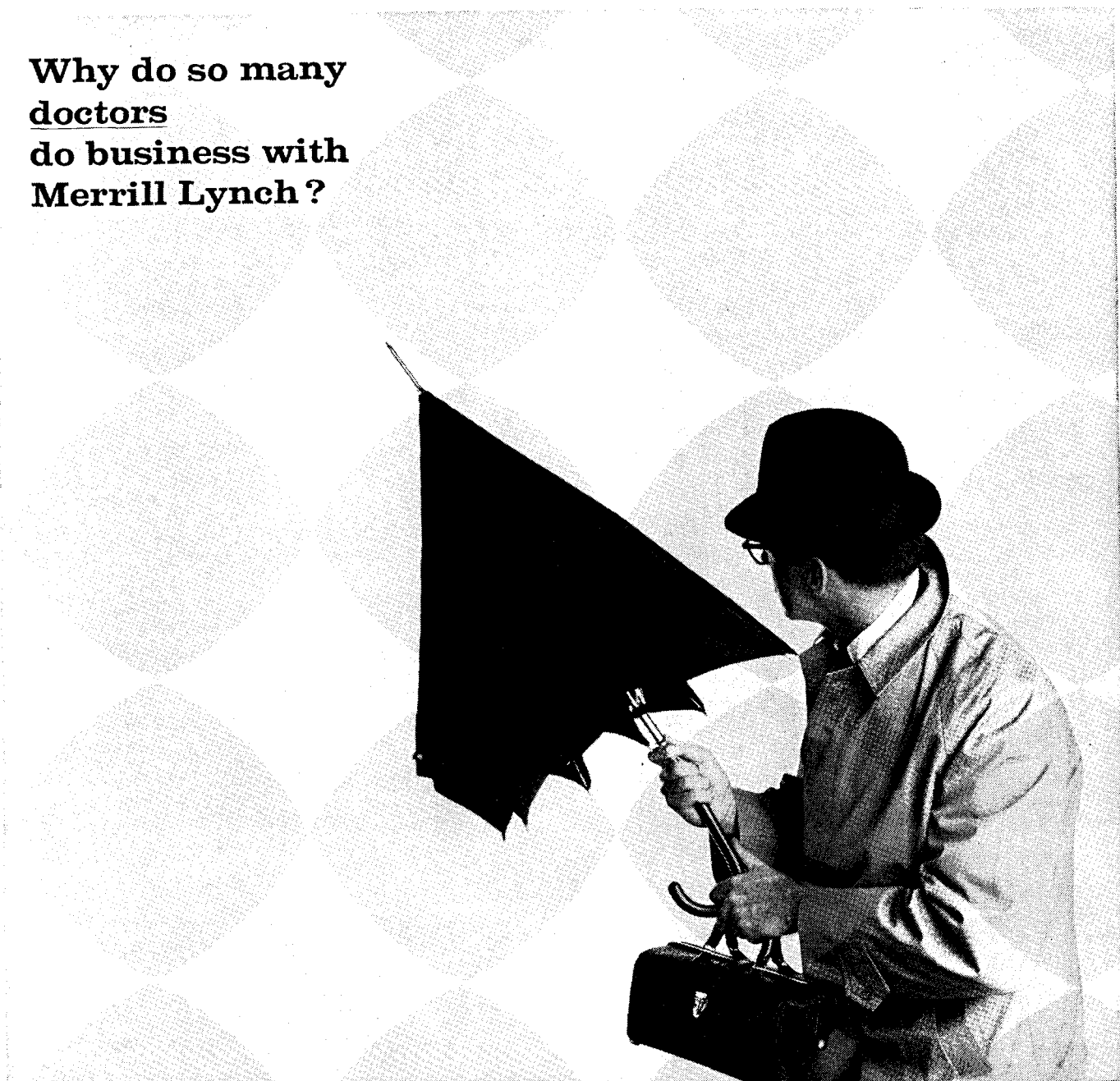
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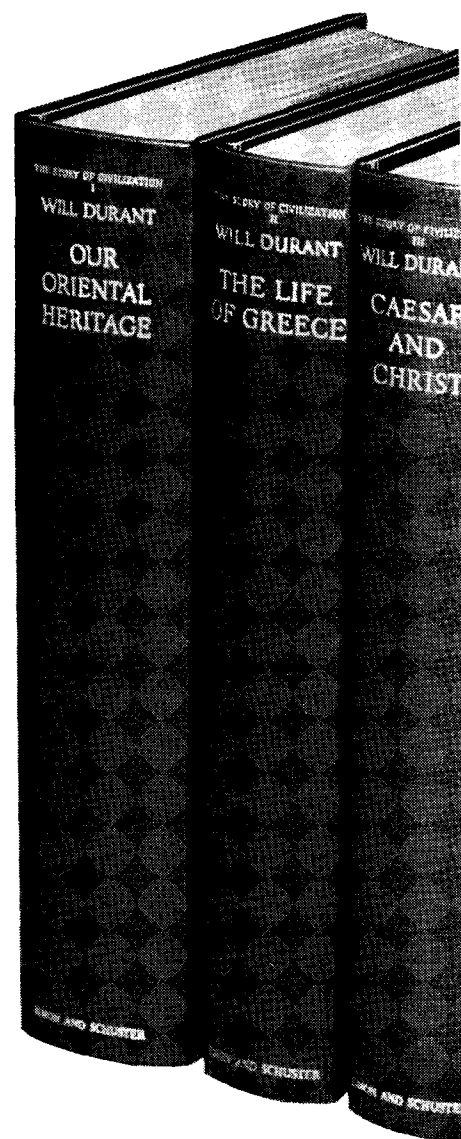
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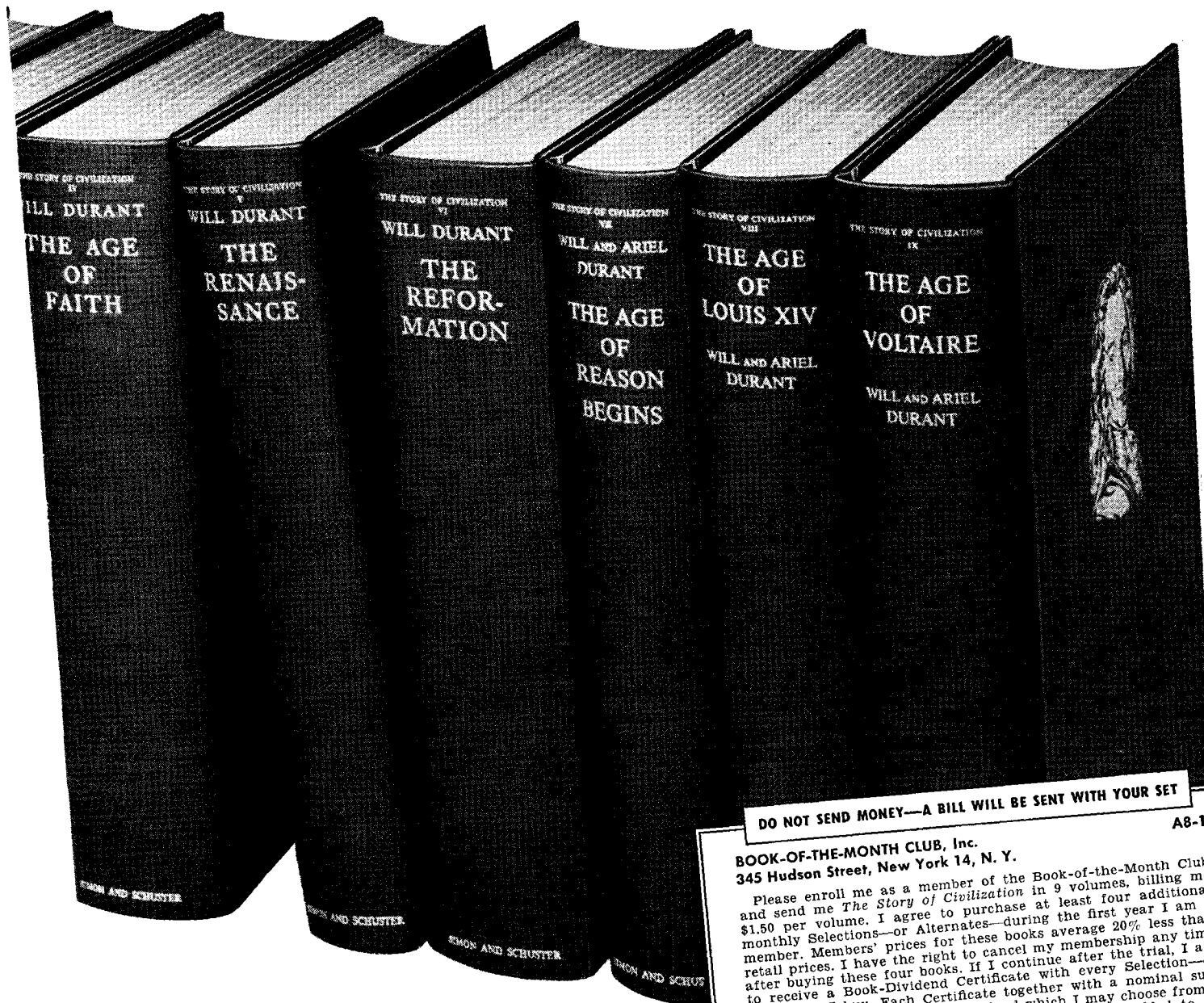
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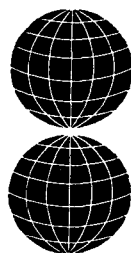
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WASHINGTON

THE opening of a new session of Congress in an election year is always a signal for the launching of political debate. Both parties in 1965 worked together under the tent of the great consensus and under the prod of the great compromiser. President Johnson was unrelenting in applying pressures on Congress to act because he knew that 1965 must be the year of his greatest domestic legislative accomplishments, when Republicans and Democrats alike were free of the imminent prospect of a political campaign.

Now all factions in both parties will have their eyes on the November elections. It will be harder for some Democrats as well as all Republicans to support the President as often in 1966 as they did in 1965. All members of the House and a third of the senators must attempt to make their own records to the satisfaction of their own constituents. The President, being the most alert politician in the capital, already has suggested a short session. Always eager to avoid debate, he wants to restrict it now in the interest of both the elections and his foreign policies. The discouraging news from Vietnam makes it clear that the President will be caught between those who want to do less militarily and those who want to do more.

The President's handling of Vietnam and other foreign policy issues, few of which his Administration has yet clarified and properly explained, will be critical. On most of them he can delay no longer. Latin America clearly deserves more attention. It is past time for new departures in foreign aid, especially in the agricultural field. The Malthusian threat is greater today than at any time since the Industrial Revolution. Problems of nuclear sharing and the prevention of nuclear dissemination have been given a very low priority for two years. The future of the alliance and the problems of monetary reform and

of international trade cry for attention. The new session of Congress will see more debate on all these subjects than the last session.

SOS to Humphrey

The President has told Vice President Humphrey that it is his responsibility to help re-elect the seventy-one Democratic congressmen who were elected for the first time in 1965. They both know that the task is next to impossible. In mid-term elections the party in power generally suffers losses, particularly among freshmen who won because of the help they received in a presidential election year from the President's coattails.

This year, all other things being equal, Democratic losses should be somewhat larger than normal because the Democrats won a larger number of marginal seats in 1964 as a result of the Goldwater debacle. However, because of the redistricting that has been done in the last few years, the Democrats may be in a somewhat more favorable position than previously. Urbanization is continuing, and the Democratic Party was quicker than its rival to appreciate the importance of the population shifts.

But already there are signs that the GOP is adapting itself to the times. In the 1965 elections, Republicans fared well in several important urban areas, including, most important of all, New York City. Some notable middle-of-the-road party leaders like Charles H. Percy of Illinois and Robert Taft, Jr., of Ohio, who surely would have won in 1964 but for Goldwater, would like to make political comebacks. In his 1964 race for the governorship, Percy lost, although he polled 350,000 more votes in Illinois than Goldwater did; in his race for the Senate, Taft lost, although he polled 433,000 more votes in Ohio than Goldwater did.

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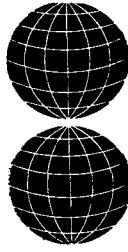
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Report on Washington



The most heartening thing about both the 1964 and the 1965 elections was the renewed evidence they provided that the way to victory in this country usually is either down the middle of the road or slightly to the right or left of center. There have been exceptions, but that is the first great lesson of American politics. The second is that no party can win consistently which refuses to grapple directly with the problems that confront the electorate. The party that attempts to run away from the issues is seldom successful.

The way to win

John V. Lindsay won the New York City mayoralty election because he appealed to the moderates in both parties and because he persuaded enough voters that he would deal with the critical issues facing them. While the Democrats nationally have a better reputation with the voters than the Republicans for facing up to the issues, the Democrats in New York had exhibited fatigue and inertia. They were unable to generate new resolve or original ideas that would capture the imagination of the hard-pressed urban voters.

Whatever the right wing of the Republican Party may think of Lindsay, he has shown his party the path to victory. It would have new hope if it could do as well as he did in convincing voters that it is determined to deal realistically with the nation's problems. The huge majority which Johnson commanded in 1964, and, from all indicators, still commands, could dissolve in an instant if the voters became convinced that his Administration was as faltering and as tired as the Democratic Party in New York City was. Time atrophies parties as it does individuals; new or revived parties, geared to current needs, overcome the weary and the irresolute.

While fatigue has by no means caught up with the Johnson Administration, another deadly virus has. It is the assumption that it knows what is best for the voter and does not owe him a full accounting. Johnson has never liked debate, has never liked a give-and-take news conference, and has never permitted subordinates any latitude at all in publicly discussing and explaining issues. He prefers to operate behind the scenes, then spring a public announcement that surprises and startles but by no means discloses all the facts.

In the view of most Washington newsmen, the secrecy lid is tighter in this Administration than at any other time in living memory. On a single day recently, two of Washington's most eminent commentators accused the Administration bluntly of misleading the public on serious matters of state. A Republican governor, who is a vigorous supporter of Administration policy in Vietnam, said privately that the single thing most disturbing to him was the President's refusal to report the facts about Vietnam frankly to the American people.

Tactics in the poverty war

The domestic issue which the Administration likes to talk about least these days is the war on poverty. From the President down, Democrats recognize that the program is in political hot water. Whether Republicans would benefit by a frontal attack on the program is another matter. It was sure political instinct that led the Democrats to wage the anti-poverty war. The American people applauded because they recognized that the nation is wealthy enough to eradicate the terrible blight of want. But whether the Administration used the right tools is debatable. To score political gains Republicans need to show as much interest in the program as the Democrats and at the same time to present better methods of attack.

The confusion in Washington regarding the anti-poverty war is similar to the confusion regarding foreign aid programs. Both were undertaken with the conviction that changes could be effected rapidly. Our experts in the Department of Agriculture might have saved the poverty fighters and the aid administrators much disillusionment, for they learned long ago through the extension service and other farm programs that the first requirement is education, and that takes time. The farm experts know that it is not enough to send an agronomist into an underdeveloped country and expect him to show the people how to meet their food problems. An uneducated farmer can make only limited headway. To the agricultural experts, education is even more necessary than better seeds, sharper tools, and richer fertilizers.

Francis Keppel, the dynamic forty-nine-year-old boss of the vast new federal aid-for-education programs, understands the basic importance of education. President Kennedy summoned him from the deanship of the Harvard School of Education to be Commissioner of Education. Because Keppel is a man of action and purpose, he quickly won President Johnson's confidence. Now an assistant secretary in Health, Education, and Welfare in charge of all educational programs, he has one of the most critical posts in the government. The new legislation enacted in 1965 affects not only elementary and secondary education but

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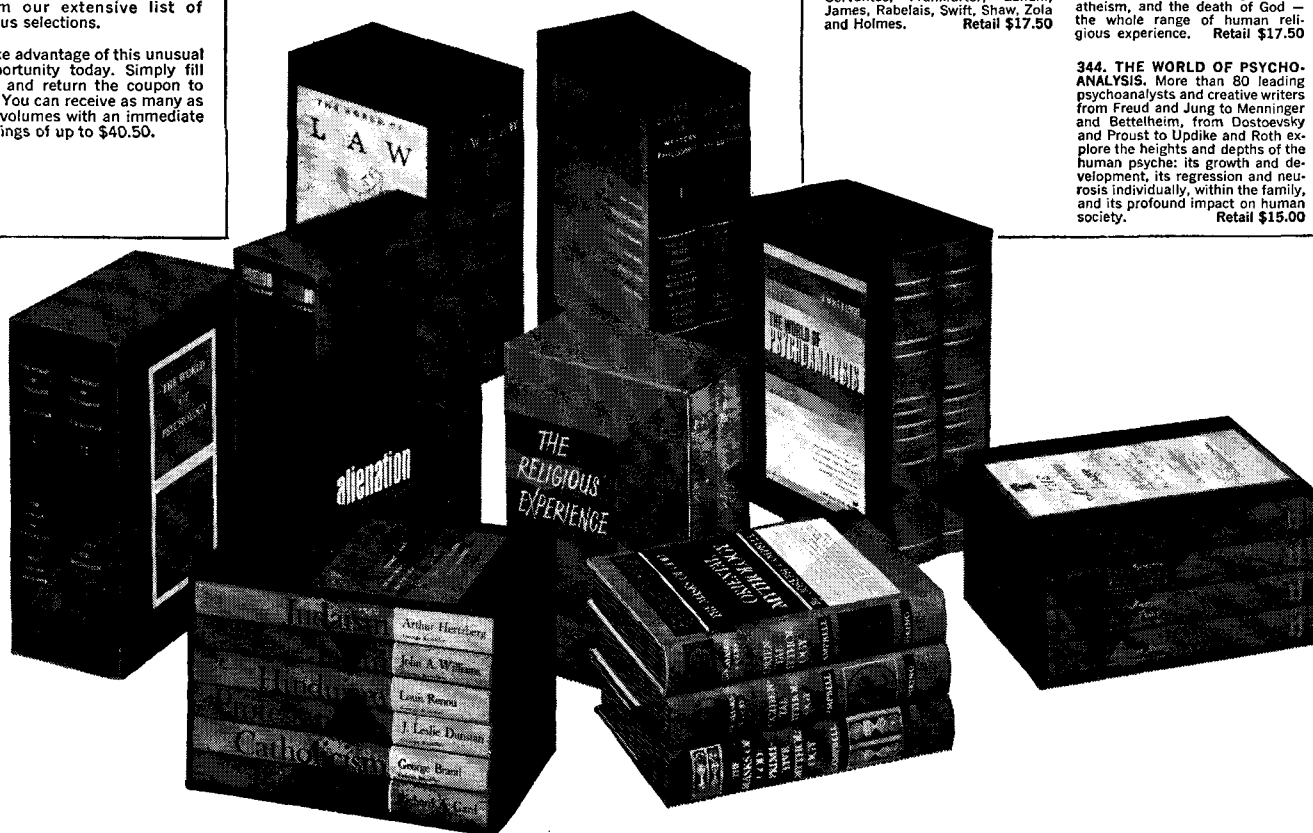
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Report on Washington

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Small talk in the yellow room

One of the most beautiful rooms in America is the yellow oval room on the second floor of the White House, where the First Family's living quarters are located. Two marvelous Cézanne's are on the west wall. A Peale portrait of George Washington hangs over the mantle on the east wall. The room is

superbly furnished. The view across the south lawn to the Washington Monument is one of the glories of Washington. In this room the President has chosen to stage a revolution in the art of diplomacy.

In the past, Presidents have received the credentials of foreign envoys individually and in private. Each new ambassador was allowed a few minutes or much longer to greet the President and perhaps discuss a matter of business. Now Johnson receives ambassadors publicly and en masse.

The President stands tall under the portrait of Washington. Opposite him behind a center table are fifty or more photographers and reporters. Klieg lights illuminate the room. Lloyd N. Hand, chief of protocol, stands near the President's left. As the new ambassador is ushered into the room, Hand calls out above the noise of the cameras: "Mr. President, may I present His Excellency, Ambassador Lemberger of Austria." The President steps forward to meet the ambassador. They exchange a few pleasantries.

The President may invite the new envoy to sit with him for a moment on a nearby sofa. But there is no opportunity for a confidential exchange. When the President rises, the ambassador hands him a large envelope containing his credentials and an address of greeting, which is never read. The President in turn hands the ambassador a smaller envelope containing his formal address of welcome, and then is ready to receive another ambassador.

To impress upon the ambassadors his interest in them the President has from time to time invited groups of twenty-five or thirty for an evening cruise on the Potomac. He also has asked his special assistant, Jack J. Valenti, to give occasional luncheons to which two or three dozen ambassadors are invited. But the President himself keeps his contacts with the envoys at a minimum, believing, unlike his predecessor, that they should conduct their business through the Secretary of State.

Mood of the Capital

For more than two months, with President and Congress out of town, Washington has been concerned with its own local and acute problems. Before the snows fell it could see many examples of the fine work done under the stimulus of Mrs. Johnson's beautification program.

The city is excitedly talking about the architectural and engineering plans of a much needed subway, which was authorized in the last session of Congress. It is pleased that debate on the location of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts at last seems to be settled and that money is on hand to begin construction on the shore of the Potomac.

Finally, having suffered a heavy defeat in its bid for home rule, there are some signs at least that it is awakening to the fact that home rule is no answer in itself. Washington is the smaller part of a large metropolitan area which should no more attempt to govern itself alone than the West Side of New York should attempt secession. The city's new building and highway construction programs are, in staggering proportions, in keeping with the ambitions of the Great Society.



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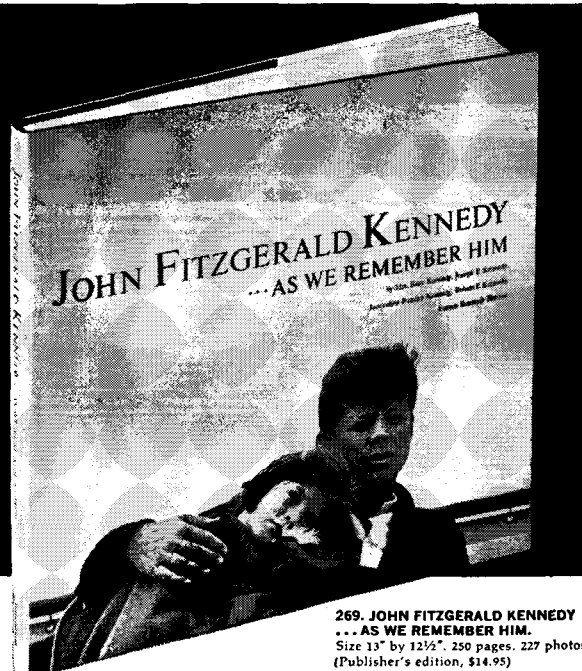
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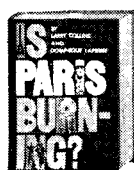
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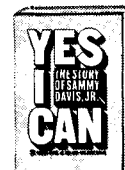
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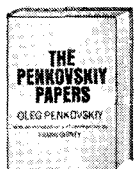
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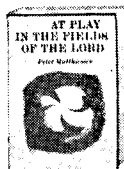
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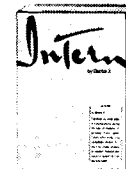
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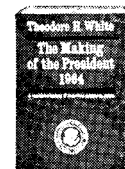
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THE residual strength of the now shattered Indonesian Communist Party, the deplorable state of the country's economy, the lack of effective civil leadership, and the widespread xenophobia and general anti-Westernism all demand the utmost caution in assessing future prospects in the strategically important and revolution-shaken republic of Indonesia. Yet no future developments, wherever they may lead this sadly mismanaged country, can diminish the importance of the events that occurred on September 30 and October 1, and, in less dramatic form, have been going on ever since.

That Indonesia did not become an annex to Peking, fully embraced in a military and political relationship which would have invalidated the best American and British efforts in Vietnam and Malaysia, bordered on the miraculous. Two things prevented China from seizing a stranglehold on Indonesia: General Suharto, then commander of the strategic reserve, spent the night at the hospital with his fever-stricken daughter and escaped assassination; and Defense Minister Abdul Haris Nasution's young aide, in the last minutes of his life, stalled the assassins in their pre-dawn call at the Nasution home by appearing in the general's coat and cap while the pajama-clad Nasution escaped over the wall of the Iraqi Embassy.

There were other contributing factors, including President Sukarno's decision not to identify himself with the September 30 movement when it first announced its coup d'état, and his subsequent refusal, under pressure from second Deputy Prime Minister Johannes Leimena, to accompany Communist leader D. N. Aidit and the collaborating air force chief, Air Marshal Omar Dhani, to central Java. These were significant but peripheral, since Sukarno's actions were not motivated by any sense of disapproval of the coup but only by its failures.

Suharto, even more than Nasution, was the key, and if there is an Indonesian strong man today, it is he. Little known to most Westerners in Jakarta — he was the only general on the assassins'

original list who had not had training or long experience in a Western country — Suharto is regarded by Indonesians who know him well as incorruptible. Even more important, on the morning of October 1, he alone, as commander of the strategic reserve, had immediate access to and control of substantial military forces. He could act unilaterally, and his elimination, even if Nasution had survived, might well have meant inaction in the early, critical hours of the coup.

In crushing the coup, Suharto moved quickly and effectively. Later he made difficult political decisions without consultation with or advice from outsiders. In attacking the Communists, he was not acting as a Western puppet, which he is not; he was doing simply what he believed to be best for Indonesia.

It was Suharto's decision, for example, that he needed Sukarno to identify himself, however indirectly, with the forces that had opposed the coup. Jogjakarta had fallen to the rebels, and there was a real risk that the revolt might spread through all of central and eastern Java and to some of the outlying regions also. Even among some of the military leaders who had helped to put down the coup and were openly anti-Communist, Sukarno's charisma was important.

Made to order for revolt

Against this background, Suharto decided he had to go on using the president. There were times in October when the policy seemed likely to slip into reverse, with Suharto becoming the used and Sukarno the user. Sukarno had no intention of becoming a figurehead, and said so. While conceding to the president the right to find a political solution to the chaos created by the September 30 coup, however, Suharto quietly brought about a situation in which any solution truly acceptable to Sukarno would be impossible. His principal support came from the Indonesian people. To many observers it had seemed that the Communist Party's greatest strength before the coup had grown out of its refusal to participate fully in a NASAKOM (nationalist, Communist,



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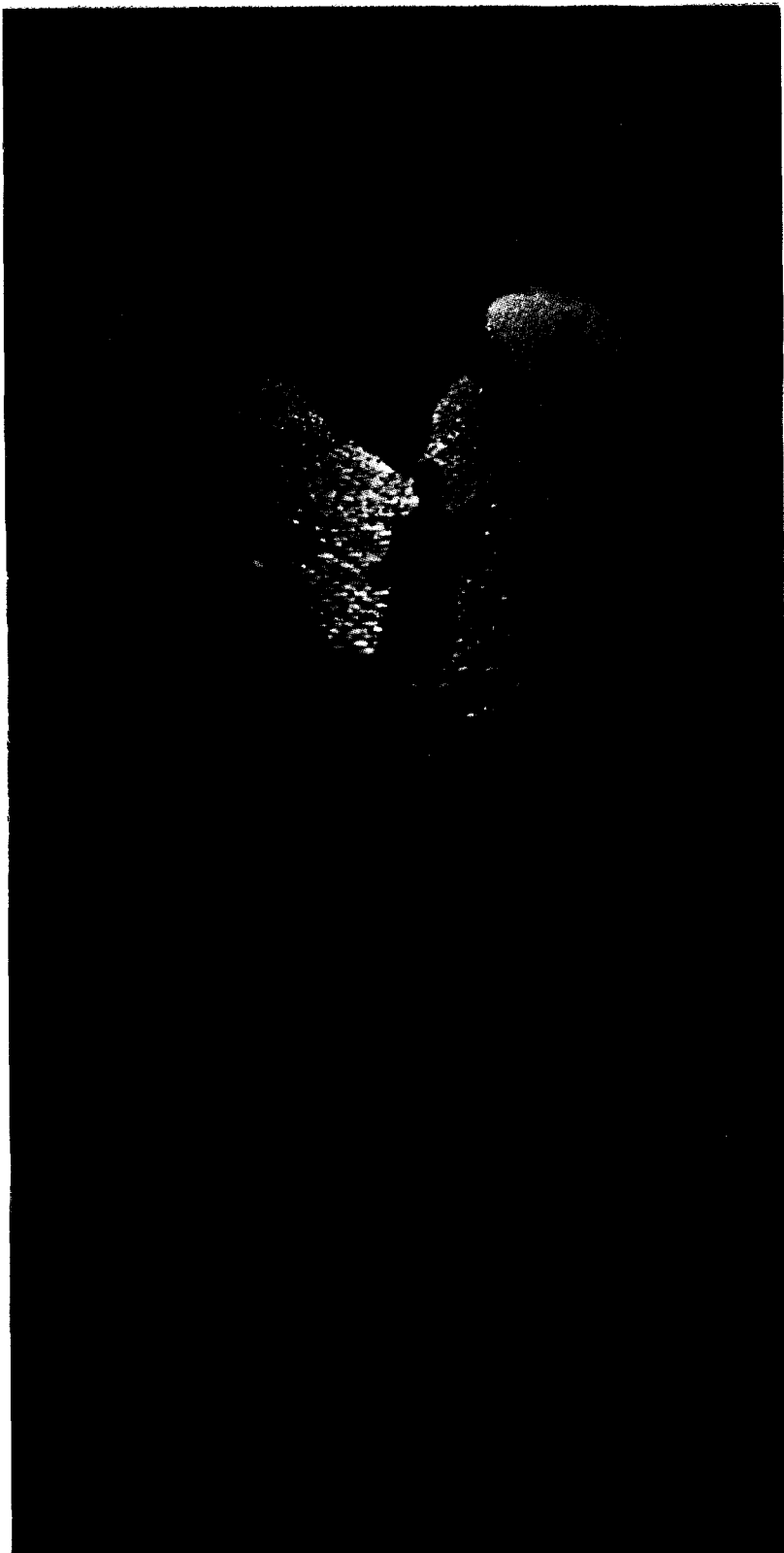


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Report on Indonesia

and religious) government. It had escaped identification, it was said, with the misrule, the corruption, and the scandalous incompetence of government that had turned the world's third richest country in known natural resources into a giant slum in which men were forced to lie and steal and cheat just to get enough food to eat.

In principle, the situation was made to order for revolt, especially for Communist revolt; but the revolt, as the Communists quickly discovered, was anti-Communist. It was also bitter, and but for the army, would have been bloody. It began slowly but gathered momentum as the people tested and quickly found the limits of their new freedom. Here was a quasi-Communist country, heavily indoctrinated, fundamentally anti-Western, which suddenly spurned everything the Communists had to offer. Initially, the army guided; before very long, there was danger it might be led.

For months past, the Indonesian news bulletin *Antara* had distributed undisguised Communist propaganda. Hsinhua, the New China News Agency, was its principal source of foreign news. The army now closed *Antara* temporarily, retooled its staff, and then allowed it to publish again. The results were substantially less than satisfactory. Hsinhua was back in its old familiar place; Communist propaganda was back in local items. This time the army moved more drastically, and with the arrest of twenty-five Communists on its staff, *Antara* began to publish the sort of news most Indonesians had never expected to read again.

A crop of new newspapers authorized by the army hit the streets, while the Communist presses, which had dominated the scene, closed down. For publishing a report that the mob had wrecked Aidit's home and discovered a billion rupiah along with masses of incriminating documents and evidence that the Communist leader had been enjoying a life of luxury, the new press came in for some bitter criticism from Sukarno. Aidit's home had not been touched, Sukarno declared. Next day Muslim youth groups made

amends, and while the army stood guard, looted the official ministerial residence and burned the contents on the front lawn.

In the course of these operations the army was now permissive rather than directive. It openly encouraged the destruction of Communist bookstores, universities, and offices. It prevented any attack on the Chinese Embassy, and it managed to discourage racially biased attacks on the Chinese community, which, to survive in recent years, had had to give the appearance at least of being fervently pro-Communist.

Against this assault Communist Party resistance wilted. It had no contingency plans to cope with this situation, and it was clearly less formidable than many observers had expected. In part, this could be attributed to the circumstances in which it had achieved its too spectacular growth.

The Communist line

Unlike most other Communist parties, the Indonesian Communist Party, which Aidit had nurtured for thirteen years, had set its sights during the mid-fifties on a take-over by constitutional democratic methods. With the idea that he could win Indonesia with the ballot box instead of bullets, Aidit eschewed the doctrinaire emphasis on small, tightly knit cadres and concentrated on growth.

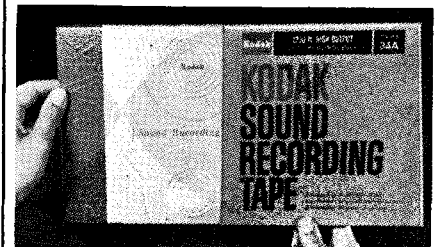
By the middle of 1965, though a take-over by electoral processes was no longer possible in Sukarno's guided democracy, the Party had grown into the third largest Communist Party in the world, with three and a half million members and candidate members, and eleven million camp followers in Front organizations. Inevitably, ideological purity suffered, and it was not unusual in central Java, where the Party had its greatest numerical and administrative strength, to find a devout Muslim working as a devoted Party organizer.

Aidit's plans for taking power now depended on the success of two essentially complementary but different approaches: the acquisition of guns by the creation of a People's Army and the penetration of the armed forces at the lower levels, coupled with the subversion of the higher



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Report on Indonesia

levels of the government, and if possible, of the military. On both levels he achieved some success.

In the weeks immediately preceding the September coup, both Sukarno and Dr. Subandrio — first Deputy Prime Minister and generally regarded at that time as the front-runner among the heirs apparent — were pushing the Communist line against the generals, with whom Aidit had had no success. Despite the army's understandable objections to the creation of a People's Army of some twenty million, guns were coming in clandestinely from China for both the Communist Youth and the Communist Women. Both groups were also receiving military training through Air Marshal Omar Dhani.

Given time, these tactics alone might have proved sufficient. But as Aidit was well aware, time was working against him. Since the failure of attempts to persuade the army leaders that an ultimate post-Sukarno ideological accommodation based on NASAKOM could be reached between the non-Communist army and the Communists, the revolutionary processes had to be speeded up. With Sukarno's blessing, therefore, the Communists opened an undeclared war on the army, charging the generals with having become "capitalist bureaucrats." The intention was to precipitate an early showdown in which Sukarno, with his great authority and prestige, would be the final factor in the Communist victory.

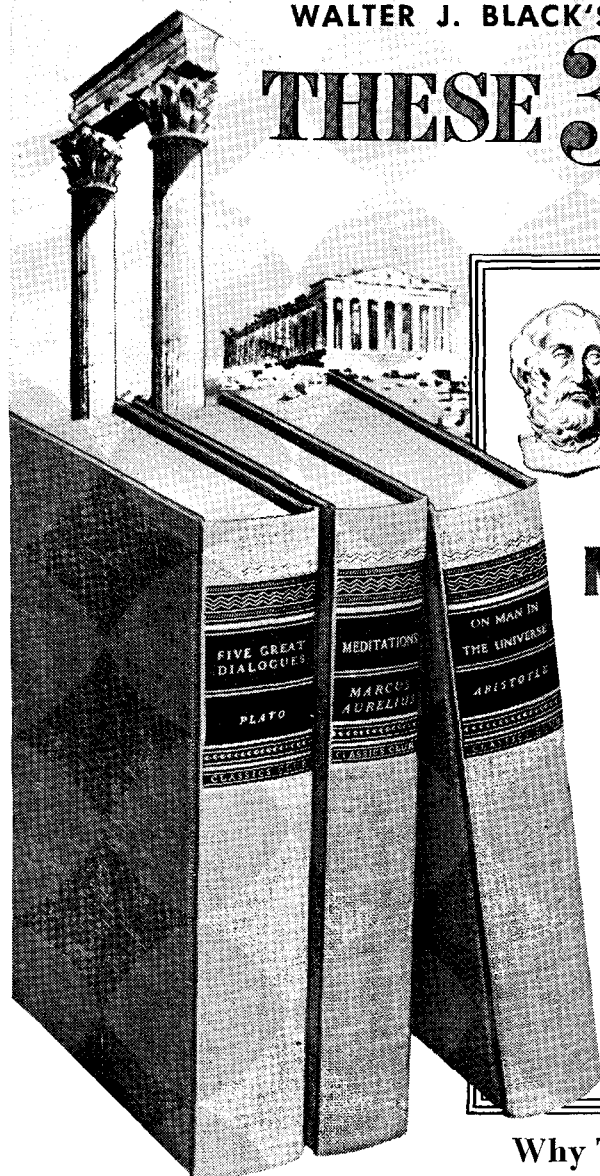
The plan in its initial stages worked well. September saw a rapid intensification in the campaign against the "capitalist bureaucrats." In speech after speech Sukarno, Subandrio, and Aidit created the climate for revolt. When the generals took counsel among themselves, it was inevitable that they should be accused of planning a coup d'état, and perhaps inevitable, also, in the context of existing Indonesian-American relationships, that the hand of the Central Intelligence Agency should have been seen in this plot.

To prevent the generals' coup, there had to be a coup to save Su-

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Report on Indonesia

karno. It failed more by ill luck than by mismanagement, but its brutality sowed a whirlwind. When Djakarta's television viewers saw the dismembered bodies of the vilely treated generals and the medieval instruments of torture that were found cached in Communist Party headquarters, the slide was suddenly reversed, and Indonesia, far from slipping rapidly into the Communist camp, suddenly began to slide rapidly in the opposite direction.

Anti-Red is not pro-Western

The West has no seat at the end of this seesaw, however. Peking and the Indonesian Communist Party have suffered their worst reverse ever. The Djakarta-Peking axis as an effective military alliance died with the discovery that Peking had advance information about the planned coup, had supplied the guns with which the assassins were armed, and by refusing to lower its embassy flag to half-mast, had showed only contempt for the murdered generals. But the antithesis of Communist is

anti-Communist, not pro-Western. While much of Sukarno's papier-mâché ideology had collapsed in ruin, here and there a pillar or two of the past remained. One was the fear that Indonesia was being encircled by imperialist colonialist and neocolonialist powers intent on its ruin.

It was a time when the West, with the best of intentions, could help most by not helping at all. To be pro-Western was almost as damaging as to be pro-Communist. This need for restraint was widely understood, and nowhere better than in the U.S. Embassy.

Marshall Green arrived to take over as ambassador from the now sadly disillusioned Howard P. Jones in the pre-coup fury of anti-Americanism with the instruction and intention of being firm. He was. When the American consulates in East Java and Sumatra were threatened by Communist mobs and Sukarno's administration appeared determined to close them down, Green spoke to Subandrio in terms that he was not accustomed to hear from an

American ambassador. If the United States were pushed in this way, it would reserve the right to push right back, he told Subandrio. The pushing quickly ceased.

In the new situation, Green could have erred by open encouragement of the anti-Communist forces. Instead, and perhaps reflecting too little confidence in the new regime to hold Sukarno and the Communists in check, Green approved the State Department decision to withdraw the dependents of American officials.

Needed: a hard new look

In the not too distant future, however, the United States and its allies will have to consider urgently what, if anything, they can do to help Indonesia through its mounting, and potentially catastrophic, economic problems. "In the words of Johnny Walker, we are still going strong," said Sukarno in his first speech after the coup. But Indonesia is not going strong: it is scarcely going at all.

Money in circulation is increasing at the rate of fifty billion rupiah a month, but the presses cannot cope with the demand. Measured by the yardstick of the black market, a senior government official now earns about fifty cents a month and a coolie about five. Project development has all but ceased, and such industry as is in existence is starved for spare parts and raw materials. Some factories have ceased operations; others, the most fortunate, may be working at 50 percent of capacity. In conditions such as these the opportunity for a long-term Communist comeback is real and demonstrable.

To find a way of helping Indonesia in this phase of xenophobic ultra-nationalism will not be easy. Moreover, the external requirements in the way of aid for basic industries could easily run as high as a billion dollars, for this is not a case of merely priming the pump, but of building a new machine. And in between the need and the help are not only foreign inhibitions and the obvious difficulty in finding such a sum but the deep-rooted Indonesian fear of encirclement. To remove those barriers will require a level of understanding and statesmanship on the part of both Indonesia and the West that has not been apparent in the past.



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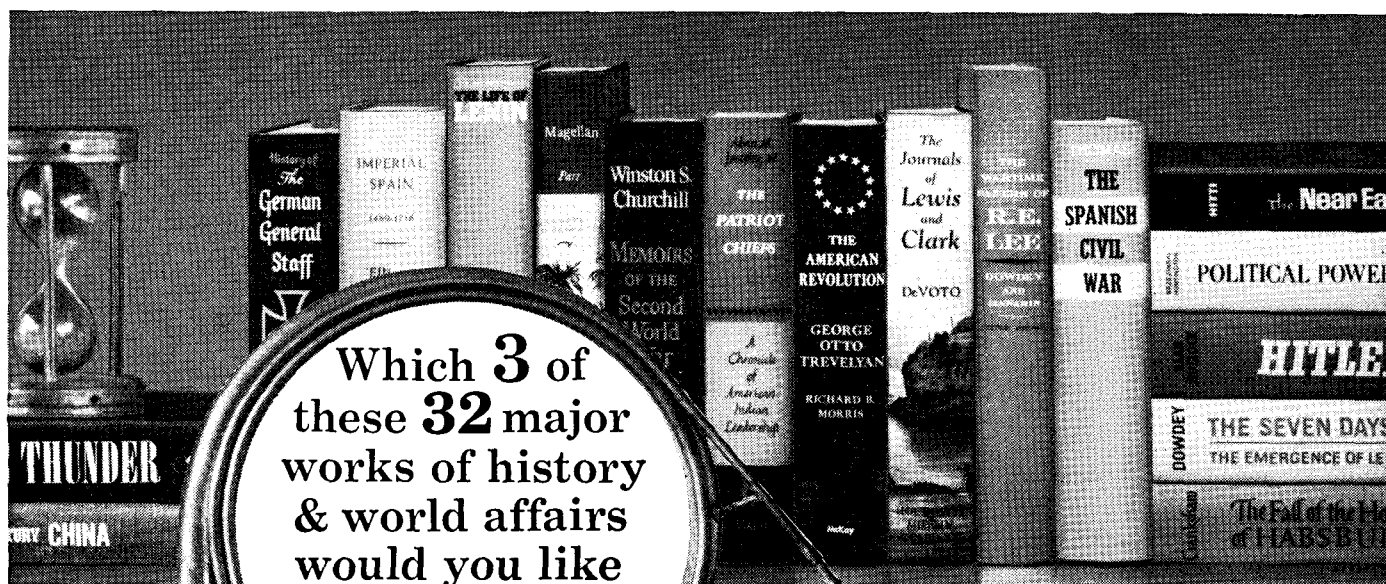
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Variable Sweep Wings: A report from General Dynamics

A major step forward in aircraft design:

This week, several pilots redesigned their airplanes in flight. Shortly after takeoff, each pilot moved a trombone-shaped slide in his cockpit and folded back the wings of his plane.

The ability to do this made the F-111's they were flying the first aircraft that can (1) operate from short landing fields, *and* (2) fly economically for long subsonic cruise ranges or ferry itself across an ocean, *and* (3) strike supersonically at treetop height *or* dash at two-and-a-half times the speed of sound at an altitude of 12 miles.

The key is its variable sweep wing. Today the first eight developmental F-111's, built by General Dynamics, are daily demonstrating the feasibility of a movable wing—a development that finally makes a truly multipurpose airplane practical.

The matter of flight envelope:

Every aircraft has a specific "envelope"—a set of limitations, or boundaries, of speed and altitude, within which it can operate effectively. The final design of a plane depends upon which of several

possible purposes is most important.

A long wing extended straight out is best for short takeoff and landing, long range and endurance, or high load-carrying characteristics. For the high lift demanded, a large amount of wing surface is needed.

But as speed increases, less lift is needed from the wings. In fact, at high speeds, large wings increase resistance from the air. Such an airplane can be pushed to supersonic speed by brute power, but not efficiently.

This resistance is commonly called drag, and one way to reduce it has been to sweep the wing back. For instance, the modern passenger jet, whose wings are partially swept back, can fly efficiently for long distances just below the speed of sound. But the swept wing provides less lift, and such aircraft need long runways, sometimes up to two miles long, and special braking devices.

Very high speeds—faster than sound—can best be reached with a very small wing, sometimes in a triangle or delta shape. But the still lower lift can require even longer runways, and additional braking devices such as drogue parachutes. The very small wing offers considerably less fuel efficiency for long-range, subsonic flight.

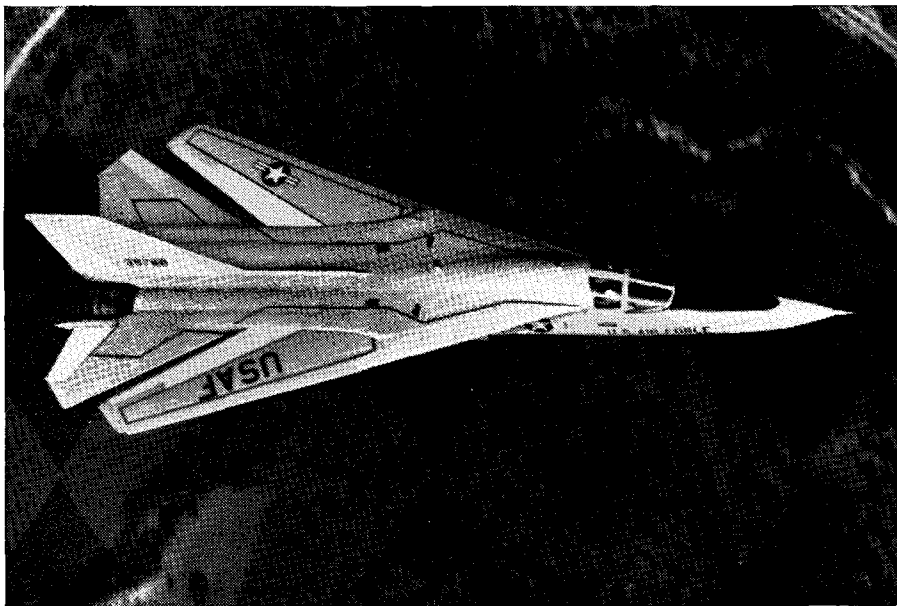
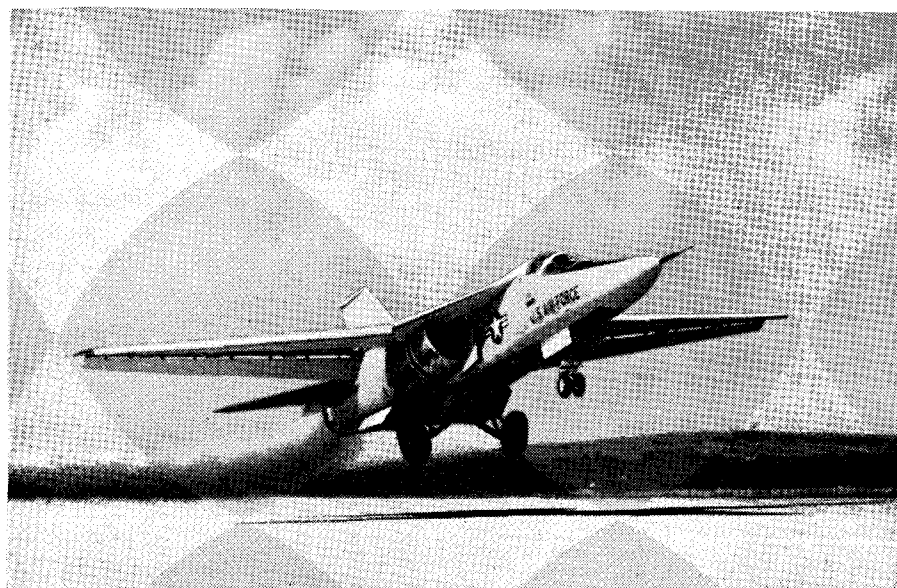
Three aircraft in one:

A wing whose position can be changed by a pilot *in flight* gives a single airplane the special talents of all three types. With the wing fully extended, the aircraft has high lift for short takeoff or landing or high-load capacity. With the wings partially swept, efficient long-range subsonic flight becomes practical. Pulling the wings all the way back to their smallest exposed area provides supersonic dash, without having sacrificed either high lift or cruise economy.

Previous—and impractical—attempts to achieve variable wing geometry go all the way back to 1911. The chief problem: an undesirable relationship between center of gravity and center of lift as the wings moved would cause an airplane to nose up and down sharply—become longitudinally unstable.

How it operates:

Not until 1960 did the National Aeronautics and Space Administration conceive the answer to this instability—simultaneously sweeping both wings around separate pivot points which were moved out on the wing root rather



Top: The F-111 with its wings extended straight out for high lift at takeoff.

Bottom: Wings being swept back to allow F-111 to reach supersonic speeds.

than having a single pivot in the center of the fuselage. The concept has been refined and developed by General Dynamics through more than 22,000 hours of wind tunnel testing, and more than 25 million man-hours of design and development.

The F-111's variable wing can be moved in flight from its fully extended position (technically with 16° of sweep measured at the leading edge) to a full sweep of 72.5° , with the wings tucked back against (and much of them actually inside) the fuselage for a narrow delta shape. The position of the wings can be set and held at any position between these two extremes, with the pilot himself deciding what wing setting is best for maximum performance in a given set of circumstances. He can normally lever the wings from one extreme to the other in about twenty seconds.

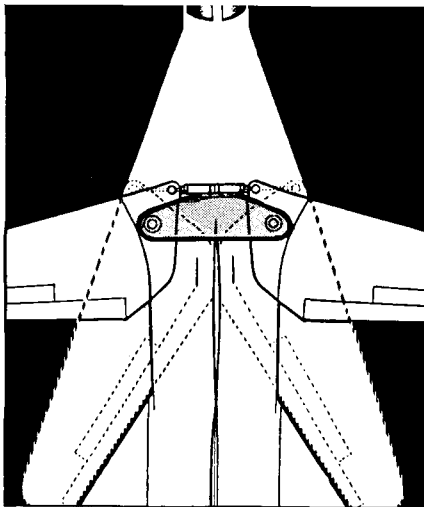
The precision of design is so exact and the wing so balanced that negligible elevator trim is needed to compensate for full sweep of the wing.

Heart of the system:

The heart of the F-111's variable sweep system is a 14-foot steel yoke across the fuselage (see drawing below).

The movable portions of each wing are fastened to the yoke by $8\frac{1}{2}$ -inch diameter high-strength steel pivot pins. Forward of the yoke hydraulically powered actuators, responding to the pilot's control selection, move the wings from one position to another.

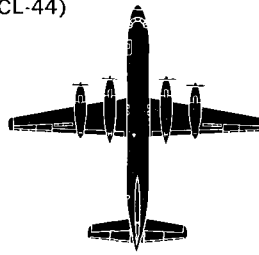
For additional high lift at takeoff and landing, full span slats and flaps are incorporated into the wing. The wing itself is ingeniously tapered so that much of its area when fully extended is highly cambered—that is, with a relatively



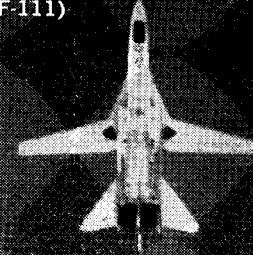
How the wing works. A 14-foot steel yoke, with its $8\frac{1}{2}$ -inch diameter pins, on which the wings pivot, is the heart of the variable sweep winged F-111. The yoke and pins support the whole plane in flight. A jackscrew just forward of the yoke actuates the wings during sweep.

How wing configuration determines flight envelope

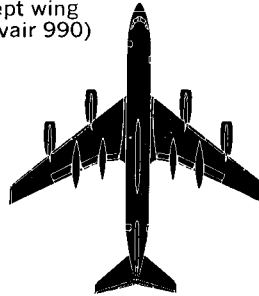
Extended wing
(CL-44)



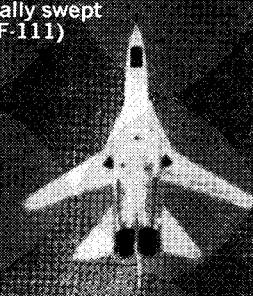
Fully extended
(F-111)



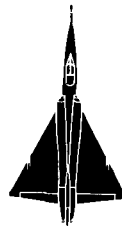
Swept wing
(Convair 990)



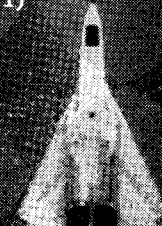
Partially swept
(F-111)



Delta wing
(F-106)



Fully swept
(F-111)



Left, top to bottom: Drawings of planes flying today. Extended wing of transport provides relatively short takeoff and landing with heavy loads. Swept wing of passenger liner provides less lift, but allows the plane to fly efficiently just below the speed of sound. Small delta wing of military fighter reduces air resistance (drag) and allows the plane to fly at supersonic speeds.

Right, top to bottom: Photos of the F-111 show how the variable sweep wing gives it the advantages of the extended wing, swept wing and delta wing—all in one plane.

thick curve for greater lift—and thin at the area remaining exposed when wings are swept back for high-speed flight.

The future for the sweep wing:

Since the Wright Brothers' first breakthrough in the art of manned flight, there have been relatively few major advances in the basic art of airplane building. One was the introduction of light aluminum structures, another the introduction of the turbine—better known as the jet—engine for propulsion.

The variable sweep wing represents a similar major step forward. For any category of aircraft—military, commercial or private—where the combination

of very high-speed flight, long economic cruise and high lift for easy takeoff and landing is desired, the variable sweep wing sets the new standard. Even space ships may ultimately incorporate some form of variable geometric wing to make them more maneuverable within different atmospheres.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce for defense and industry: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic and communication systems; and machinery, minerals and gases.

GENERAL DYNAMICS



WHEN Aldous Huxley paid a visit here in 1934, he remarked that “if the world had any ends, British Honduras would certainly be one of them.” The English author, writing in *Beyond the Mexique Bay*, added that this Massachusetts-sized Central American colony “is not on the way from anywhere to anywhere else, has no strategic value, is all but uninhabited.”

The population of this improbable land is still only 105,000, roughly comparable with that of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Despite the arrival of the air age, the territory remains remote and isolated. Except during the dry season, it is impossible to drive from here to any other Central American country; Mérida, the capital of the Mexican state of Yucatán, is twelve bone-jarring hours away by car.

But British Honduras’ importance has been immeasurably enhanced by four factors which Huxley could not have foreseen in 1934: the emergence of a Communist regime less than 350 miles away in Cuba, the approach of independence for British Honduras (probably in 1968), the existence of the United Nations (in which the new country will have a vote of equal weight with that of the United States and the Soviet Union), and heavy pressure on Washington to mediate Guatemala’s claim that British Honduras is part of its national territory.

The colony, which will change its name to Belize on attaining independence, is hardly destined to become a mover and shaker among nations. Towns with names such as Gallon Jug and Monkey River never will challenge the world’s industrial complexes. It would be a major triumph for British Honduras if it could control the wee-wee ant, which gleefully munches its crops, or capitalize on its generous supply of alligators and jaguars for commercial profit.

The annual budget is a pathetic \$11 million, and even this level of expenditure would be impossible without generous subsidies from Britain, which has provided \$36,400,000 over the past

two decades. The annual trade deficit is on the order of \$10 million. Sugar, citrus, timber, and fish products are the principal exports, worth \$20 million annually. Slum-clearance programs are unnecessary here. The same effect is achieved with monotonous and terrible regularity by hurricanes which have flattened British Honduras’ matchstick towns four times in the past ten years.

Independence anytime

When the Union Jack is replaced by the blue and white banner of Belize (British Honduras’ governor, Sir Peter Stallard, asserts that the country can have its independence “anytime it wants it”), this will become the second smallest continental nation in the Western Hemisphere (smaller: El Salvador). Only French Guiana, which appears to be light-years away from independence, is less populous.

British Honduras has a single modern hotel, no deepwater port, not a mile of railway, and less than five hundred miles of spine-punishing roads. Although there is adequate land in the interior, a third of the people huddle in the capital.

Independent Belize will have fewer than one hundred university graduates. It will be hard-pressed for health facilities if any of the thirty doctors and ten dentists, the majority of them colonial officials, leave the territory. There is no university, half the teachers are untrained (the school system would be in a bad way now were it not for the presence of forty-eight Peace Corpsmen and forty-one Papal Volunteers), and many qualified British Hondurans are lured out of the country by economic opportunities elsewhere. The colony claims a literacy rate of 95 percent, the highest in Latin America, but this is literacy in only its loosest sense, the test being the ability to write one’s name and the date. There is room in the schools for only 20 percent of the school-age population.

Lack of communications and facilities inhibits the development of tourism; no oil has been found despite the expenditure of \$18 million in

Forgotten road to success in writing

One of America's highest paid free-lance authors tells of opportunities often overlooked by people who want to write

By J. D. Ratcliff

I can't understand why more beginners don't take the short road to publication — by writing articles for magazines and newspapers.

Last year over 250,000 articles were bought by general magazines alone. And that's only part* of a huge market that will pay well for pieces of almost any length on just about any subject that comes naturally to you. I've made a good living for 25 years writing articles, and I've enjoyed every minute of it.

A wonderful life

I've interviewed a dozen Nobel Prize-winners, including Sir Alexander Fleming who discovered penicillin. I've talked with heads of state, at least one king, scores of leading industrialists. In the past year, I covered stories from Bangkok to Buffalo.

It's a wonderful life. No commuter trains to catch, no office routine. Whether I'm at home, or abroad on assignment, I write from 8 a.m. to noon every day — no more, no less. My afternoons are my own.

How to pick subjects that sell

A big advantage of article writing is that you can break in with material right out of your own everyday experience. One of the first pieces I sold was about the adventures of a test pilot I knew. Another told the story of a friend of mine caught in a balloon that ran wild. Check the contents of any general magazine; chances are you'll find articles you might have written.

You can make good use of your special interests too. One of mine is science, and it's provided dozens of story ideas — from accounts of dramatic new heart operations, to a report on an astronomical observatory built out of salvaged junk. Your passion may be insurance or religion or football, raising roses or raising children. Whatever it is, you should be able to draw on it for articles that could inform and entertain thousands of readers.

Knowing *what* to write is about half the battle. The other half is knowing *how*. To produce saleable articles, you must master the tools and techniques used by all successful professional writers.

You might develop these skills on your own through sheer blood, sweat and rejection slips. But when I look back, I can't help thinking of all the time and agony I would have saved if I could have found a real "pro" to work with me.

Such help is now available to beginners everywhere through the Famous Writers School — founded by Rod Serling, Faith Baldwin, Bruce Catton, Bennett Cerf, Max

Shulman, Mignon G. Eberhart, Bergen Evans, Red Smith, John Caples, Rudolf Flesch, Mark Wiseman and myself.

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Dr. B. H. Roisum of Madison, Wisc., writes, "I sold three articles to the *Ladies' Home Journal* for \$3,500." Eileen Thompson Panowski, a Los Alamos, N. M., mother of four, is about to have her fourth book published by Abelard-Schuman. The *Reader's Digest* bought Marjory Ward's article for \$1,500.

Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, our students find great intangible rewards in writing for publication. As my colleague Faith Baldwin puts it: "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being . . . makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

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"Jack" Ratcliff on a typical afternoon stroll through the New Jersey woods where he conceives many of the articles that prompted *Time* to name him "America's No. 1 craftsman in the field of non-fiction." Although he writes no more than four hours a day, he has had over 100 articles published in the *Reader's Digest*, and hundreds more in such magazines as *McCall's*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *This Week*.

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British Honduras

exploration; the Hercules Powder Company, one of the few industries operating here (it extracts resin from pine stumps), is closing down its \$3 million plant as a result of labor troubles and a fall in the world price of resin; and United Fruit, which was considering coming in, has decided against it.

Guatemala's claim

Smallness of the domestic market, lack of local capital and purchasing power (the annual per capita income is about \$310), inefficient and unskilled labor, depletion of natural resources, prevalence of plant diseases, threat of hurricane damage, and increased competition from synthetics all militate against the creation of a strong economy. The wonder is that Guatemala wants British Honduras, but want it she does. Mexico also has a dormant claim to the northern third of the territory; but Mexico is prepared to waive this unless territorial alterations are made in favor of Guatemala.

Guatemala maintains that British Honduras belongs to it on grounds that Guatemala is Spain's heir. Guatemalan diplomats argue that Spanish sovereign rights over British Honduras, part of which formed a section of the colonial captaincy general of Guatemala, passed to the Central American Federation when it established its independence in 1823 (Spanish control ended two years earlier, during which time Guatemala was part of Iturbide's ill-fated Mexican empire), and to Guatemala on the dissolution of that federation in 1838.

Great Britain contends that the Latin-American revolutions were "acts of populations" rather than of juridical areas, hence that the rebellious peoples obtained rights only over the lands which they actually possessed or occupied at the time of their independence. The English, Whitehall points out, had been in British Honduras for almost two hundred years by the time Mexico and Guatemala attained independence.

In May and June of last year, talks were held in Miami and Lon-

don. After the talks, Guatemala and Britain jointly asked for U.S. mediation of the dispute, although the request was made primarily at the instigation of Guatemala.

Washington has made no definitive reply to the request, and diplomatic sources indicate that the United States, while willing to suggest a list of nongovernment American citizens as mediators, is unwilling to be dragged into the dispute as official referee. Guatemalan diplomats maintain they must insist on an official U.S. role, if only because — they say — this will give any solution arrived at a greater chance of success, since U.S. prestige would be involved.

As for the British Hondurans themselves, the people most directly affected by the dispute, they have not the slightest interest in becoming a part of Guatemala. A few years ago they similarly rejected the possibility of membership in an English-speaking West Indian federation.

Prime Minister George Cadle Price, although he has often been accused of taking money from Guatemala and of wanting to "Latinize" the country, has stated repeatedly that he wants only independence. Opposition leader Philip Goldson is even more adamantly opposed to any link with Guatemala.

One-party system

The People's United Party has dominated British Honduras domestic politics since the initiation of representative government fifteen years ago. In 1954, PUP won eight out of nine seats in the territory's legislature. In 1957, the count was nine out of nine, and in 1961, eighteen out of eighteen. In the 1965 general election, PUP won sixteen out of eighteen seats in the House of Representatives and five of eight in the Senate, despite polling only 60 percent of the popular vote.

And PUP's domination by George Price, the forty-six-year-old son of an auctioneer, is complete. Starting as one of the founders and general secretary of PUP in 1950, Price dethroned the party's original leader, Leigh Richardson, and drove into the political wilderness ambitious



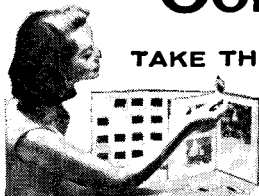
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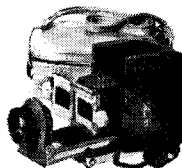
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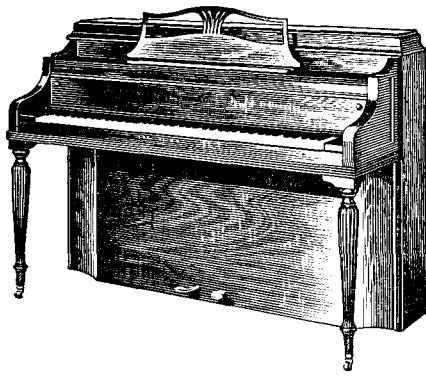
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British Honduras

lieutenants such as Nicholas Pollard and Goldson (Goldson's National Independence Party holds two seats in the House and two in the Senate).

Price, who claims the territory can achieve economic viability within three years, is busily creating the paraphernalia and myths of nationhood. He has come up with a flag, an anthem, a national prayer, a new name for the country, and repetitious propaganda techniques which he borrowed from the Communists and has designed to instill a sense of nationality into his diverse, easy-going people.

These include the English-speaking descendants of the logwood cutters' slaves, a small but sizable Mayan-speaking minority, Spanish-speaking *mestizos* ("mixed bloods"), who fled here from Yucatán during the Indian wars of the last century, five thousand German-speaking Mennonites in flight from more recent religious persecution in North America and Mexico, seagoing Caribs (people of mixed African and Indian descent who speak their own guttural dialect), and a sprinkling of whites. Although British Honduras has a three-hundred-year-old tradition of racial tolerance and has experienced none of the communal violence which has wracked British Guiana, the threat of racial violence exists, if only in a latent form.

Price describes his political philosophy as Christian Democratic, but he does not define this clearly. He intends to remain within the British Commonwealth after the colony attains independence, and is toying with the idea of membership within both the Organization of American States and the Central American Common Market, although Guatemalan opposition could block both moves.

The Prime Minister's appeal

Part of the Prime Minister's appeal, and possibly some of the strange quality which he exudes, stem from his ethnic heritage. Price is a racial schizophrenic in whose veins flow Spanish, Mayan, African, and Welsh blood. In appearance the handsome Prime Minister, who wears horn-rimmed glasses and white

It's a pity people aren't more discerning about liqueurs, for there is an ocean of difference between them. Consider what it takes to make a truly superb Blackberry Liqueur.

The thing to judge in Blackberry Liqueur is the fruit. Where it was grown. When it was plucked. How soon it was processed. Nowhere else do blackberries grow as ripe and tender as in Dijon, France. They are ripest and most fragrant in late August. And it is then that they must be plucked and immediately processed to preserve their true flavor.

Berries, black and juicy, are not the only ingredient vital to a superb Blackberry Liqueur. Look also for infusions of natural Black Currant and Raspberry. Finally, make certain the liqueur is sealed in the bottle by the producer. For this is one sure way to lock in flavor and delicacy. One liqueur producer still takes such pains with Blackberry Liqueur—and 18 other delicious flavors, all made and bottled in France.

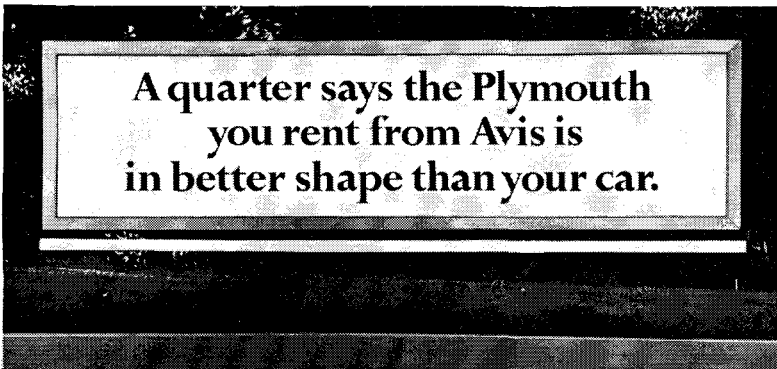
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O, My Korea! Novelist Richard E. Kim, returning to his homeland after ten years in America, offers a moving account of the political and social disillusionment he found in his liberated nation.



Art and Anti-Art preoccupy one of the world's foremost critics, E. H. Gombrich, in a sharp-focused look at developments in painting and sculpture since World War II.



How the Wasteland Grew: The Early Days of Radio, when announcers made thirty-five dollars a week and selling toothpaste on the air was taboo. A recollection by Carl Dreher of how David Sarnoff's "radio music box" mushroomed into NBC and William Paley's investment in a phonograph company turned practically overnight into the multimillion-dollar CBS.



The Unbanning of the Books has interested Harvard's Professor Harry Levin since his freshmen days, when a Cambridge bookseller was jailed for selling a copy of Joyce's *Ulysses*. Now he assesses the considerable unbuttoning that has gone on since.

The Draft: What Is Wrong With It

Even administrators of the selective service system admit its inequities and imperfections. Many citizens question its fairness, and some young men question the values the system is devised to defend. In a time of mounting draft calls, the *Atlantic* considers in a special section the public concern over the draft, the young man's view of it, some improvements or alternatives to it, and the dilemma posed by a democracy's need for trained military power.

British Honduras

Nehru-style clothes, is more Latin than anything else, although English is his home language. Yet he cultivates a mystical Mayanism, and talks constantly of "the Belizean personality."

Price is still a bachelor and something of a recluse, who likes to travel incognito when he goes abroad. His only recreations are music (he plays the piano and the organ well), bird-watching, and reading. He rises regularly at 4:30 A.M. (a not unreasonable hour in Belize's blistering climate), attends Mass at 5:30, and is at his desk by 7:00. Something of his prissy, dominating character is revealed by his practice of telephoning each of his cabinet ministers at 8:00 to make sure they're at their desks. He also circulates papal encyclicals to them as required reading.

The Prime Minister's office in a ramshackle two-story building near the waterfront is open to the public, and Price tries to spend at least two days a week visiting remote rural areas. He normally leaves his desk at 4:30 P.M., locks himself in his unpretentious home (he lives alone), and retires by 9:30 P.M. Visitors to his home are not encouraged, and Price, who drinks moderately and smokes almost not at all, has little social life.

Although he is a good political organizer and does not shun bare-knuckle verbal exchanges with his political opponents, most of Price's speeches are conservative, rather pedantic appeals to Belizeans to "build a nation." His appeal is largely mystical, and rests to a certain extent on the belief widely held among the superstitious Creoles that he has almost magical powers.

The responses which Price seems to engender are admiration rather than love among his supporters, fear rather than respect in his opponents. But all agree that lonely George Price is an unusual political flower in a Latin-American garden which has produced some exotic plants. Equally certain is the fact that whoever leads poverty-wracked British Honduras into independence will have his work cut out for him.



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tremely suitable for this announcement about Jamaica) is a very rare species. It will *not* grow into two if you cut it in half. (Pity.) It is shown here a bit smaller than it really is because it wouldn't fit into our little black box otherwise. From tip to tip, it measures a little more than 2½ inches. Nine thousand five hundred dollars.

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Montserrat has been described as a lavishly endowed island of astonishing changes. A turn in the road may bring you suddenly to a tropical ravine along which a stream tumbles on its way to the sea. Or you will pass from cultivated fields (Montserrat supplies larger islands with its garden products) to the riotous beauty of wild orchid and poinciana. Flamboyants splash scarlet dabs against the hills; mango, coconut, lime, banana hang heavy with fruit in season. You've never tasted such pineapple or eaten such tomatoes. Nor have you probably ever seen so many mahogany trees or knelt in such grass. And it is certain that on very few islands, if any, have you drunk such water—the fabled Montserrat water, pumped not from man-made catchments (like islands in the Virgins, for instance) but from springs high in the cool mountain forests. Unless you know the islands, it's hard to appreciate how unique is Montserrat's pure, abundant water.

Those who discover Montserrat are enchanted at its sight—then made captive by its people. There is no resisting them, native or recently-arrived. One learns to drive with one arm;

the other is needed to wave return greetings. It's a little island—32 sq. miles, the size of St. Thomas. Of its 13,000 people (there's an Irish flavor to their English) 3000 live in Plymouth, the capital, thought by the **TORONTO GLOBE & MAIL** to be "...the cleanest town in the British West Indies..." You'll love going into Plymouth, to watch the bustle at the harbor, to walk its neat, narrow streets lined with balconied houses, to say hello to everyone around you, to shop. You can buy virtually anything you need in Plymouth—from newspapers to frozen foods—and you'll pick up bargains along the way: good beef at 59¢ a lb., Scotch or Canadian at \$1.80 a fifth, American cigarettes at \$1.80 a carton. At the price, \$1350, you'll want a new foreign car for Montserrat's rather narrow but excellently-paved roads. Royal Bank of Canada has just put up a new building and there is discussion of a shopping center as well as another cinema. We have public and private schools, doctors, churches, and are getting a new hospital. And here's something that is exciting everybody on the island: the Government has slashed all income taxes, personal and corporate, to a very low figure.

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And then set your architects to work to custom those 125 acres into just 104 villa sites, each with an estate privacy, each with a superb view. Then finally—with mountains, sea, and golf course forming unencroachable borders—guarantee your property buyers that "Isles Bay" of Puerto Rico, or of Antigua or of any island will be set off in perpetual privacy from any other community.

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Perhaps you'll say that swift transportation is the chief reason for the sky-climbing prices elsewhere. And you'll probably be right. Puerto Rico, Jamaica, Barbados, Antigua—they're all jet-strip islands, quickly reached. So...here is remote Montserrat, light years from the jangle and artificiality of these popular resorts, yet only 27 miles from Antigua. You reach Antigua in 3 hours and 50 minutes by non-stop jet from New York and in about 4 hours from Toronto. Daily shuttle flights get you from Antigua to Montserrat in 15 minutes. The complete round-trip fare from New York to Antigua is \$174, every month of the year.

Please read the headline of this advertisement once again: "THERE ARE PRECISELY 104 VILLA SITES..." That's all there are—104 precious lots. We couldn't add any more if we wanted to; Nature has seen to that. And because there are only 104, and because they are all indescribably lovely, they will all soon be gone. You may count on it.

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Here is what we urgently advise that you do: fill out the coupon and rush it to us. We'll immediately mail you—free and with utterly no obligation—a thick and informative portfolio which will contain a large color brochure of ISLES BAY OF MONTSERRAT and a color booklet of the Belham River Valley Golf Course; a Question and Answer fact-book covering in depth virtually every point which may occur to you (e.g. domestic help is competent and plentiful—salaries about \$5 a week); even architects' plans in color and a list of builders (the cost of a house \$10-\$15 a sq. ft.). And in this portfolio you will find photographs from ground and sky and an immense architectural aerial plus a huge surveyor's plat of all of ISLES BAY OF MONTSERRAT. This architectural photograph is almost precise. It will show you every one of the 104 villa sites and fully describe each one—its size, elevation, landscape, views, price. By referring to both the painting and to the plat you'll be able to pick out and reserve the lot of your choice, almost as though you were there.

Notice the word *reserve*. You'll not be asked to commit yourself. Your reservation will hold your site for 60 days. You may cancel for any reason during that period and get immediate refund of your deposit of \$100. But during that time you and only you will have a tight hold on the lot of your choice.

Our portfolio will also tell you of a further guarantee: even after you've decided to purchase and have begun payments you have a full year to visit Montserrat, to see your land, and request and get complete refund of every penny you've paid in if then you don't like what you see.

Thank you for having read through this message. You have been privy to an instance without precedence: the offering of a limited number of villa sites of the highest order of quality—by mail. If you are an island-lover carrying around a dream of the perfect island, here it is. Have a go at it. Send at once, please, for our free portfolio. You won't be annoyed by salesmen, we promise you.

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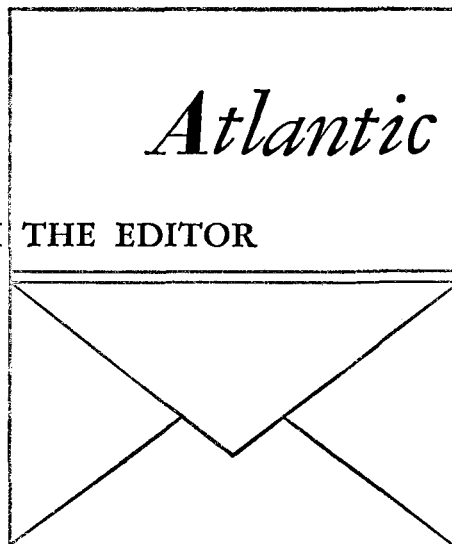
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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



The Troubled Campus

SIR:

I wish to express the greatest appreciation for the series of articles on campus problems which you were able to line up in the November *Atlantic*. These are very helpful, not only in themselves, but for the fact that they prove these problems to be generic and not specific. The knowledge that our colleagues on other campuses are struggling with the same problems will not only indicate sources of assistance but also give us some degree of comfort.

STANTON C. CRAWFORD
Acting Chancellor
University of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, Penn.

SIR:

The Troubled Campus prompts me to speak in protest.

The reasons, as presented in the twelve articles, why the campus should have come to this impasse demonstrate the truth that we have lost sight of our objectives in higher education. College has become a melting pot for unbridled exploitation of defiance of authority. Any display of appreciation for the opportunity to achieve higher education is regarded as a display of weakness. The campus has become a spawning ground for adventures in sex and degeneracy.

WILLIAM C. SCHUSTER
Portland, Ore.

Free speech at Ohio State

SIR:

I'm sure your magazine will receive irate letters from Governor Rhoades, Dr. Fawcett, Woody

Hayes, and members of the Ohio legislature denouncing Eric Solomon's "Free Speech at Ohio State" (November *Atlantic*). As a citizen of Ohio I can only say that Professor Solomon's statement was long overdue. State education in Ohio at every level would be truly advanced if these men and the *Columbus Dispatch* (or the *Columbus Disgrace*, as some people call it) were to peddle their views somewhere else.

It is unfortunate that my fellow Ohio citizens continue to believe the greatness of an educational institution is measured by the number of winning basketball and football teams it produces. May your magazine help give Columbus and the Ohio State University the reputation they unfortunately deserve.

KATHERINE LESHY
Peebles, Ohio

SIR:

Would you permit a postscript to Eric Solomon's fine article?

Happily the story did not end with my standing mute while another read from one of my books before several hundred Ohio State students. Continued pressure finally forced a somewhat reconstituted board of trustees to announce, on September 14, 1965, a rescission of the speaker-ban rule. As a result, I did speak under the auspices of the Students for Liberal Action in the Hughes Auditorium on the campus of the university on October 18; each of the 400 seats was occupied, and several hundred additional students crowded every available nook and all corridors. There was not quite full freedom; the administration in-

sisted on naming the chairman of the evening and also upon designating a professor of economics who was to have the last word, with a rebuttal consuming ten minutes. Upon advice of the students, I consented to having myself thus bracketed, and I feel certain that a considerable victory for intellectual freedom was achieved.

HERBERT APTHEKER
Director
The American Institute for Marxist Studies
New York City

SIR:

Some footnotes to Professor Solomon's article:

An organization called the Council of Graduate Students has been organized, and it has become a militant group. Its publication, *The Voice*, in its November issue had this to say:

"The Bricker-Fawcett principle that in matters of academic freedom expediency, and not the sense of rightness, governs administrative decisions is not likely to be altered by the [*Atlantic Monthly*] article. It is this battle which faculty and students will continue to fight."

After Professor Solomon left Ohio State, the speaker rule was modified. In due course, President Fawcett had to go with his faculty on the speech issue. But he continues to aspire to a totalitarian academic society, and the campus natives continue restless.

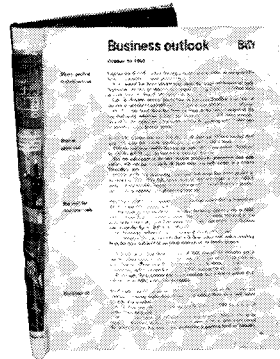
Among them are the faculty of the School of Journalism, on whose Professional Advisory Council I sit, and am therefore privy to the following:

The free speech fight so agoniz-

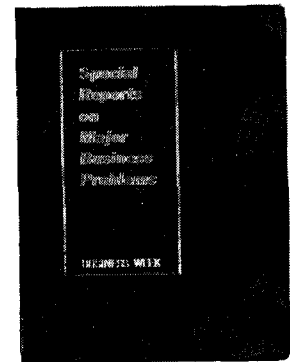
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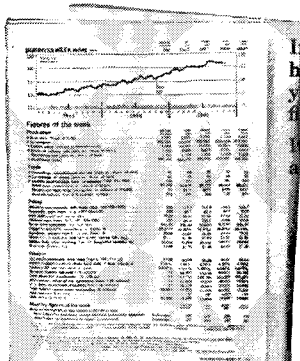
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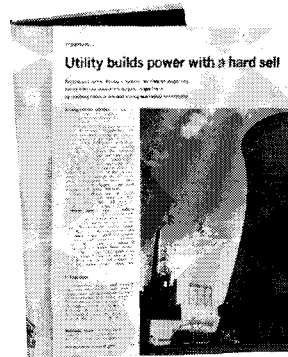
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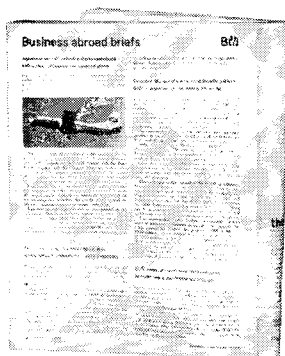


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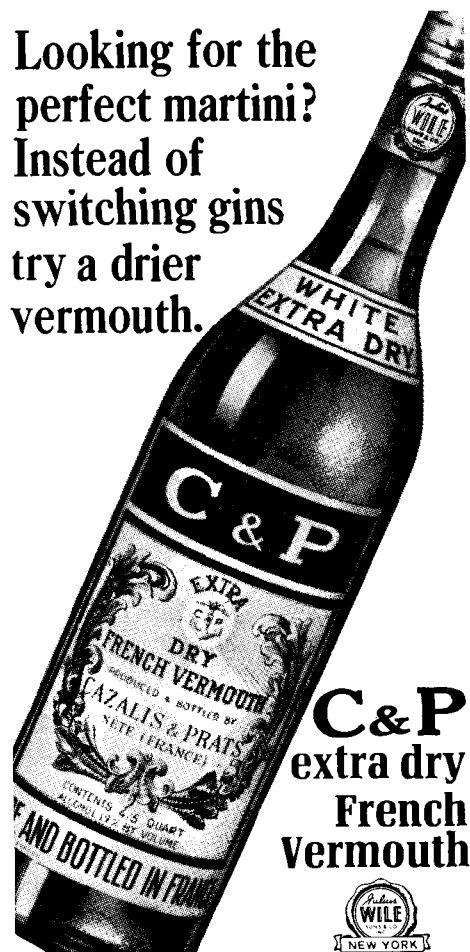
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ingly won will be of minor candle power to the free press issue that is just about ready to blast its way into public view. For years President Fawcett has resented the student daily paper, *The Lantern*, which has not always been kind to him. The untimely death by cancer last fall of the school's director, George Kienzle, gave the president the opportunity to remove a thorn in his side. He had attempted to punish Kienzle for objective reporting on university issues and for running an open-letters forum. When verbal threats failed, he cut Kienzle's salary raise from the \$1200 recommended by the dean to \$300. His pressure did not work.

The administration's latest technique — and the seeds for the next Fawcett fracas — is the placing of the campus daily on punitive probation. His ukase to the acting head of the school is that the paper's budget this year is quarter by quarter instead of yearly. Two weeks ago, in mid-October, the president's right-hand man for student regimentation, Dean John T. Bonner, Jr., called the acting head of journalism to his office and told him to pull proposed articles about the Student Senate, an organization for student "self-government." The acting head of the department, Professor Paul Barton, told him in effect to go to hell, and printed the pieces. It was good journalism, the case for and the case against the dean's allegedly paternalized student "government."

This is not only academic blackmail of the worst sort, but it hits at the heart of a free society as profoundly as the free speech issue. The Columbus papers do not give the students the window on the world that they desire. The campus paper does, and its rising circulation includes town as well as gown. What we need most these days is less managed news, not more, and the last place for blackmail and secret forms of intimidation is on university campuses dedicated to the highest ideals of truth, decency, and justice.

Professor Solomon's article just scraped the surface of the deadly disease of bureaucracy and autocracy confronting the people of Ohio and their "great" state university. What the trustees should have done in addition to modifying the speaker rule was to modify the university administration as well.

Until the Fawcett is turned off,

many of us loyal alumni feel that all the new bricks and mortar can never offset the high school approach to true academic values. A still very fine faculty is still crying for help at Ohio State.

EUGENE H. KING
New York City

What's bugging the students

SIR:

The article by Irving Kristol, "What's Bugging the Students," was an archetypal example of Standard Liberalism's claim that the New Left is but a moment's aberration from business as usual. One paragraph illustrates both what those of my generation are concerned about and the complete blindness of Standard Liberalism regarding those concerns.

The paragraph in question is in column one of page 110. Here Mr. Kristol writes that the welfare state restricts the possibility of personal idealism and self-definition. This he calls an "identity crisis," the last tired gasp of American individualism.

Mr. Kristol believes that this concern for identity is a passing phenomenon, that it will settle into a new orthodoxy which will contradict its root essence. He may be correct. This is not, however, the last dying gasp of American individualism. In view of the alternative promise of a world in which men do not continually seek their identity and in which men do not give themselves freely in personal idealism, it may be that the radicalism of the modern college generation is the last dying gasp of humanity.

JOSEPH P. FRARY
New York City

Students and drugs

SIR:

I read "The College Drug Scene" with interest. Indeed, medically unsupervised experimentation with hallucinogenic drugs could prove detrimental not only to those students with latent psychoses but also to any student who believes that the drug "syndrome" is a substitute for disciplined artistic creation.

However, a new federal "drug abuse" law, to be effected February 1, should greatly reduce experimentation with these drugs on campuses. It will subject pharmacists to government inspection and to record-keeping procedures similar to those now required for the dispensation of



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narcotics. The pharmacist will have to record what drugs he buys and to whom he dispenses them; no filling or refilling of these drug prescriptions will be permitted beyond six months after the Rx was first issued, and the number of refills on a prescription will be limited to five. Manufacturers and wholesalers of such drugs will be subject to similar regulations.

JOAN LYNN AREHART
New York City

Small colleges in trouble

SIR:

W. Allen Wallis of the University of Rochester in "The Plight of the Small College" makes the point that "in the future one will not look to a small independent college for a first-rate education, but rather to a college which is an integral part of a strong university."

Even if one were to grant the validity of President Wallis' position (which I do not), simply not getting the best students could hardly be described as a plight.

The small colleges are better off than they have been for years, with much the best prospects for future success. I would prefer their plight

anytime to the prospects of the large universities, beleaguered as they are with political pressures, student riots, public scandals over academic freedom, the evils of bureaucracy, and their staggering problems of administration.

ALFRED T. HILL
Executive Secretary
Council for the Advancement of Small Colleges
Washington, D.C.

SIR:

I believe Mr. Wallis has echoed, possibly unintentionally, the feelings of many small-college students today. As a student at such a college, I speak from experience. A great number of students feel at a definite disadvantage in not having the top men in their respective fields to question and criticize during class. Many students in graduate programs feel that their professors are only a few courses ahead of them in knowledge of their field.

I also agree with Mr. Wallis' observations on the quality of students in a small college. He offers several convincing reasons why a gifted college student would prefer the more competitive program of the larger universities. Students today want

only the best, and if they are qualified, as so many are, to attend top-rate universities, why should they spend time attending a small college which is by their academic standards second-rate?

PAUL R. ZELUS
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

Re: "The Plight of the Small College."

The learning process is one of communication, and communication is most effective when one person speaks intimately to another. I defy any amorphous, bureaucratic, clumsy university to come as close to transmitting knowledge in this way as an excellent small college does.

I attended an excellent small college, and I am now trying to emulate the approach I found and experienced there. My master's work was done at a large state university where I was disappointed to find the lack of a stimulating intellectual atmosphere, lower caliber teaching, on the whole, than that of my undergraduate school, and lower caliber, less interested students than my college acquaintances had been.

Most graduates of colleges like mine who have gone on to do graduate work at large universities find this to be true. This is my answer to the charge of Mr. Wallis that small colleges cannot give well-prepared, bright high school graduates the level of teaching they deserve. I think they can do it *better*, and I teach in a small college where I think it happens.

LOUISE HUTCHINGS
Danville, Ky.

Education for women

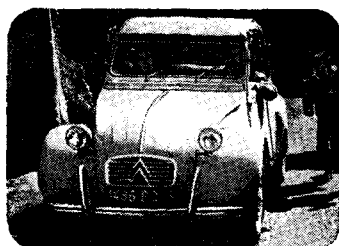
SIR:

A full commentary on Julie Hayden's "A Woman's View" would require another article. Hence, a partial observation on her phrase "a woman doesn't have to make money; she can marry it." Our society forces women to marry not for love or what they can give, but for sheer economic and social survival. Single women are exploited in every area of their lives. Only college teaching offers them a decent chance at a life of their own.

An intelligent woman often has to marry down intellectually or emotionally. The frustration of lowering oneself in every way leads to alcoholism, neurosis, psychosis — anything to escape the deadness.



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It sounds like an awesome responsibility, but it's really a very easy one to fulfill. There's nothing complicated about it when you follow the Daily Food Guide. The Guide suggests four basic food groups that provide a foundation for a balanced diet. The groups are: (1) Milk and Dairy Foods; (2) Meats, Fish, Poultry, Eggs; (3) Fruits and Vegetables; (4) Cereals and Breads.

The foods are grouped on the basis of the kinds of nutrients they supply,

and all the known nutrients are in the basic four food groups. Complete details are given in the Daily Food Guide. A free copy is yours for the asking. See offer below.

Milk and Other Dairy Foods

Milk is of primary importance in your family's daily diet because milk provides many essential nutrients. The Daily Food Guide suggests three to four glasses of milk daily for children and teen-agers, at least two glasses daily for adults (or equivalent amounts of milk in other dairy foods such as cheese and ice cream).

Milk is a very versatile food and can be used in many ways. For those family members who insist they do not like the taste of plain milk, it is easy to incorporate milk into cooking, or milk's flavor may quickly be changed by adding any of a wide variety of flavorings.

Time to set up your own Family Fitness Program

Well-balanced meals are just one of the essential elements in keeping your family fit and healthy. Your

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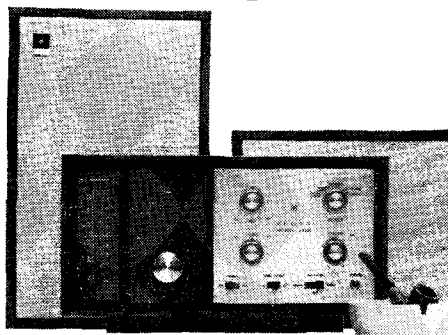
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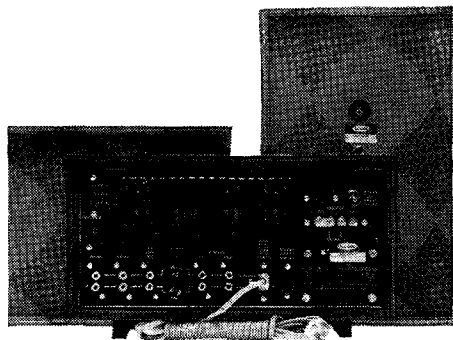
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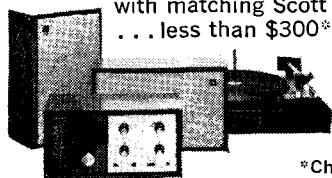


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SUSAN B. ATWOOD
Braintree, Mass.

SIR:

As a 1961 graduate of a Catholic college for women, Mundelein, I would like to add a few postscripts to Julie Hayden's article.

Miss Hayden regrets the fact that her educational institution (Radcliffe) excluded men. The belief that women "should have exactly the same sort of education as their brothers" is not in agreement with the nature of woman. The "identity crisis" and "feminine mystique" controversies reflect the inadequacies of a common education for men and women. Unless we develop the feminine qualities to their fullest, we will not achieve true fulfillment as educated women.

Miss Hayden stated that the pursuit of happiness is not an aim in seeking knowledge. The nature of man holds to the contrary. We know so that we may love. When women know, love, and serve, they are truly being feminine; they are happy!

DOROTHY CISZEWSKI KEATING
Riverdale, Ill.

Dropouts

SIR:

Mr. Mayer turns a refreshingly clear light on the dropout system, which is an inefficient remedy — but a remedy, nevertheless — to the over-run race for college. Even an unsuccessful or unhappy experience is not a wasted one, but often a most valuable one in learning about life. Unsuitable students find out they're unsuitable, and are healthily facing facts by dropping out. It is also a remedy for the overpressured students, often the most sensitive and brilliant, who drop out to take a breather before continuing their lives in or out of education, as the case may be.

The only other remedy to be sought is at the other end, in pre-college and freshman counseling, which in its current unimproved state is not just inefficient, but totally inadequate. Meanwhile, we have to rely on the dropout system, the chief problem of which seems to be the shame the older generation places on it. There should be no more shame attached to it than to leaving a job

one finds unbearable or inappropriate.

DORIS J. WELLER
Boston, Mass.

Educating Negroes

SIR:

I was very impressed by Bernard W. Harleston's article, "Higher Education for the Negro." He has identified the major problems confronting the Negro in his ambitions for a higher education with a concise and accurate evaluation of the situation as it now exists.

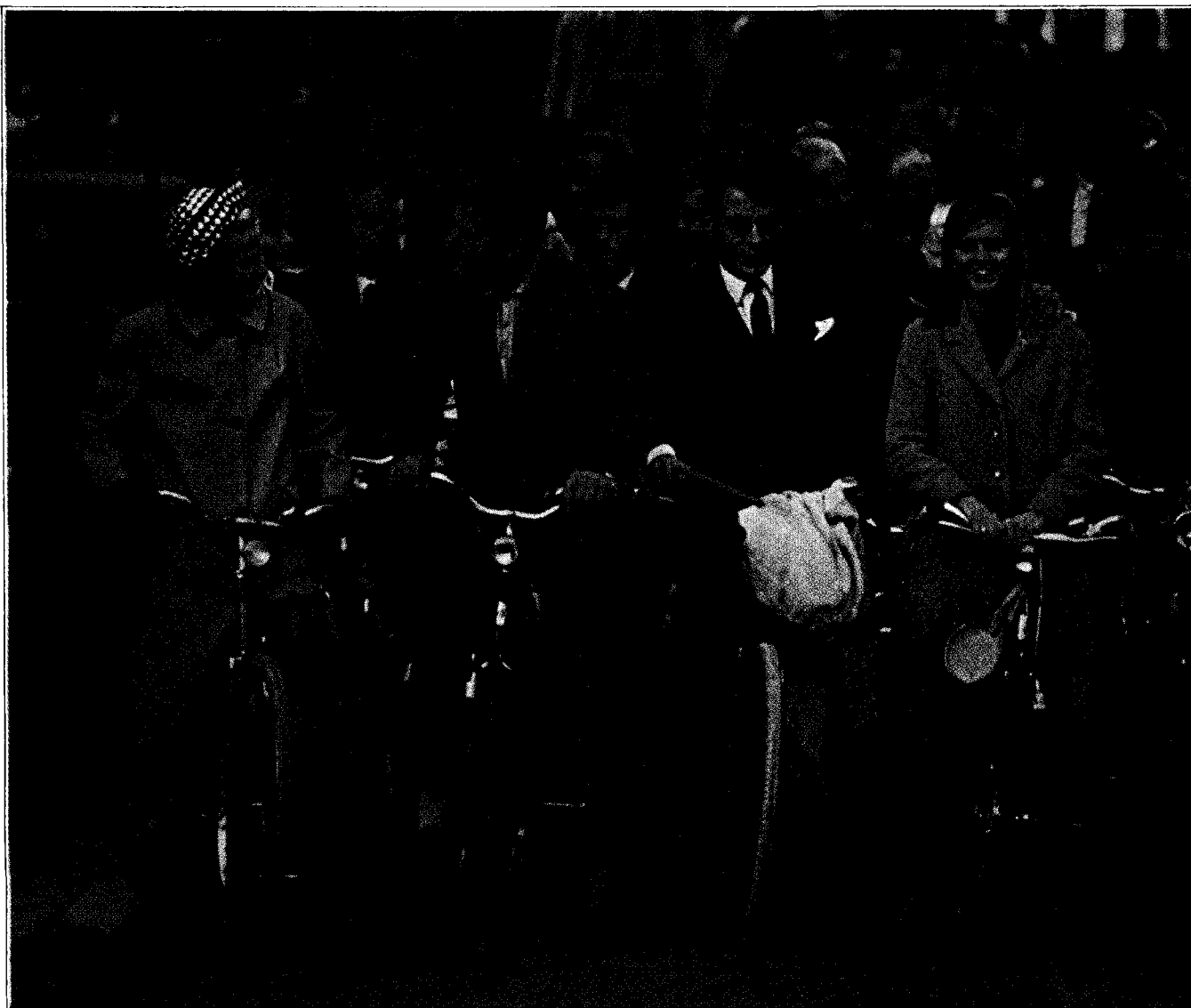
I would take mild exception, however, to Mr. Harleston's admonition to our institutions for not taking educational risks.

Practically every college or university actively seeking promising Negro students — and there are many — has been willing to make major concessions in the objective evaluative criteria used in admissions procedures. Most of these institutions recognize that the all-too-familiar tests are loaded to the advantage of the favored majority.

Our own program, briefly mentioned in the article, has as its major emphasis the recruitment of just these risk youngsters who Mr. Harleston suggests must be helped. Our ninth- and tenth-grade students, despite their poor showing on standardized tests, have the summer's ABC transitional tutoring program to give them "A Better Chance" to survive when they go on to an academically competitive independent secondary school. Our brief experience in our first two years substantiates Mr. Harleston's claim that given the opportunity and the special assistance necessary, even the Negro of "average" intelligence can compete successfully with his better-prepared white counterpart.

The presence in our nation's leading independent schools, colleges, and universities of so many young people whose backgrounds differ dramatically from the comfortable middle-class stereotype should encourage more institutions to look to this source of untapped potential and should begin to convince the disadvantaged minorities that at long last alternatives to a life of poverty and prejudice are possible.

WILLIAM D. BERKELEY
Acting Director
Independent Schools Talent Search Program
Hanover, N.H.



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THE FRONTIERS OF THE SEA

BY PETER USTINOV

Back in 1958 when Peter Ustinov was performing daily in his successful play ROMANOFF AND JULIET, the ATLANTIC editor persuaded him to do a series of short stories, the first he had ever written. Of the twelve we have published since that time, this is surely one of the best.

OLD men sit on walls and watch the sea; young men do it too, but dutifully. Among the nets and green glass baubles they do it, and seem to read the sky like a newspaper. At all points of the compass they sit on walls, as though the sea were a vast arena full of spectacle and pageantry and meaning, which, for them, it is. The smell of tar and rancid water, thick as blood to the nostril, hovers round the edges of the arena, and the old men no longer notice it. They have traveled beyond the trifling bits of observation a landlubber may pick proudly up on holiday; they have traveled beyond prose and poetry into that ultimate simplicity which separates them from life as surely as luck and seamanship have always separated them from death. They spend their days in a wordless limbo of comprehension. They think of nothing and understand.

Planted like trees, or rather like masts, on the best seats, they stare with the lustrous patience of old dogs at the vast hunting ground. They are part of the seascape, and it often appears that, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, they are slowly returning into nature without surprise or fear of death. The shells on the beach look like the abandoned toenails of these old men, and they are more beautiful there than on the foot, among all the other vestiges of decay, the broken wings, the sand-

logged crabs, the silver fish with the surprised eyes, the woman's lonely shoe, the rusty toy. Cleansed and sterilized by salt and iodine in the great hospital of the sea, decay and corruption are as evocative on the shore as broken columns and noseless gods are inland, and they are older still. There are no compromises. No need is there to subtract the television aerials which are silhouetted against the peachy sky behind the Colosseum; no need to half close the eyes in order to eliminate the Autostrada which sweeps by the crumbling temples and frozen palisades. The sea is as it was, and if an airliner whistles and sobs above it for a while, it brushes it away as a horse wearily dispenses with a fly. Landed man has not yet found a way to take possession of the sea, to tame it and bend it to the glacial mechanical will, while the seaman knows better than to try.

With great indulgence, without comment, the old men watch the holidaymakers: the varicose columns of white flesh which stand in the shallows like chunks of veined marble under their canopies of gathered skirts; the opulent stomachs rising softly to the crater of the navel; the tiny children (the only sensible ones in the old men's unexpressed opinions) yelling their heads off with rage and fright as their laughing parents (the idiots) try to force them to learn to swim; the brown ladies,

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aglisten with pungent unguents, praying to the sun with that intense application which their forebears used to reserve for God, and with only an exorbitantly expensive handkerchief between them and scandal.

There go the cabin cruisers, the owners wearing rakish caps with anchors on them and braid on the peaks, and not a knot or a hazy knowledge of celestial navigation among the lot of them. And there the playboys and playgirls screech by on parallel planks of wood, standing first on one leg, then on the other, then sinking between the ridges of high water.

This was all midsummer madness, a malady of heat. The people from beyond the hills have skulls like eggshells, and the first ray of sun and the first whiff of sea air send them off in this lunatic flirtation with shallow water. The old men look through all this with the air of great lovers who have suffered a lifelong passion for a demanding mistress. They have delved to the depths of sorrow and vaulted to the pinnacles of delight, in silence and in solitude and for life. They vaguely notice these flatulent little outbursts, this unworthy bottom-pinching seduction of their element. They hardly hear the saxophones and hissing percussion as the tiny tumult barks away from the bars all night. They wait patiently for the autumn.

IN THE village of San Jorge de Bayona, one such old man was Vicente Mendendez Balestreros, and for a man with such a sonorous name, it was perhaps surprising that he could neither read nor write. In truth, he didn't have to, since he had only received letters from the government, and such letters were not worthy of an answer. He didn't talk very much, but his thoughts, while rare, were mysterious and abstract. He had no wife, since he had little enough without having to share it. Money never worried him, but he was jealous of the silent cathedral of his mind.

The summer was over, thanks be to God, creator of all seasons. The bars were either locked or else humbled by presence of the locals. The little boutiques, with names like Conchita and Eros, were shut, their minute windows empty. The two modern residential hotels, El Fandango and the Hacienda Goya, had their slatted blinds down, and there were no bikinis to hang on the balconies. The nights were noiseless once again, apart from the deep breathing of the sea.

Vicente, with no wife to scold him, and no great appetite, sat on the wall longer than the other old men. Whenever they left him, they never said good-night, so envious were they of his liberty. Somehow in old age he had preserved his youth,

while they had voluminous ladies waiting for them in their two-room cottages, venerable hags with hair on their chins like the hairs that leak out of overripe sofas, and with breasts that hang like a donkey's burden. They also had holy lithographs all over the place. Religion comes into the house with the women. The priest even dresses like a woman to propagate it.

Vicente was Catholic, but he didn't believe in God, unless belief in the sea can be conceived as a form of belief in God. He would mutter and make signs and kneel and kiss like all the others because he had been brought up that way, but when it came to belief, he could only subject himself to the guidance of reason, tempered always by the bitter paradoxes of experience. Priests he regarded not as men with a divine vocation, but rather as men skillfully avoiding work. The organ gave him earache, and the better it was played, the more intense was his pain. At the same time, he had no patience with members of other religions, unless they happened to be sailors, in which case they had better things to do than to bother with dogma.

One evening — it was well after ten, the moon was full, with black clouds scudding in ordered masses across the sky — Vicente was still on his wall, and all alone. Suddenly he shivered, and the toes of his bare feet curled up as though at bay. A cool wind sighed from an unexpected quarter, and a noise like a distant cavalry charge began to grow fitfully from the horizon. A sheet on a clothesline flapped like a sail when a ship changes direction. He rose. His face creased up as his hazel eyes looked into the distance, where the last colors of the day were by now only suggested by a trace of green, a touch of mauve, a tortoiseshell patch of black and orange.

He hobbled to the nearest cottage and banged on the door. One of the monumental women opened up and asked what he wanted. At this hour of the night, at almost any hour, there was a barrier between each man and the outer world. Vicente didn't say what he wanted. He merely pointed at the horizon with his chin. Eventually the man appeared. It was Paco Miranda Ramirez.

"What can you see there?" he asked.

Since Vicente couldn't be bothered to say, Paco walked out in his underwear, brushing away the stridencies of his wife, and had a good look at the horizon himself.

"It's too dark to see," Paco said.

Vicente shook his head briefly in disagreement.

"What do you see?"

"Come indoors," cried the wife.

"Silence, woman," countercried the husband, who was always courageous in front of another man.

"A boat?" he asked Vicente.

Vicente nodded.

"In trouble?"

Vicente made a gesture, a languorous sweeping movement of his arm and a bridding of his head to suggest the enormity of the trouble.

Paco paddled off barefoot and woke some of the other men with talk of shipwreck. The reason the men responded with such alacrity to the call was that almost twenty years back they had towed a Belgian yacht to safety and been compensated by half its purchase price, which is a rule of the sea. This prize money had brought great happiness to the village, and one man, a certain Diego Liñares Montoya, had even been able to fulfill his life's ambition and die of cirrhosis of the liver as a consequence of this heaven-sent bounty. At that time too it had been Vicente, then a newcomer to the wall, who had peered into the inky night and sensed distress. His senses were respected throughout the local countryside, as the others knew, not without bitterness, that he had had the courage to remain a bachelor, and that in reward his eye and ear and especially his telepathy had remained unimpaired and pure.

"I bet he's made a mistake this time," grumbled José Machado Jaen, as he helped push the heavy rowing boat into the water.

"And when you get your ten thousand pesetas, I'll be there to watch you eat your words," said Paco.

The women stood in a wailing phalanx at the edge of the beach, their handkerchiefs to their mouths, avid for tragedy, praying. Vicente was like Ulysses at the stern, tiller in hand, guiding the boat as it entered the zone of the sudden wind. The women saw their men disappear, reappear, disappear, reappear, and finally disappear into the darkness. Only the rhythm of the oars could be vaguely heard for a moment, and then it was swallowed by the gathering storm.

The seas became mountainous, but the men hardly noticed. It was only when Vicente held up his hand and they stopped rowing that they became conscious of the folly of it all. It was raining now, and the waves broke over them, covering their feet and even their calves with galloping streams of hysterical water. There was nothing in sight.

"We'll all drown, and it'll be a magnificent funeral," shouted José Machado Jaen.

"The old man knows what he's doing," cried Paco.

Vicente's expression never changed as he looked around him, his gnarled face wet with spray. He pointed, and they turned the boat briefly sideways to the waves, almost capsizing. There was no sign of mast or hull, no sound but the joyful anger of

the sea. The men looked anxiously at Vicente, and he suddenly grew tense. They followed his gaze, and a dark object appeared momentarily, only to sink again in a deep trench of water. Try as they might, they seemed unable to approach it. High seas destroy all sense of distance. The dark object drifted away at one moment, the next it was upon them, sucked up against the side of the boat. It was a man.

These Spanish fishermen had cultivated feet as adroit as those of monkeys, and now they suspended themselves at dangerous angles over the side of their craft, and although they were often submerged by the elemental panic, they held on to the poor fellow, and eventually succeeded in dragging him aboard. Nobody could blame Vicente for the fact that there was no prize this time. His senses were as keen as ever, and he appeared to be doing the work of God, which, even if less lucrative than the best works of man, salved the conscience in advance against the next mortal sin. The crew felt humble and virtuous as they rowed strongly back to their village. They could be sure that they had taken part in a miracle.

THE rescued man was half-dead when they carried him ashore. He had a pair of rough white canvas trousers on, but his torso was bare, and dramatically thin. He was dark, but one could tell he was a stranger. His gray eyebrows met over the bridge of his aquiline nose, and his full lips expressed that sensuous disgust which people from the Eastern Mediterranean often share with their camels.

A feeling of biblical wonder had now so gripped them that it spread to the women, and couples vied with each other to offer hospitality to this half-dead man, and they almost came to blows in their struggle for visas to heaven. Eventually it was decided that the honor of giving up his sofa to this dripping shred of humanity should fall to one Antonio Martinez Mariscal, who was the oldest of the rescuers, and who would therefore presumably have need of this good mark in the profit column of the soul's account earlier than the others. The nearest doctor was in the small town of Maera de las Victorias some eighteen kilometers inland. Paco Miranda Ramirez set off on a rusty bicycle without lights to fetch him. Deprived of one good deed, he eagerly volunteered for another, more difficult and more exhausting. Eusebio Sanchez Marin decided to go on foot to the neighboring village of Santa Maria de la Inmaculada Concepcion to fetch the priest, so that all this virtue could be registered with the proper Authority. The others saw the volunteers off with

the jealousy of Holy Week flagellants who find there aren't enough scourges to go round.

It was almost four in the morning and a feather of light lay gently on the horizon by the time Dr. Valdes arrived in his rickety car, Paco Miranda Ramirez standing on the running board and holding his bicycle on the roof. One feeble headlight of the doctor's car kept winking suggestively like an aged roué at a stage door. As dogs and masters grow to resemble each other, so had the doctor and his car.

"Let's have a look at this miracle," he wheezed as he entered Antonio's house. Vicente pointed at the stranger with his chin. The women made way, and the doctor saw a frightened little man in a shirt several sizes too large for him lying on Antonio's bed, as though he had been the subject of some Rembrandtian lesson in anatomy. Certainly his expression of fear was in large measure due to the circle of impressive women who had sat round him all night, muttering, telling their beads, and searching his face for a sign. All in all, it had been more nerve-wracking than any shipwreck.

"He's not Spanish," suggested Paco's wife darkly, meaning that access to the Cross might be denied him. The other wives were not willing to go so far, and thought that perhaps he was a Basque, or a Portuguese from some remote province, or perhaps a South American. The doctor asked him how he felt. He grinned in a meaningless way, since he realized from the tone of voice that he was being addressed, but didn't seem interested or capable of answering.

"If you ask me," said the doctor, "he's as Spanish as everyone else here, but of a backward mentality — or else he has been the victim of a traumatic shock which has affected his powers of speech."

"Is he Spanish, Vicente?" asked Paco.

Vicente shook his head negatively.

"What the devil does he know about it?" cried the doctor angrily. "Can't even read or write, and suddenly he's an authority on whether a man is Spanish or not!"

Vicente shrugged his shoulders like a child who pretends he doesn't mind being punished.

By the time Father Ignacio arrived, Paco's wife was able to tell him that the miracle involved one of God's idiots, who had been saved from a roaring sea by those of solid mind. This, she suggested, had a comfortable ring of Christian charity to it, with a soupçon of celestial embellishment for good measure.

FATHER IGNACIO, a man narrow both in body and in mind, knew intimately that no-man's-land of skeptical expectation in which many country priests

put out their thoughts to pasture. He lived in the knowledge that miracles had occurred in other places and at other times, and yet he had the saddening but certain conviction that nothing extraordinary would ever happen to him. If it did, he certainly wouldn't know how to react.

The little man spoke suddenly, saying something like "Shkipra."

"Shkipra, Shkipra," he repeated insistently when they asked him to elucidate.

The ladies made quite a few wild guesses at the meaning of this elusive word, eventually settling for madness as its most probable source. Dr. Valdes racked his brain for any malady of that name, but he had taken his exams very long ago, and he required of his patients that they fall ill with a few well-defined complaints. Shkipra was not one of them.

Father Ignacio sharpened abruptly, and said, quite out of the blue, "Senatus Populusque Romanus."

The ladies looked at him inquiringly.

"What did the Reverend Father say?" asked Paco's wife.

"S.P.Q.R."

"Shkipra," agreed the little man excitedly, pointing to his own chest.

"The man is, no doubt, a Roman," declared Father Ignacio, glaring through his metal-rimmed glasses. "That is what he has been trying to tell us."

"A Roman," spluttered Dr. Valdes, "how d'you make that out?"

"Senatus Populusque Romanus," replied Father Ignacio, "the Senate and the People of Rome . . . I remember seeing it on every dustbin in the eternal city."

"And Rome is the seat of Mother Church," reminded Paco's wife with a sallow look of sanctity, "the home of all miracles."

"What the devil d'you mean!" Dr. Valdes protested, who had served in the Legion of Death and survived. "Spain produces more miracles than any other country in the world, and without foreign assistance. The weeping Virgin of Fuenteleal, the Fountain of San Leandro, which spouts blood, the nodding Christ of the Thorns."

Father Ignacio held up an indulgent yet peremptory hand.

"It is unseemly to enter into worldly arguments about the extent of our and other people's miracles, especially since our richness in these divine phenomena should make us tolerant toward those less endowed. It remains that this simple Roman peasant owes his life to the fact that some celestial force visited our good friend Vicente and directed his eye to a specific point in the heaving waters. It is enough that we and this poor peasant share

the true faith. The story is a perfect one; its moral is as symmetrical and as lovely as a flower. *Deo gratias.*"

"Amen," murmured the ladies.

The door burst open, and Sergeant Cuenca Loyola of the Guardia Civil stood there, his sinister patent-leather hat reflecting the unsteady light of the candles. Behind him stood Baez, his assistant.

"What's going on here?" growled Sergeant Cuenca Loyola.

"A miracle," crowed the ladies.

"A miracle? I'm surprised. Surprised with the lot of you, and disgusted. Father Ignacio, Dr. Valdes, Paco, Vicente. Don't you people know that I should have been the first to have been informed of a new arrival? I could arrest you all for attempting to smuggle a person into Spain."

"If I hadn't been summoned, he'd have been a corpse by now," snarled Dr. Valdes.

"I should have been called at the same time!" Sergeant Cuenca Loyola was willing to make that concession. "Now, to work." Baez took out a notebook and pencil.

"I'd like to know what the devil you think you're going to write down on that pad," Dr. Valdes cackled.

"What we put down on our pad is official business, and I want no reflection or comment on it whatsoever," declared the sergeant.

"I served with the Legion of Death," protested Dr. Valdes, "and I know and respect the regulations, but even General Millan-Astray himself, genius that he was, may his soul repose in peace, couldn't have made sense of the silence of this fellow."

"We'll make him talk," said the sergeant, who believed that even the ignorant were in the habit of deliberately attempting to conceal their ignorance. "Now, your name!"

The stranger smiled, and nodded.

Doctor Valdes began spluttering with asthmatic laughter.

"He agrees with you, Sergeant!"

"Silence. I asked you for your name!"

"Shkipra."

"Now we're getting somewhere," remarked the sergeant with satisfaction.

"How do you spell it?" asked Baez.

"Shkipra."

"He's illiterate," declared the sergeant. "Baez, write it phonetically. Now, in which province were you born?"

"Shkipra."

"Date?"

"Shkipra."

The sergeant exploded. "And I suppose your father's name, your profession, the unit in which

you performed your military service, they're all Shkipra!"

"Shkipra."

LATER in the morning, a handsome car pulled up outside the police station of San Jorge de Bayona, and three officers stepped out. They had been summoned urgently by Sergeant Cuenca Loyola. As they entered the chalk-white room, silent but for the baleful buzzing of imprisoned flies, the sergeant sprang to his feet, and indicated to Shkipra to do likewise. Poor Shkipra had begun to find the inability to communicate oppressive, and he just sat in pained silence, staring at the floor as though fascinated by something going on there.

"Never mind, never mind," said Major Gallego y Gallego good-naturedly, sitting on a wooden form and beckoning to his colleagues to do likewise.

"Now, Sergeant, what is the trouble?"

The sergeant glanced up. His style was going to be inhibited by the sudden appearance of the entire village at the tiny barred window, to say nothing of Vicente, who stood leaning on the frame of the open door, sullenly minding his own business in a place he had no business to mind.

"Clear away there, clear away from the window! Out! Out!" cried the sergeant.

"Easy," said the major. "Let us retain our composure, please. Now, Sergeant, let's have your report."

Acutely aware of his loss of face, and cursing those administrative necessities which at times forced a man to have recourse to higher authorities, the sergeant cleared his throat.

"Well, sir, as I understand it, this person landed on Spanish soil in an unauthorized manner between twenty-three hours and twenty-four hours last night."

The major smiled.

"Did he report to the police?" asked Captain Zuñiga.

"Did he have anything to declare?" asked Lieutenant Quiroga, local chief of customs.

The major asked for quiet with a gesture of his hand.

"What do you mean by an unauthorized manner?" he inquired.

The sergeant hesitated.

"A manner not in accordance with the usual manner of entering the country," he said.

"If an angel from heaven suddenly landed on your roof, would you describe that as an unauthorized manner of entering the country?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

The sergeant looked nervously at the priest, who, being outside the closed window with the rest of the village, could hear none of this.

"Well, yes, sir, I would regard it as unauthorized, unless I had had previous instructions to that effect."

"From whom?"

"From you, sir."

The sergeant wiped his brow with a rag.

"Why from me?"

"From you or from Father Ignacio."

"Very good." The major chuckled.

"Now, suppose you tell me exactly how this invading army crossed the Spanish frontier."

"This invading army — ?"

"This man."

"He was brought in by the men of the village — on a boat."

"On a boat? In other words, he was drowning in Spanish territorial waters?"

The sergeant heartily detested the major's tone without being able to understand it.

"He was drowning, yes — or at least swimming, sir."

"It's one way of avoiding the expense of the more conventional means of transportation, although it can be wearying if you have a lot of baggage."

The major turned to Quiroga of the customs. "I think we can be fairly sure, Quiroga, that he had very little to declare — how was he dressed on arrival, Sergeant?"

"In trousers, sir."

"Trousers, that's all?"

"Just trousers, sir."

"If he had anything to declare, Quiroga, it's probably what any member of the male sex might decently be concealing." He laughed at his own levity, and then, with a touch of mock concern, he asked, "The priest can't hear through that window, I hope?"

"No, sir."

"Good, good. Now, Sergeant, what did this man have to say for himself when he had sufficiently recovered to talk?"

"Nothing, sir. He has consistently refused to say anything."

"Refused? Has it occurred to you that he might be incapable of saying anything?"

"He has said one word, sir."

"One word, Sergeant? Then he has not said nothing, as you have stated."

The sergeant wiped his brow again.

"What is that word, Sergeant?"

"Shkipra."

"And what does that signify?"

"I don't know, sir."

The major sighed.

"To what question did he reply — what is the word again?"

"Shkipra, sir. To all questions, sir." The sergeant held up his two-page questionnaire. "I have no idea in which column to place the reply, sir."

The major turned to the stranger.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Shkipra."

"And how do you enjoy Spain?"

"Shkipra."

"I see what you mean."

The major drew a packet of Bisonte from his pocket and offered the man one.

"Cigarette!" said the man delightedly, accepting it.

"He says at least two words, Sergeant," the major said menacingly, "'Shkipra' and 'cigarette.'"

"Cigarette," agreed the man.

"Now I tell you what we'll do. *Olá*, you!" called the major to Vicente, in the doorway. "Run over to the schoolhouse, and bring an atlas of the world."

"He's no use," growled the sergeant; "he can't read or write."

"Did you understand me?"

Vicente didn't deign to reply, but left slowly.

THE awe of the villagers was considerable when they saw Vicente return a few minutes later holding a globe high over his head like a beacon.

"That's not exactly what I meant," said the major, "but it'll do," and he turned to the stranger. "Shkipra?" he said.

The stranger knitted his brow with effort, and had difficulty with the curious shape of the map, but he worked his way around it. Suddenly he stopped gyrating the atlas and pointed at a small area with his finger, shouting excitedly, "Shkipra, Shkipra!"

The major put his glasses on and examined the indicated area.

"Albania," he announced.

"Albania," echoed round the room.

"Impossible," said Zuñiga.

"Tirana?" asked the major.

"Tirane," replied the stranger, "Durrës, Elbasan, Shkoder."

"It is Albania," declared the major, folding his glasses.

"But that's a Communist country," said Quiroga.

"It's also very far away for a lonely swimmer," reflected the major.

"What do we do now?"

After a pause, the major said, "This is a matter for Madrid."

"Meanwhile, I'd best lock him up," the sergeant volunteered.

The major studied his man.

"Oh, I hardly think that's necessary, Sergeant; find him a few little things to do. I don't think he's much of a threat to our security."

Before the sergeant could remonstrate, Vicente had made a clicking noise which attracted their attention. Looking at the stranger, Vicente invited him to come along with him. Without consulting anyone, or asking permission, the stranger rose and left with Vicente.

"Who is that?" asked the major in admiration. He had rarely seen such a display of authority as that exercised by Vicente.

"A poor ignoramus," replied the sergeant, with ill-disguised hatred; "it was he who rescued El Albanes."

"Then it is only just that they should become friends," said the major. "Come, we must make out our report to Madrid."

And with a parting piece of charity, which proved he wasn't such a terrible man after all, he told the sergeant that there would be no need to fill up his questionnaire. The sergeant, however, was in no mood to see this gesture as anything but an insult, since in his opinion a sergeant with an unfilled questionnaire is only half a sergeant.

EVERY day, and sometimes far into the night, there were two figures on the seawall. They never spoke, since there was nothing to say and no common language to say anything in. Their eyes were unblinkingly fixed on the huge winter canvas, with its shrieking gulls and its vast uncertainties. Sometimes they would roll a cigarette or two; at other times they would tie and untie knots idly in stray bits of discarded fishing net. Occasionally some abstraction would make them both sit up and take notice or even smile. The nearest they ever came to any conventional communication was when one of them would stare quizzically at a cloud, and the other would nod slowly or shrug half a shoulder. The villagers were loath to intrude into the great silence, which became like a fount of peace, an influence on all who were open to it and who knew its history. Every now and then Paco's wife or one of the other ample señoras would arrive with some goody which had been left over or else specifically cooked for the two old men. And every morning, the fishermen would ask Vicente's advice on the weather conditions, and he would reply with an affirmative or negative gesture. The Albanian, who understood the nature of the questions without any difficulty, would always reply silently in exactly the same way as Vicente, but

with movements more suave and less austere than those of his friend, movements which had their roots in a more mellifluous choreography.

Noisy children would become quiet for a while when they passed the seawall on their way to and from school, and scrofulous dogs with degrading habits, who encircled people in vast untrustworthy patterns, shot with yellow looks and dishonest trepidation, would go straight up to the two old men, their sparse tails wagging and their eyes alert. The Albanian liked to pretend to throw stones. The dogs would turn in a single leap, waiting for the sound of the falling stone, and when it failed to register, they turned again slowly, with the patient look of one who is being teased. Every now and then a stone would whistle through the air, and smash itself giddily on other stones while the dogs flew howling after it, stopping perplexed in an ocean of pebbles, unable to identify the one that had been thrown, now as motionless as all the rest. Then some innocent villager would pass that way, and once again the dogs would hang their heads, bare their unhealthy fangs, and seem to tiptoe in apparently aimless but hate-filled circles round the intruder.

One day, Major Gallego y Gallego turned up again in his blue car, and they took El Albanes away. Vicente leaned against the car, and the major had to ask him to leave. He refused. They accelerated away, and Vicente stumbled into the road behind them. He walked a kilometer in the direction the car had taken, and then stopped in the naked Spanish landscape. Far from the sea, he was lost. Roads led nowhere. Here all was dust and dryness. Trees seemed to be dying, the bushes were gray with lack of moisture. Even the hot cackle of the cicadas sounded to Vicente like the noise of fleshless beings, the grinding of bones, the semaphore of death. Defeated, he turned back toward the sea and the confines of his understanding. His face was suffused with sorrow, an emotion more terrible than pain because of its longevity.

When he returned, he lay down on the beach and slept. At dawn, he woke, but did not rise. The villagers were upset to find him there; even more upset not to see him on the wall. Paco's wife cooked him some food, which he refused to eat. Their concern turned to anger on his behalf.

"Why couldn't they leave El Albanes here?" cried the wife of José Machado Jaen; "what harm had he done?"

The men were less emotional, since they were tolerant about questionnaires and forms and applications and military service and war, and even if they didn't fully understand them, they recognized them as the barriers beyond which a woman's influence cannot penetrate. The zones of masculine folly are well guarded.

It was only when it became clear that Vicente had decided to die that the men joined in the chorus of complaint.

Father Ignacio came down to the beach, tripping on his cassock, to try and convince Vicente that suicide was a sin, but all his suggestions of hellfire and brimstone seemed like a relief from the useless wounds of this world.

Dr. Valdes paid the beach a visit, at the behest of Paco Miranda Ramirez, who bicycled all the way to Maera de las Victorias again.

"If you don't eat," Dr. Valdes wheezed, "I'll take you away, and in the hospital at Maera, a wizened and terrifying nun will practice what's known as intravenous feeding on you. D'you know what that is, Don Vicente? They make a hole in your arm the size of a finger, and pump beef tea in there until it begins to come out of your eyes. I knew a woman who, every time she cried, had beef tea rolling down her cheeks, so that everyone knew her shame, and instead of sympathizing with her tragedies, people used to say, 'Aha, she has been to the good sisters in the hospital in Maera and had intravenous feeding, the wicked soul!'"

It was of no avail. Every time Dr. Valdes wanted to feel Vicente's pulse, or look at his face, he rolled over on his stomach. Eventually the doctor left, discouraged, asking who was going to pay his fee.

As a last resort, the villagers urged Sergeant Cuenca Loyola to come down to the beach. It was hardly to be expected that he would succeed where the others had failed, but he made a brave attempt at gentleness all the same.

"Look here, hombre," he said, trying to kneel in such a way that his uniform would not be soiled, "there's nothing to get so upset about. El Albanes wants to go home to Albanera, or wherever it is those people live — Shkipra — how would you like to be in a country in which you don't know the language?"

Vicente looked at him feebly, nevertheless suggesting by his expression that it would be marvelous.

"Get some food inside you. Don't be a fool. I can't order you to eat, I can only ask you, which I do, you see. You've done a fine job with El Albanes, don't ruin it all. I've written a report, and you're in it. It's gone to Madrid. Your name is at this very moment on a desk in Madrid."

The business of saving Vicente had become so perplexing that there was never a moment during the day when there wasn't someone hovering about, even local journalists, and the first person up in the morning would report to all the others that he was still alive.

"What can we do?" asked Major Gallego y

Gallego, who had been consulted, and who was attracted, as ever, by the quirks of human nature and the inexhaustible stupidity of men. "It has never been possible to prevent a man from dying when he wants to die. I'm not even sure that such an attempt isn't an invasion of personal liberty, whatever Mother Church may say. But what a reason for dying! It seems ridiculous to any lucid and educated man — and yet, if we think for a moment, isn't there something ennobling in the purity and simplicity of such a desire in this case? It is like the adolescent love of two schoolchildren, or even more, like the unquestioning and silent devotion of a dog. A dog? It sounds like a pejorative comparison, and yet, much as I love my wife and children, the only being in the world I can always trust is my dog, precisely because he is silent. Words complicate and betray. I wouldn't know how to live without them, but blessed are those that can."

"Yes, but isn't there something we can tell him?" asked Father Ignacio, who blushed at any vaguely Voltairian sentiment, and who was eager not to be involved in an argument with the major, more from a fear of contamination than anything else.

"I feel sure that if we could say that El Albanes has safely reached his homeland, or something of the sort, that he has been happily reunited with his family, it would influence our poor friend."

"We can say that, but it would be a lie," said the major.

"We mustn't lie, of course we mustn't," retorted Father Ignacio. "But isn't there any happy aspect of the truth we can render even happier?"

"Not yet. He was taken to Madrid. There are only two Albanian refugees in Spain, and they are both classified as unreliable by the police, so we still are totally in the dark as to how he swam into our territorial waters. There is, of course, no diplomatic representation, and we have had to rely upon the Swiss, as usual, to find a way of returning him to where he came from. Unfortunately, there was a delay, since the Americans got to hear of this, and wished to interview him, believing that Albanian or even Chinese submarines might be operating in waters frequented by an American fleet. An admiral, a vice admiral, and three rear admirals grilled him for three hours."

"What did he reveal?" asked Zuñiga.

The Major smiled.

"Shkipra," he said.

ONE morning, when all hope had been given up, and the case of the man on the beach was beginning to excite the entire Spanish press, and even

the international news agencies, and when the police had taken the decision to drag Vicente forcibly to hospital, the old man asked Paco's wife for bread in a feeble voice. He ate a little and drank a little consommé, and after a while struggled step by step to the wall, where he sat down, took a deep breath, and looked at the sea with contentment.

People like Dr. Valdes believed it was a pity he hadn't died, just to teach him a lesson. Father Ignacio felt the proximity of new miracles, and caused the bells of the church to be rung as a sign of thanksgiving. The sergeant regretted that Vicente hadn't been dragged to hospital, "where lunatics belong." Only Paco and the fishermen felt there was more reason than desperation in Vicente's sudden return to the wall.

"He wouldn't have gone there just because he was afraid to die," Paco insisted, looking at the enigmatic little figure now once again where he belonged.

And, in fact, the truth was that to Vicente there was no mystery in an Albanian floating near the coast of Spain. It wouldn't have surprised him if the man had turned out to be a pygmy, or a headhunter from Borneo. The sea is the sea, a place without frontiers and without surprises. Its rules are older and more binding than the law. A man

overboard is saved whatever his race or creed, or at least his rescue is attempted, and if necessary, nothing short of heroism will satisfy tradition. A battleship may pay a friendly visit to an open city, but whoever heard of a division effecting a friendly occupation of a town?

The land is where the trouble starts. The roads that lead nowhere, the dust and the sand and the starving trees, and the people, all crushed together in a heaving marmalade, and the churches and the barracks and the rippling tides of gossip, rumor, information.

Vicente did not think all these thoughts. He didn't have to in order to know how to behave according to his lights, which were bright and clear. His intuition was infallible, and his reflections so profound they would have defied expression even by a poet.

If he now decided to return to the wall, it was because a part of him — was it the toes, or the eyes, or the inner ear, or just a mood of the heart? — told him that somewhere across the huge arena, an acquaintance had returned to his seat at the ringside, and was now perched once again on some other wall before some other disarray of pebbles, casting his senses toward some other horizon, which, while not identical, was yet very much the same.

ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

For twenty years the ATLANTIC has held out a special incentive to short-story writers. In January, 1946, we began to publish what we called Atlantic "Firsts" — short stories by unestablished writers making their first appearance in our pages. We are happy to announce the following prizewinners for 1965:

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WHO GOES TO PRISON



Caste and Careerism in Crime

by Bruce Jackson

Most of the people who commit crimes which could send them to prison do not go, says Mr. Jackson, a Brooklyn-born Junior Fellow at Harvard, who is studying American folklore and penology. For two years he has been visiting prisons to interview inmates and law enforcement officials.

UNLESS you have led an abnormally isolated adulthood, the chances are excellent that you know many people who have at one time or another committed an act, or consorted with someone who was committing an act, for which they might have been sent to prison. We do not consider most of these people, or ourselves, criminals; the act is one thing, the criminality of it quite something else. Homicide, for example, is in our law not a crime; murder only is proscribed. The difference between the two is the intention, or to be more accurate, society's decision about the nature of that intention.

Most prisons are organized nominally to handle the personalities who fit the public's image of the Criminal — that nefarious deviant who supplies such fine copy for scandal sheets and television scriptwriters — but only rarely do prison staffs have an opportunity to deal with that sort of

offender. Largely, a state prison is populated by people who are not too bright; impulse criminals (whose offending act reflects not a life pattern but a set of extreme circumstances — most murderers are in this category); chronic convicts (a large group of men who stay out for short periods only because they don't know how to get along anywhere *but* in prison, and who seem to spend their criminal hours out of prison seeking not profit so much as prestigious reincarceration); some habitual offenders (those who can't manage to stay out of trouble but who still base their value systems in the world outside); and a very small number of professionals who had a run of bad luck or a moment of carelessness.

The men who become prisoners are the most obvious criminals: clumsy, stupid, impulsive, hung-up. Some have gotten what they deserve, some are oversentenced, some belong in mental institutions, some shouldn't be in any institution.

Most of the people who commit crimes which could send them to prison do not go. Consider, for example, the large number of criminals who go unpunished simply because the general public insists on cooperating with them. Call girls, bookies, loan sharks, abortionists, and bootleggers know quite well that their customers are as anxious to keep their activities from the attention of the police as they are themselves, that even if an arrest does occur, most honest citizens will do whatever

they can to avoid involvement. Like the distributors of narcotics, these offenders are protected by members of the society against which they supposedly offend, by otherwise honest men and women who would no more think of turning them over to the police than of admitting they had visited an abortionist or consorted with a whore or blown a week's pay on a bum tip and had to borrow at an exorbitant rate to pay the bookie.

Other crimes go unreported, and there is no way to document their number. No one knows how many public officials take graft in any single year, but surely there are many more than those who make the headlines. Many business firms will not prosecute shoplifters, embezzlers, or pilferers, because they believe the damage to their reputation will be more costly than the satisfaction that might result from a conviction. Many rapes, for exactly the same reason, go unreported: victims think there will be no apprehension or conviction of the criminal and they will suffer embarrassment in addition to their humiliation (not without some cause: there were convictions of adults on the original charge in only 16.7 percent of the rapes reported to the police in 1963).

The late Edwin H. Sutherland, a well-known criminologist, devoted considerable study to what he termed "white-collar crime"—offenses committed in the course of their business activities by persons in relatively high positions. Among these offenders are persons who file fraudulent tax reports, businessmen who misrepresent the facts in a transaction, and lawyers who resort to illegal methods in order to secure acquittals for their clients.

In collaboration with Donald R. Cressey, Professor Sutherland once wrote that "crime is found in most occupations and is very prevalent. The people of the business world are probably more criminalistic in this sense than are the people of the slums. The crimes of the slums are direct physical actions—a blow, a physical grasping and carrying away of the property of others. The victim identifies the criminal definitely or indefinitely as a particular individual or group of individuals. The crimes of the business world, on the other hand, are indirect, devious, anonymous, and impersonal. A vague resentment against the entire system may be felt, but when particular individuals cannot be identified, the antagonism is futile. The perpetrators thus do not feel the resentment of their victims and the criminal practices continue and spread."

The deliberate and intelligent offenders—the professional killer, the high-level narcotics distributor, the fraudulent corporation executive, the thoughtful burglar, the physician salting away money which ought to be paid to the IRS—go to prison so rarely they hardly affect the statistics. And

when they do go, they do not stay very long. Prison population reflects only that part of the criminal world that isn't smart, rich, dishonest, or lucky enough to stay out of jail. To this point, the Honorable Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr., Chief Judge, U.S. District Court, Massachusetts, remarked recently, "Unfortunately the whole system is one in which the hydra heads are plucked and not the trunk."

WHILE the rich and professional obtain competent and expensive legal aid, the poor, despite recent Supreme Court decisions regarding procedure and representation (*Gideon*, *Escobedo*, *Douglas*, *Pointer*, and so on), are at an appalling disadvantage. Even if they are innocent, they cannot afford to hire a top-notch lawyer; a court-appointed attorney may take a sincere interest in their case, but it is more likely he will not. The poor defendant cannot put up bail, and regardless of the facts of the case, the man not out on bail is more likely to be convicted than the man who enters the courtroom through the front door. If there is a delay between his arrest, trial, and acquittal, he finds himself saddled with debts accumulated during the period, and perhaps he has lost his job. The bail system, observed Ronald Goldfarb in the *New Republic*, "plays into the hands of the organized criminal while it discriminates against the poor one or the one who commits an isolated criminal act; it is a vehicle for discrimination; it can and does subvert the judicial process; and it is frequently applied improperly as a form of punishment." The accused without money for bail "is punished before he is tried, and whether or not the ultimate verdict is guilty or not guilty. The defendant is also handicapped in assisting his defense. His chance of obtaining acquittal is lessened." The great success of the Vera Foundation's Manhattan Bail Project, arranging for many defendants to be released on their own recognizance, has clearly shown, in the words of Herbert J. Sturz, the project's director, "that verified information about a defendant is a more reliable criterion upon which to base release than ability to buy a bail bond."

One particularly repugnant illustration of the kind of inequity fostered by our bail system occurred in New York last April. On a tip, it was claimed, police arrested on a narcotics charge a woman who had a bottle of pills in her purse. Because she did not have the \$25 bail money, she spent twenty days in the house of detention. The woman could not get the police to telephone the physician who had issued the prescription found with the pills; the police, apparently, were too busy to bother. Five days after her arrest the police laboratory verified her story: chemical analysis

revealed that the pills were for her thyroid condition. But it was another fifteen days before anyone bothered to unlock the door to her cell. Would the police have dared act in so cavalier a fashion with anyone they thought had any power or influence at all? Nobodies don't count; no one cares about them: they don't file lawsuits.

The amateur gets arrested first. The man who does in his wife or an acquaintance is easily apprehended and convicted, but the professional killer, who has little or no connection with his victim and no apparent motive, is hard to find. None of the gunmen responsible for Boston's 30 gangland slayings in the last twenty months has been convicted; there were only 17 convictions resulting from 926 known gangland slayings in Chicago in the period 1919 to 1957. In a 1964 FBI sampling of 2951 murders in 1658 cities, it was found that of the 2162 persons formally charged, only 984 were found guilty as charged, 431 were found guilty of a lesser charge, 175 were referred to juvenile court, and 572 were acquitted or dismissed. Even if every one of the juvenile suspects was found guilty, the conviction rate would still be under 50 percent. And that tells us nothing about the many murders that are undetected.

LIKE the Boy Scout, the professional goes prepared. Preparedness, more than anything else, is enough to distinguish him from the merely habitual offender, who can commit crimes well enough but isn't sufficiently adaptable to handle the occasional problems that may occur in their wake. Some professionals consider the possibility of imprisonment much the same way an investor considers the possibility of a bad turn in the market:

"We got together and talked it over and decided that to get the amount of money we wanted in the shortest time, that crime was the way to get it. Now crime, we feel, is just like any other business. In other words, there's setbacks in crime and there's deficits. Just as if you run a business, there's always a chance it might burn down or you might go bankrupt or your employe might embezzle every dime you've got without the insurance to cover it. It's the same with crime. Of course the penalty for going bankrupt in crime is much stiffer than — but at the same time your material gain is much greater than — in a regular business."

But most professionals do carry insurance. One Texas thief always let his lawyer know where he was working and kept him on a regular retainer:

"We were giving him \$500 every two weeks. This \$500 was to make any bonds. Fees — that was all extra. The \$500 was for him to get there

and keep us from getting killed. Now they have a law that they can't whip a confession out of you, they won't accept it in court anymore. It has to be given with counsel present. Well, son, when they got confessions in the past it didn't make any difference how they got them: they were good."

The amateur and clumsy thief gets to prison so frequently not only because he doesn't know how to steal well but also because he doesn't know how to handle a decent "score" when he does happen to hit. An inmate of Indiana State Prison told with scorn the story of another inmate who had been one of three men on a smoothly executed \$30,000 payroll holdup:

"This guy had changed suits once a week, normally on the weekend like any other working joe. He had a car leaning sideways. But then he started walking into the crap tables, playing \$500, saying, 'Let 'em roll.' He'd throw craps and say, 'Hell, there's plenty more where that come from.' Changing suits two and three times a day. Throwing parties. . . So the minute the pop comes he's offered a ten flat [a sentence having a maximum of ten years]. I think it was for two or three thousand dollars. He couldn't afford it. His buddies could hand the detectives a few dollars and let 'em water it down a little and they came up with a ten flat. He had enough nerve to say, 'Some dirty rotten sonofabitch must of ratted us out!' I said, 'Man, you sick!' Now he got a ten-to-twenty-five and his buddies got a ten flat apiece because they had a little money to pay off."

THE professional finds his referents, his values, in the outside world. For some, the incentive is purely acquisitive: they want things or the status things seem to represent. Other values are subsumed in the quest, sometimes quite consciously. "In my walk of life," one killer told me, "you've got to use a certain amount of cold calculation, at times animal cunning, and brute force to survive. And in doing so, you leave a certain amount of your feelings buried deep and you keep them that way. . . . I'm not interested in being tough. Every act I have committed to an extent has been made on the basis of the buck. 'Cause I've learned that . . . the buck is what makes you an American citizen as well as a person [that] can [be] respected. A broke man is like a dead man. No one wants to hear what he got to say, 'cause what the hell, he must not be of any value if he's not using it for his own benefit. . . . I see no sense in walking around with my collar turned up and talking out the side of my mouth. That's backwards. I want to look like anything except what I actually have lived the life of being."

Once one has met a number of professionals in situations in which rapport may be established, one discovers they are frequently middle-class in background and quite articulate. These are two qualifications that open the standard channels of economic advancement in the noncriminal world. Many of the pros are agile enough to make as much money legally. And they often know it. One said to me, only half-joking, "I bet you wonder why a bright clean-cut kid like me from a good family turned to crime." I said I had indeed wondered about that. "I like the life," he said, meaning the romantic business of spending big, carrying an automatic in a special shoulder holster, moving in two worlds at once. For others, the money is sometimes secondary to a feeling about the criminal act that is almost sexual. The following statement was made by a Southwestern burglar highly respected by his colleagues:

"Now after I get inside, all my fear more or less is gone. And you concentrate on the safe, and you can look at it and — of course you always know what kind of safe it is before you make your entrance and everything. You go in, you got your tools and everything, and you can estimate what's in the safe. If it's a place that has delivery trucks, you can figure \$500 per truck for every truck they got and they'll have that much in the safe. I mean that's the average for any kind of business whether it be a beer truck or a dry cleaning place. But still in all, that jewel might be the one. It just might be the guy that's beating the income tax, or it might be the guy that's booking all the big football payoff or layoff or something. And there's no charge in the world, man, like when you see that smoke. . . . For instance, if you're punching it and you hear that pin hit the back of the safe: *clinggg!* You know you're home free. Or if you're peeling it you see that smoke come out — whenever you pop that door and see the smoke you know that you've cracked the rivets and it's all yours. And when you see that safe door open, it is a *charge*. I think the most safes I ever made was six of them in one night. But that was four of them in one building — you just go from safe to safe. But, man, it never became less. You know, it's not like screwing. The first time it's pretty wild, then each time it tapers off; you get part of the same drive, you know, the same action, but it's not like the first. A safe's not like that. Each time it's more so because you figure the odds are more in your favor of it being the big score."

SINCE the professionals are the most articulate and agile members of the criminal population, it

is not surprising to find that on the rare occasions when they have to do some time, they rise quickly to positions of power in the prison society. Even though they are few in number, their influence is often extensive. In Texas, the professional is called a "character," and one of them explained at some length just what the qualifications were and how one's status in the world outside affected one's inmate career:

"Crimewise you have a differentiation. First of all, you've got your rapos and you've got your women beaters and your women killers and your incests and all of these crimes against another person that is more or less unprotected. Now those people are looked way down on. Because we know that they will do it to my wife or your wife or our children just like they'll do it to anybody else. And don't ever forget one thing: characters think a lot of their families; that's about the only thing they have. They're the people that, whenever we get in jail, well, they're the ones that send us money to have something to smoke and so forth, and they're the only ones that you can depend on. And actually they really know what a family means, more than anyone else who probably never had to call on their family. They're pretty conscious about their families. Now, you got your intelligents. Some pretty intelligent people in the penitentiary that are not characters but foulups. A lot of your checkwriters, lot of 'em are college graduates. They're not a 'rum'; you can't consider them a idiot or a rum, and you can't consider them a character. So they're just some of the people, just part of the people that make up the population of the prison system. They don't have any definite place in a prison system."

"Your real characters are ones that go out and use the underworld as a means of livelihood and go about it in a professional way, in a professional manner. . . . I think that a character is somebody that makes his living completely outside the law but yet has some principle about it. And you'd be surprised at the difference in the way the police treat us. . . . Hell, they talk as much character talk as you and I can. They get their point over and you can get your point over to them. 'Course, sometimes it don't do you too much good. . . ."

"The penitentiary officials, they recognize this. They recognize the class distinctions, and they operate accordingly. Now you take all the key positions in the prison, they're either given to the intelligent person I was talking about — like the checkwriter or somebody like that, that gets off in a storm — or they're given to the characters. Now if it's handling other convicts, if it's down to where you're gonna tell another convict what to do and dictate his policies to him, they always get a character to do that. . . . It's on your record."

They know that I'm a character. I've never been taken into the captain's office and asked to cop out [inform] on somebody. He knows I'm not gonna do it. And he respects me enough not to even ask me. So he and I, we get along fine. . . . The penitentiary knows that there's characters and there's idiots and there's rums. And your characters will always be running the penitentiary. They can't hire enough guards.

"Down here, one a these rums, one a these idiots, he's not gonna get in my face. Because he knows that he can't survive and do it; he knows I'm gonna hurt him. . . . A character is a professional thief, whereas the rest of them are on-again-off-again, hooligan-mulligan, you know, they're just not professional. I guess we frown on them as much as a doctor would a chiropractor."

This statement offers more than a sample of professional pride. The "rums," the chronic convicts, are frowned upon by the characters for the same reason they are frowned upon by the police: they are failures. They cannot make it in the free world, and the great gap that separates them from successful criminals is carried over into the prison milieu. Dr. David Haughey, former director of psychological research, Massachusetts Department of Correction, said recently that very few successful criminals come to prison, but "those who are taken into the training system and are found to be wanting — they don't profit from their training and are fired or let go in some sense — turn to crime on their own. They tend to be unsuccessful there, too. And it is very frequently these kinds of individuals who come to prison — and come again. Because failure is characteristic of almost every area in which they have tried to perform. They have been failures in school, they have been failures at work if they attempted it. . . . These men are failure types, even in crime."

Ironically enough, it is in prison where the failure type or rum may find the only place he can settle in some comfort. Harvard psychiatrist Norman Zinberg has compared the attitude of the chronic convict with the attitude found among many career military men: both "bitch" about the way of life, the regulations, the officials; both eventually get out, spend a short and tumultuous period at large, then find their way back to the ranks. In inmate parlance, they are "doing life on the installment plan."

A characteristic solipsism about activity outside prison develops when an inmate tries to avoid admitting to himself that he needs prison. One lifer in Texas told me he had been convicted on circumstantial evidence. I asked for details, and he said, "There was a gunfight of three, four plainclothesmen and myself. I wasn't committing any crime — though I was on escape from here. I was

armed. There's where I was violating the law. But I wasn't committing any crime, I wasn't trying to commit any crime. I was attending to my own business, but the situation developed to such an extent where there was a gunfight. . . . A chief of detectives was killed." Notice that the facts regarding his actual killing of a policeman are set in passive and impersonal terms. That he was at the time of the gunfight a wanted man, escaped from prison, where he had been serving a life sentence for murder, and was blazing away with a Luger automatic and a .38 caliber revolver doesn't seem to matter very much.

His story is a classic "bum-rap" tale. Except for the professionals and the impulse criminals, it is hard to find inmates who do feel there was adequate cause for their incarceration. Some insist they were railroaded, some that they were tried on the wrong charge, some that they were given an unfair sentence. Some are right, most are not. The outstanding example of the genre in my experience was offered by one triple-murderer who in all sincerity told me he had been "bum-rapped," not because he hadn't killed those people — he admitted that freely — but because there were at least four procedural errors in the course of his trial.

The cry of "bum rap" is particularly important to the chronic convict who often faces parole with mixed feelings. He is anxious to get out, to find a woman, walk down the street, wear a different color outfit; but he knows he won't make it out there because "they" won't let him.

He has to get back inside without letting it appear, to his colleagues or himself, that he wants to come back. One man was released, stole a bright red Jeep, parked in front of a finance company office, held up the finance company, drove down the block and parked in front of the nearest tavern, went inside and set his pistol and the finance company's money box on the bar in full sight of everyone, ordered drinks for the house — and complained about his bad luck when the police walked in a few minutes later. The type is not uncommon. He'll come back screaming, but no matter what gets in his way, he will come back: it's home.

MOST of the persistent offenders come from the lower economic levels, and one of the most wasteful and unnecessary sequences of crimes connected with poverty is that resulting from narcotics addiction. Poverty does not *cause* addiction, just as it doesn't cause any other kind of crime. But the two occur together so frequently that we cannot ignore their intimacy: addiction is largely a lower-class disease. And since it is a disease that is handled

by a police agency rather than a medical one, the infected tend to be at the same disadvantage before the law that the unempowered always are.

The Federal Bureau of Narcotics has long had its say about narcotics legislation, and the punitive controls now operative are a national scandal. Many observers feel those controls do little to stop addiction, but no one knows for sure — the statistical methods used by the bureau are so unreliable that it is impossible to determine the changes in the addict population effected by the various repressive laws.

A considerable number of responsible students are convinced that the repressive laws do more to increase the spread of crime than stop it. Isidor Chein, professor of psychology at N.Y.U., said recently that “the worst consequences, by far, of addiction are entirely a result of our public policy with regard to addiction.” At best one can say that the bureau has failed slowly; at worst, that its attitudes have contributed more to the maintenance of the criminal population than any legal blunder since Prohibition. By law, the American addict is a criminal, although alcoholics, who are far more numerous, far more dangerous, and far less healthy, are quietly tolerated. The addict’s greatest problem, other than the fact of his addiction, is getting money to buy drugs. He robs, connives, panders, swindles — anything to get money for that shot. He is a frequent visitor to court and prison; he is easily arrested, easily convicted, easily readdicted when he gets out. He is usually broke. When arrested he is dependent on a court-appointed attorney; he tends to have a poor arrest record, and is likely to go to jail.

The kinds of inequity still latent in our system are perhaps best illustrated by a pair of narcotics trials held a few years ago. One involved an addict, Gilbert Mora Zaragoza, the other the highest-ranking narcotics distributor yet sent to prison, Vito Genovese.

Zaragoza — high-school dropout, epileptic, low IQ, junkie — was the first person convicted under section 107 of the 1956 Narcotics Control Act, which permits sentences as severe as execution or life without parole for adults convicted of selling narcotics to minors. Zaragoza had no previous convictions for peddling, and the minor to whom he sold the narcotics was an old friend who had been set up by the Bureau of Narcotics. Nevertheless, Judge William C. Mathes sentenced him to life without parole.

I asked George H. Gaffney, Acting Commissioner of Narcotics, about this apparently callous entrapment. “The only comment I can make on the conviction of Gilbert Zaragoza,” Gaffney wrote, “is that he was afforded a proper trial be-

fore a jury in United States District Court and was found guilty upon competent evidence. The method of obtaining evidence by making purchases of narcotics from a person with the requisite predisposition to engage in such activity has been approved many times by various Circuit Courts of Appeals and by the United States Supreme Court.” Then God help us all.

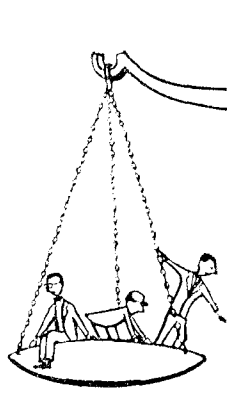
Zaragoza’s sentence is all the more obscene when we note that Genovese, convicted in 1959 for narcotics conspiracy, was sentenced to fifteen years in prison and ordered to pay a \$20,000 fine. With good behavior, Genovese need serve only eight years. The retail take for heroin sales in this country is estimated at \$300 million a year, and one doubts that Genovese was forced into poverty by the assessment.

Even if it were not true that the poor and stupid are shortchanged in the police station and courthouse, they surely are after they get to prison. Parole boards are generally composed of reasonable, honest, well-meaning men, and when an inmate comes before them, they consider with as much fairness as they can muster his past record, his conduct while in prison, the likelihood of his success outside. What determines the likelihood of success? The man’s economic situation, his associates, his place of habitation. The offender with money or connections can easily demonstrate that he will be able to get along without difficulty; so can most professional criminals. The noncriminal impulse offender and the professional tend to serve time quietly in prison; they’re smart enough to stay out of trouble. But the offender whose social and intellectual inadequacies were responsible for his getting into trouble in the first place — where will he go and what will he do?

The answers are obvious: back to the same street, the old crowd, the old routine. It is not surprising that he doesn’t find early release. No wonder that he spends a long time behind bars. No wonder, but no fairer. We can understand why the poor go to jail more frequently than the affluent, why the smart spend less time behind bars than the stupid, but we should understand also that this same set of conditions makes the failures more antisocial, more bitter.

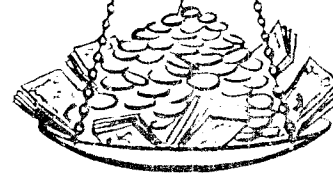
David Haughey commented on the effect of this: “From the inside, this certainly is part of what leads the average inmate to feel that he is the victim of a corrupt society, and that everyone on the outside is just as corrupt as he is. It’s just that they have more things going for them — friends, money, influence, power. And when you don’t have power, then you serve time.”

That inside view is, unfortunately, the correct one.



THE ART OF UNBALANCING THE BUDGET

by Neil W. Chamberlain



The idea that the government should live within its means and annually balance its budget was the fiscal policy objective of the nation's leaders until the decade of the sixties. How the unbalanced budget was converted from a vice to a virtue is here told by Neil W. Chamberlain, professor of economics at Yale.

THE effect of the 1965 income tax cut was not only to prolong a period of prosperity but also to consolidate a revolution in economic thought. The federal government had undertaken deficit financing in the past, but always in times of depression or war. This time it purposely pursued a budgetary deficit when the economy was still in the throes of a protracted peacetime expansion, when wise men of a previous generation would have urged a prudent surplus in order to reduce the national debt. The unbalanced budget, which had so recently been an object of revulsion, had taken on respectability. Government deficits had ceased to be a sin and had themselves become the mark of a shrewd Administration's prudence.

This upheaval in applied economic theory is one of the most significant social developments in modern times. The intellectual innovations which led to its adoption can take their place with the more spectacular discoveries in the physical sciences in terms of potential importance to man's welfare. This was not the case of a government stumbling onto a good thing and then converting a political accident into an economic principle. It

came as a planned maneuver, based on new concepts which were partly fashioned by the cadre of young economists who came to Washington with the Kennedy Administration but who — as in most such cases — were building on the work of contemporaries and predecessors.

The history of this remarkable development can be traced most simply in three stages of thought concerning the government's budget and when it should be balanced. We commit only slight violence to the facts by treating these as three neat and successive intellectual epochs, as future historians will doubtless do anyway.

The first period lasted longest, from the earliest conception of a nation's governmental budget almost to World War II. During it, the federal budget was regarded as an instrument of governmental housekeeping, performing the same function as a family's budget. The government had certain functions to perform, which had been assigned to it by society: keeping order, carrying the mails, running the courts, providing a monetary system, regulating interstate and foreign commerce, manning the army and navy. A well-administered government would see to it that in carrying out these functions it lived within its means, a feat of good housekeeping comparable with that of the prudent household. Taxes were levied only to provide the revenue needed for the performance of the services which society required. If special circumstances — most commonly a war — obliged the government to borrow funds, this was to be viewed as an unfortunate but temporary expedient. The sooner the debt was extinguished, the better. To produce a surplus at the end of the fiscal year, which could be applied against the na-

tional indebtedness, won for a government a crown of glory.

This conception of the budget as a device which disciplined a government to strive systematically to live within its means, year by year, took such firm hold of the popular and political imagination that the few professional criticisms leveled against it were scarcely heard. As iconoclastic an individual as Franklin D. Roosevelt resorted to deficit financing in the Great Depression with reluctance and a resolve to end the nation's fiscal disgrace at the earliest opportunity. Indeed, even John F. Kennedy, who was probably the most economically literate President in U.S. history, made the annually balanced budget a policy objective.

The ground for professional criticism of this housekeeping conception of the federal budget lay in the limited view which it took of governmental functions. It conceived the government's economic role in the same terms as it would any other economic unit, private or public: private business performed certain economic functions, such as providing goods; households performed other economic functions, such as providing labor services; and similarly, the federal government performed still other economic functions. The federal budget was the largest of all budgets, to be sure, even though not by the same margin as today, but this was a difference in degree and not in kind.

Or was it? Was there something about the government's budget that distinguished it from that of the Jones family and of U.S. Steel? Was there some special function connected with it which gave it a purpose other than the economical provision of particular services? There was indeed, said a school of economists, whose minority voice failed to attract much notice until the late 1930s, when John Maynard Keynes became its spokesman. Their view gained ascendancy largely as a consequence of the Great Depression, which lingered on until finally dispelled by wartime activity, and memories of which provided the emotional undertow on which full employment policies rode to legislative approvals in post-war Western Europe and North America. The second stage of our budgetary history was thereby ushered in.

MANAGED PROSPERITY

This second-stage school of economic theorists looked on the budget as performing not just one function — proper federal housekeeping — but two. The second function was to preserve the economic health of the nation as a whole. It was the government's duty, said this group, to see that the nation remained prosperous, a duty no less important than preserving law and order and maintaining courts and other such time-honored gov-

ernmental services. The nation's economic health was the business of the government because no other agent or institution could serve as doctor.

The doctor's implements were not only monetary policy — making money cheaper to use in depressions so that businesses and households would use more of it, hopefully returning the nation to prosperity; the instrument kit of the federal government as economic doctor included its budget as well. In times of depression, it could spend more than it took in, thereby directly putting people and plants to productive use. It did not have to wait for businesses and households to become optimistic enough to borrow money at lower rates of interest. It could put money in their pockets directly by cutting its tax take, or it could itself spend on a variety of projects, or it could increase the amount of money it transferred to people who could be counted on to spend it. All these ways would put the government budget in the red, but it would increase the nation's economic activity. It would put people and plants to work whose services would otherwise be irretrievably lost.

All very well, said more traditional economists, but how long could this go on? How many times could the medicine be repeated? If the government persisted in deficit spending, its debt would double, its credit would crumble, and it would find no buyers for its bonds. Fiscal responsibility could not be evaded. The balanced budget was not a luxury to be dispensed with under pressure but a necessity of a solvent government.

CYCLICAL BALANCING

The economic freethinkers had an answer. It might be true that the government could not afford to go on piling up new debt on old every time there was a downturn of business activity. But it would not have to; the fear that government credit would sooner or later go under, in a persistently rising sea of debt, was unwarranted. The alarmists were ignoring the existence of the business cycle, with its alternating phases of boom and depression.

If the economy was depressed at times, experience showed that this was followed by periods of excessive — inflationary — activity. The government as doctor was no less needed in the one case than in the other, but the remedy for one was the opposite of the remedy for the other. In depressions it would spend more than it took in and use budget deficits to bring the economy back to normal. In inflations it would take in more than it spent, and use budget surpluses to restore economic normality. And the surpluses of the inflation end of the business cycle could be used to pay off the deficits of the depression phase of the cycle.

Was it necessary to balance the budget? Yes, but

only over the period of a business cycle. Annual balancing was an error, since it ignored the cyclical rhythm of the nation's health. Outgo and income could be matched over an appropriate span of years, in which the minuses of some were wiped out by the pluses of others.

The cyclical-balancing solution did not satisfy very long. For one thing, the nation's needs seemed to expand with time, so that the federal budget tended to rise in good years as well as bad. For another, *the* cycle was really a myth. If cycles existed, there were a number of them — inventory cycles, building cycles, short cycles, long waves, and a variety of others. Which one should be used as the period for budget balancing, especially when they all overlapped? Moreover, there was reason to doubt the regularity of any cycles. Average cyclical durations could be determined, but these would hardly do for purposes of budget balancing, which should be guided by the actual state of the economy and not some arithmetic abstraction.

PLANNED DEFICITS

A more daring set of economists began to feel their way toward a different answer. The nation could not count on regular budgetary surpluses to wipe out regular deficits. There was no reason to expect that such cyclical balancing would ever occur. But if the budget were balanced in the good years, then one could afford to run deficits in those years when the economy slowed down. This would mean that the national debt would steadily rise over the years, but this need not cause alarm, since the nation's assets and income were also growing. Not annual budget balancing, not even cyclical balancing, but balancing only in the years of plenty was looked on as the appropriate policy.

The primitive nature of this first formulation of stage-three philosophy is apparent even to the nonprofessional. When is a year a "good" one? How judge the amount of stimulation which the government should inject into a depressed economy by means of its unbalanced budget? The answers could scarcely be left to casual judgment.

A number of theoretical developments, still not fully accepted by all economists, prepared the way to a new solution. We shall have to deal with these once over lightly. First was a more systematic method of defining what was a "good" year, when the government's budget should presumably be in balance. For some time — at least since the closing years of World War II — the "good" year had become synonymous with full employment. Now came the realization that full employment was itself an elastic concept. If it meant that every person wanting a job was to be put to work, this could probably be achieved only at the risk of in-

flation. An English economist, A. W. Phillips, ran a correlation of unemployment and price levels in England back as far as 1861, and found that when unemployment dropped below 2.5 percent of the labor force, prices rose. Similar statistical studies showed that the "Phillips effect" operated in the United States as well, though the upward pressure on prices came even earlier, when unemployment was at a higher level.

This appeared to imply that if we wanted to avoid unemployment *and* inflation, we could do so only in terms of a marginal trade-off of one for the other. At what degree of "full employment" would the upward pressure on prices still be tolerable? A compromise point could be selected on the "Phillips curve" — say a 3 percent rate of unemployment accompanied by a 2 percent rise in prices, or a 4 percent rate of unemployment with perhaps only a slight price creep.

Second, with such a compromise determination of what is to be considered full employment, it is then possible to project "potential GNP." This is the total income, in gross terms (that is, not making allowance for the capital used up in producing it), that the economy would be capable of turning out if it were operating at full employment.

Third, we can estimate, using existing tax schedules, how much revenue the federal government would collect if the economy were producing the potential GNP. We can also estimate, on the strength of ongoing governmental programs and anticipated new appropriations, how much the federal government would be spending at the same level of national economic activity.

We can be almost sure that revenues would generally exceed outlays, and sometimes by a considerable margin. Our potential GNP is constantly rising, owing to an expanding population, longer life expectancies, better education, automation, and other influences. If we were to attain our constantly rising potential GNP, the tax take at this always higher figure would mount rapidly. Besides paying taxes on additional income earned, individuals would move into higher income tax brackets.

But government expenditures could not be expected to rise by a similar amount, in part because many of its needs (notably defense) do not automatically expand just because national income has gone up, and in part because philosophically we still tend to limit the role of government — the things for which it can spend its revenues. Thus if the nation were to operate at its potential, the government would run a substantial budget surplus — a "full employment surplus."

And, contrary to our old beliefs, that would not be good but harmful. It would mean that the government would be taking money out of the spend-

ing stream, so that operations at the potential GNP could not be sustained — unless, indeed, the private sector was spending an equivalent amount in excess of its own receipts. The surplus could be used to retire debt, but that would, for the most part, simply extinguish bank loans and put nothing in their place.

In short, the full-employment surplus measures the amount of “fiscal drag” on the economy. It reveals by how much the government’s budget is deterring the economy from reaching or maintaining its desired level of performance.

The only point at which the *government* budget should be in balance is when the *nation* is operating at its full potential. The only point at which it should seek a surplus is when the economy is attempting to produce more than its potential, generating inflationary pressures. But more than this is implied. Even if the government is running a deficit, it may not be running *enough* of a deficit to give the stimulus that will carry the economy to its potential. This would be true if, with rising GNP, the federal government’s budget would come into balance before the potential was realized. It would then be taking in more money than it was spending, thereby acting as a brake on economic activity before its destination was reached.

This was the general line of reasoning behind the income tax cut of 1965 and the excise tax cuts projected for the next few years. By reducing taxes to a level which at full employment *would* produce only as much revenue as *would* be needed to cover expenditures, the government necessarily collects less *now*. It leaves more money in the business and household sectors; if they spend it, as they will in large proportion, this augments economic activity and brings us nearer the full-employment goal.

TAX-CUTTING: NEW FISCAL TOY

It is this phenomenon that has given rise to the colorful description of the new fiscal policy as “spending our way to prosperity.” In effect, we can buy more and be better off for doing so.

Skeptical politicians have wondered whether such a policy courts inflation. They are uneasy with a policy which appears to reward profligacy. An amusing instance of this attitude occurred during Senate hearings over the proposed income tax reduction. A New England lawmaker asked Walter Heller, then chairman of the President’s Council of Economic Advisers, why so many people resisted the new fiscal philosophy if, in effect, it promised reward for self-indulgence. Heller said he supposed any public disapproval stemmed from a residual Puritanism — to which the New England senator, still dubious but not doleful, replied that he himself was more of a Puritan than a Heller.

But any earlier doubts now seem largely to have been dispelled as a result of the success of the 1965 tax reduction, and an increasing number of legislators appear to embrace the new approach with enthusiasm. What politician can for long resist the appeal of voting for tax reductions? Is there, then, danger that the new fiscal toy will be overused with inflationary consequences?

Any policy is of course subject to abuse, but as long as the size of budgetary deficits is geared to the full-employment surplus, there is a built-in monitor. In the final analysis, the new fiscal policy is based less on deficit budgeting than on budget balancing. When the potential GNP is reached, the government’s outlay will be in line with its income, since that is the point at which the government’s budget is *planned* to be in balance.

Balance the budget? Of course, but what budget? The answer which is now being given is the full-employment budget. At levels short of full employment this means balancing not an actual but a hypothetical budget, the budget as it would be if we were operating at potential GNP. This is not a matter of running in the red in a vague hope that this will do the economy some good, as the bloodletting of earlier days was expected to restore a patient’s health. It is the incurring of deficits in an amount which is guided by calculations of potential GNP, which in turn is based on computations of the level of acceptable compromise between unemployment and price increases.

NATIONAL DEBT NO MORTGAGE

Resistance to the new economics comes from several sources. On the popular front there is still a widespread conviction that the national debt is like a mortgage on the house, with all the attendant hazards. At least part of the initial opposition to last year’s income tax reduction stemmed from a belief that adding to the national debt when the economy was running strong was piling up a burden on future generations for the self-gratification of the present. Aside from failing to grasp that *present* gratification was not the object, but only the removal of a budget barrier to *future* economic progress, those of this persuasion persisted in believing that future generations would somehow have to pay off that larger debt to someone else. But except for the relatively small proportion of the debt held abroad, the future generations will not have to pay someone else but only themselves. All will pay taxes to the government in varying amounts, and some will receive interest from the government on the bonds which they hold. Some will pay more and receive less than others, proportionately, and vice versa, but what is involved is a redistribution of the income *at that*

time and not a transfer among the generations.

The composition of the debt is of course important—who holds it in what amounts and how much they get paid for holding it. The tax structure is also important—who pays into the federal coffers the funds which must be used to pay interest on the debt. This is why federal financing is always open to review and reform. But this is a different matter from looking on the debt as a mortgage on the nation which must be paid to avoid some Simon Legree's foreclosure.

The nation's taxing power permits it to redistribute the national income so that those holding the debt will always be provided for. This does not mean that size of our national obligations is of no consequence; tax collection even for purposes of redistribution always involves more pain to some people than to others. But it does mean that deficits which are economically advantageous to society as a whole need not be avoided because of superstition that we are "mortgaging" the future.

A second reason why the new economics is sometimes resisted is the belief that the statistical calculations which are called for cannot be made with sufficient accuracy to be used as the basis for fiscal policy. The potential GNP of which we talk so glibly, as well as estimates of actual GNP, involves questionable assumptions in regard to business investment, people's employability, productivity, bargaining power, and other variables. The need for guesswork and the possibility of error are evident.

Nevertheless, our knowledge, while imperfect, is improving, and the refinement of our economic understanding serves to pinpoint the areas in which further improvement is most urgent. Arthur Okun, one of the three economists currently composing the Council of Economic Advisers, has said, "All I would claim is that we can do better using our knowledge than ignoring it. We'll make mistakes some of the time, but we'll be pushing in the right direction most of the time."

There is of course no basis for believing that economic "truth" about budget balancing has now, finally, been divulged. We can be sure that a fourth stage in our thinking lies somewhere over the horizon. We might even surmise that it has something to do with the relative advantages of tax cuts versus government expenditures, a matter which so far has been more the subject of vocal inflection than cerebral reflection.

But of one other thing we can also be sure. Our present stage-three thinking represents a vast improvement over its predecessor stages. And whether it appears excessively simplistic to some or dubiously synthetic to others, it is a product of contemporary social science no different in its fundamental importance from current innovations in the physical sciences.

SESTINA FOR BART

by JOAN SWIFT

He sits stiff as a stalk
In that forest of metal bars
Surrounding his hospital bed.
He avoids my eyes time
After time, prefers the straw
Rooted in soup, the watch

A grandmother gave. I watch
Him grope for it, a stalk
Of fingers scratching his straw-
Colored shirt. Numbers, bars —
The watch is a toy, its time
Without motion like his bed.

He finds it on his bed,
That huge moon of a watch,
Caresses its rigid time,
Listens for the stalk
Of minutes, shrugs. Behind bars
He fingers the orange straw.

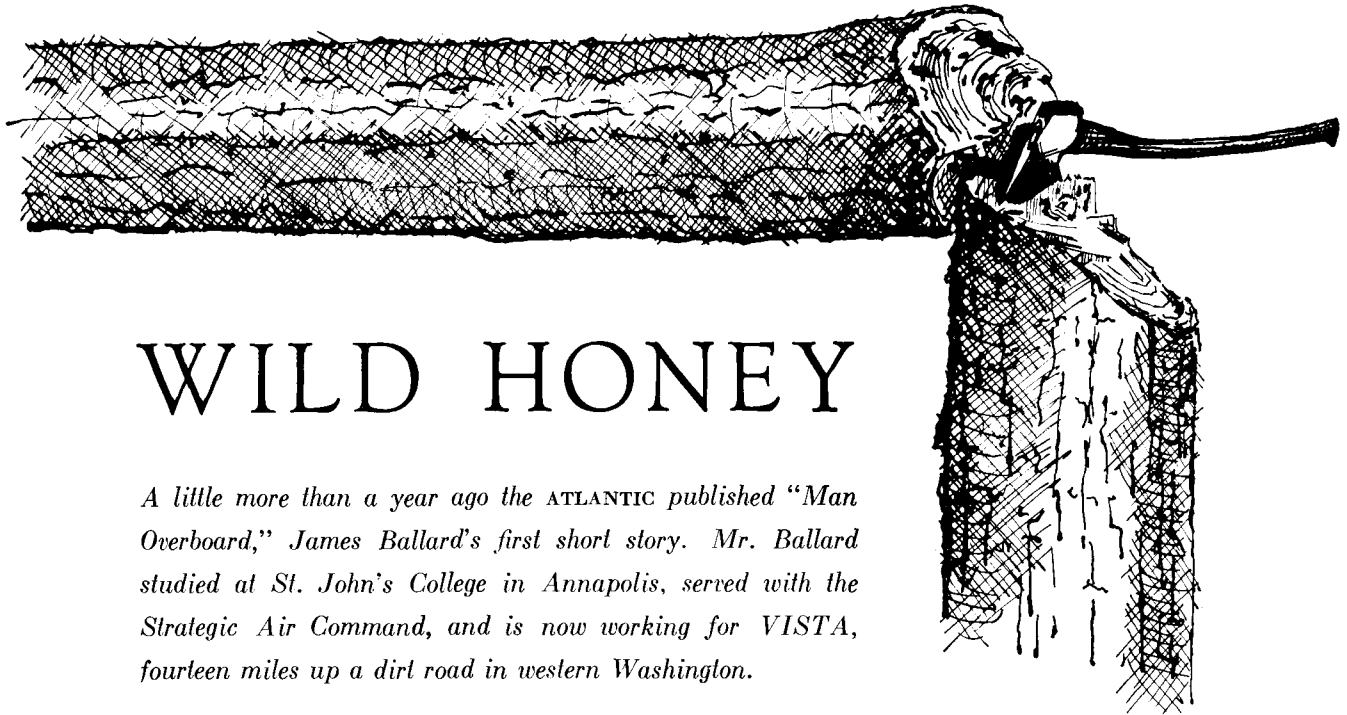
His grandmother's put a straw
Of hope beside his bed
In water — petals, bright bars
Of color for him to watch.
He is four. He has a stalk
Of cancer telling time

Inside his stomach. Time,
Time is an orange straw
Every four hours, a stalk
Of paper brought to his bed,
Or nurses changing watch,
The slip of the moon's bars

Down walls, the cinnabars
Of dusk, dawn. Sometimes
Time is TV. I watch,
A stranger blown like straw
To sit between bed and bed.
Like wolves the minutes stalk

The still bars of his bed.
One straw of time, one straw:
Each day is a watched, green stalk.

A Story by JAMES BALLARD



WILD HONEY

A little more than a year ago the ATLANTIC published "Man Overboard," James Ballard's first short story. Mr. Ballard studied at St. John's College in Annapolis, served with the Strategic Air Command, and is now working for VISTA, fourteen miles up a dirt road in western Washington.

THE truck had broken down back in the woods. It would be fixed this afternoon, or he hoped it would. Bill Kirby was cutting timber with him, and Kirby was on his way to his own home to get a length of copper tubing to fix it with. Kirby was a good mechanic. He himself had come on to the house here instead of waiting around, to see if things were all right. He had stopped by a bee tree he knew of, but the coons had been there first, and all he got for his trouble was some bee stings.

"Jaxon? Can you get it fixed?" Sarah asked.

He ought to let her think he could. "Sure. Easy."

"I hope so. I just hope so."

"All right, I told you. Put some more of that soda on these things, OK?"

"Well — if you really want me to. The thing is, it's just enough left now to make some bread for supper. Do you want me to?"

"Never mind. It's all right." Maybe they would stop burning by themselves after while. "Any sugar?"

"Now what do you want sugar for?"

"I want it to eat. What else would I want it for?"

That was the reason he had stopped by the bee tree. The kids would have liked to have some wild honey. He would himself. Any kind of sweetening.

"It's not any here. I'm sorry, Jaxon, really and truly."

"OK. That's all right. What else are we out of?"

"Jaxon, now it's nothing to joke about. Listen. I've got twenty-five cents. I been saving it, sort of, but I'll send Rafe to the store now, all right? He can get some soda, and some sugar too."

"You been holding out a whole quarter on me? How long you had that quarter?"

"Jaxon, I'm trying to tell you, it's not anything to joke about. Here. I'll put the rest of this soda on. And then later on I can send Rafe to the store."

"Have him buy a loaf of bread."

"He won't need to do that. I can make —"

"Have him buy a loaf. How many times have I got to say it?"

"All right. All right, he will, hear? You sit still now while I put this on. It won't take long."

He shouldn't have sounded off at her. He did sit still, and she went ahead.

"Jaxon?"

And from her tone, he knew what was coming.

"Jaxon, you're bound to do something. If you'd just go on and get a job in the lumberyard with Carroll Yesbick, you wouldn't have to be doing all these things. Don't you see? You'd get paid every week, when anything broke you wouldn't lose anything, it wouldn't cost you anything. You'd even get paid for fixing it. I heard in the store the

other day that he wants somebody to work for him. I didn't ask, now, I didn't say a word, I just heard somebody say it. He hasn't got anybody to replace Dan Johnson yet. And maybe you wouldn't have to work right there in the lumberyard. Maybe Carroll Yesbick would let you — I mean, maybe you could still be working out in the woods. On one of the cutting gangs."

He got up. "Let me tell you something, Sarah. Let's don't go through this again." He was not talking loud. "Carroll Yesbick won't be letting me do anything. Or not do anything. I'm not having anything to do with the sonofabitch, you know that? Neither is Kirby. Neither is anybody else that's got the idiot notion he's worth a damn. I'm not working for Yesbick. Anytime. For any kind of pay. Will you hush about it now? Going on at somebody, it gets on a person's nerves."

"It does, does it? What do you expect me to put on the table for supper this evening, tell me that? The same old thing, I suppose. What are you going to do when school starts, Jaxon Chancellor? School takes in again next month, have you thought of that?"

"I know when school takes in."

"Then what are you going to do? Leslie needs —" And now she was close to tears. "She's too big to go barefooted to school, Jaxon. She's twelve now; she asked me the other day if we could get her a pair of shoes maybe. They don't have to be nice ones, Jaxon. Just so she can have some."

"She'll have some shoes."

"How? How? And Nora needs things too. They both do."

Right now, I don't know. I'll have to tell you that. You know I don't. But she will have some."

"But how? Jaxon, please."

He waited a little. "Sarah. I got to get on back now."

She didn't say anything.

Yesbick was a timber operator. He owned power saws and trucks and tractors, a sawmill and planing mill and lumberyard, a side business in hardware, paint, and building supplies. He sold the pine his crews cut to the big furniture mills in High Point, North Carolina, to plywood plants in Radford and Richmond, to the paper mill in Covington. Most of the people in this section, the Benediction community, worked for him. A good many of them lived in houses that belonged to him, and the rent came out of their pay before they were paid. He had put up a double row of dwellings, one room wide and three rooms long, back of his main sawmill, and it was said that he wanted people working for him to live in them. He owned various tracts of land, and he had also leased timber rights all through Benediction County and the next county over. When Benediction County was paving some

of its roads after the war, it built two new ones, and paved them, to points that had been hard to get into and where he had timber cutting going. This summer, surveying had started for a new state highway, to connect Radford on one side of the mountains and Bluefield on the other. The Benediction section was in a pocket to itself, not on the shortest or easiest route for the new road, but the new one would swing down to Benediction and then north again. His trucks would make better time then, with less wear and tear, than they could now.

That was all very well, but it didn't much interest Jaxon. He went his way. For his logging he had a secondhand truck, six years old now, and some saws and chains and axes. Bill Kirby had some saws, and he was good at repairing the truck. Each of them owned a few acres, and although the land was too steep for anything besides timber to grow on, they did own it.

Jaxon's timber — and also Kirby's — was mostly oak and cedar. The town of Liberty, fourteen miles away, had a small furniture shop that specialized in handmade chests and tables, and it wanted hard woods instead of pine and poplar. Outside Roanoke, there was a veneering plant that when it needed an extra number of walnut logs, bought from them. Between the veneering plant and the furniture shop, he and Kirby had a market. With Kirby, he could have cut and hauled half as much again as he actually did, if he had had some place to sell it. As things were, his income was only a now-and-then matter. But the alternatives were to pick up and move away, or if he stayed here, go to work for Yesbick. Many people already had left. In the section generally, there were only five or six small-time loggers now, jackleggers, besides himself and Kirby. He was staying. And he was going to keep on working for himself.

HE GOT back to the truck a few minutes before Bill Kirby did. Kirby had gone home to get some copper tubing. The oil line to the engine had started leaking. The truck was already loaded, with walnut logs, and they had been on their way out of the woods to Roanoke and the veneering mill when the oil pressure dropped and the engine began overheating. Kirby stopped and located the trouble.

The repairing was simple. It involved cutting the pipe and fitting the new piece in and tightening the clamps. They already had oil to replace what had leaked out, since they kept an extra gallon in a can. The engine used a lot of oil anyway. And with the line mended and new oil in, they could get under way again.

"Think we ought to try for it?" Kirby said.

It was a question. They would need to do some

tall driving. The office at the veneering plant closed at five thirty, and they couldn't get paid unless they got there before it closed. It was after four now. A fifty-mile trip, with a bad hill to get over, Jack's Mountain, and an overloaded truck. Both rear tires were smooth. The front tires were slick. They would be squeezing the truck and the engine for maybe more than it could give. Kirby wanted him to do the deciding. And if he did, and they ruined the truck, that meant the responsibility would be on him.

"Let's roll. Not getting nowhere staying here."

Kirby smiled. "That's what I wanted you to say. Couldn't work myself up to it, I guess. Just hope we'll make it, though."

"Let's go. We'll make it."

They checked the load again. They had the logs lengthways on the truck, with chains over the top, and the ends of the chains hooked to the sides, and extra stakes along the sides. It looked secure. They got in.

They were at the veneering mill before the office closed, and they got the logs unloaded and weighed in. The foreman gave them a purchase voucher, and they went to the office. A bonanza. The voucher read \$87.00, and that came to \$43.50 for each of them. Shoes. Groceries. New pants and a shirt for Rafe, new ones for Sonny. Candy. Soap. Kirby's baby was sick. He had a two-year-old girl, and a boy about Rafe's age. Now he could carry her to a doctor. Forty-three dollars and fifty cents.

They had a better bonanza than they thought. Or they would have one, since the manager in the veneering office gave them another order for logs while they were there. Another truckload. They could bring it in any day this week. Tomorrow, or the day after, or any day.

It would need to be the day after, since it would take that long to get another load cut and delivered. On the strength of the new order, when they went on into Roanoke they bought two new tires at the Acme Tire Market, and a recap for a spare. Kirby also got new spark plugs and a set of points for his car. He had an old Studebaker, but he didn't use it any more than he had to. Usually he walked out to the woods, even when it was raining. Since he would be taking his kid to Liberty tomorrow, to the doctor, he wanted his car to be in shape.

From the Acme, they went to a Piggly Wiggly store and loaded up. Flour, oatmeal, canned milk, dried peaches, coffee, sugar and dried beans and hamburger meat. Supplies were cheaper here than out at Hube's Store. Jaxon got a ten-pound bag of sugar. It was sugar he had been wanting, and he got candy besides, chocolate and licorice and cinnamon rocks, although most of that would be for the children. Kirby got a bottle of lotion for his wife.

She liked lotions and those things, when he could get any for her. "This here cosmetic crap," Kirby said, and he made it clear that he personally, being practical-minded, didn't put any stock in it. Jaxon was interested. He got three bottles of lotion, small ones, for Sarah and Leslie and Nora. Leslie would have new shoes now, for school. And Nora would.

It was dark by the time they started home. They only had a few dollars left. That was all right. Day after tomorrow they would get paid again. They were used to having to spend most of their money. All of it, but this time they had come out ahead. The truck rolled along. Engine running cool, the headlights steady and bright, the moonlight gray and quiet over the fields. Heavy dew. In the headlights, grass by the road glittered from the dew.

"Goddamn," Kirby said. "Sometimes I like everybody in the world. You know that?"

Jaxon smiled a little. He hadn't had any supper. Both of them had overlooked getting any. That was OK. He would get supper when he got to the house. Half an hour now, forty-five minutes. He pushed down on the gas pedal. The engine answered, and Kirby sort of laughed. "Want to get home, don't you, buddy?"

THEY got another load cut the next day, on Kirby's land this time, and loaded it the following morning. Another fifty-mile trip, but this time they could go slow and still be back before the turn of the afternoon. However, on the way up Jack's Mountain, they had a blowout. A rear tire, the right rear. One of the new ones. The old rear tires were on the front wheels now. Jaxon was driving. The truck lurched. He kept control of it. He was stopping and pulling over when the truck lurched again, and the whole rear end of it dropped. It kept moving, scraping and grinding, for long enough to get off the paving, and that was as far as it went.

When they got out, they found that the rear axle was broken in two. What with the blowout and the load of logs, the axle had snapped. Tire and tube gone, the right wheel ruined, part of the rim flattened, two spokes broken. Oil was flowing out over the differential case and spreading over the ground. The differential was pulled apart. The more they looked, the worse things got. Probably a bearing shot in that wheel. The drive shaft probably bent.

They were six miles from Benediction. Four miles from Kirby's house. Jaxon's idea was for them to walk back to Kirby's and get his car, and get on then to the veneering mill. Maybe they could arrange for one of the mill's trucks to be sent out to here. He didn't know anybody personally at the mill, and it was only a possibility that the mill

foreman would agree to anything like that, but it was worth trying.

Kirby had another idea. A man he knew in Roanoke, Owen Marron, used to be his nearest neighbor. Jaxon knew him slightly, since Marron used to be a jackleg logger when he lived out here. He had moved to Roanoke last summer after he got fired from Yesbick's. The point was that Marron had a truck, and he would let them use it.

It was nearly two o'clock when they got to Kirby's house. They didn't want anything much to eat, but since Jaxon was company, Mrs. Kirby insisted on doing something that would at least look like making him welcome. She set plates, and fried eggs and pancakes for them. By the time they were finished, he was glad she had insisted. The hot dinner was worth having.

Kirby drove fast. They were in Roanoke by four. But it took them another half hour to find Marron's house. They located the street first. It didn't have any pavement or sidewalk. The houses were close to the street and close together. Jaxon had only known Marron slightly, but he hadn't figured he would be living in a house like one of these. He asked Kirby where Marron worked.

"Got on at the pants factory here in town. Something in the shipping department, what my wife said. His wife's the one told her."

When they got to Marron's house, it was empty. They had the right address, but the front door had a padlock on it, and the windows didn't have any curtains or shades, and the rooms didn't have any furniture. Some of the windowpanes were out.

They sat in the car. "Something must have happened to Owen," Kirby said.

The house to the left of Marron's, a woman was looking out a front window. She came onto the porch and called at them. "You folks trying to find somebody or something?"

Kirby got out of the car, but when he did, she moved back to the door. He stopped then, and only called at her, to ask her if she knew of an Owen Marron that used to live here.

Marron had moved, last month. She thought they had gone to Bluefield, but she didn't know for sure. "Mr. Marron got out of work, see, and from what she said, I gathered that's where they meant to go. But I don't think the poor thing knew for certain. Why? You all want to see him or something?"

"Wanted to see him about his truck," Kirby said.

"Mister, he didn't have any truck. Now he *did* have one, you're right about that, used to park it just where you all are now, but that was back when they were first living here. Seems to me he sold it or something. I couldn't say for sure, but I know he didn't have no truck when they left here."

"Oh, Jesus," Kirby said, talking to himself,

"he's moved already. Don't have a truck even if he did live here." He got back in. In a minute he started the engine.

"Let's stick around here for a while," Jaxon said.

"How's that? What for?"

"Nothing, I guess. Hell with it."

"Let's get out of here, man. Quick as we can."

IN THE Liberty Café, Jaxon asked the waitress for another cup of coffee. He didn't need to get any more, since three or four people were at the counter only loafing, not buying anything, and he could be one of them. But some more coffee would be something to do. Or anyway, something not to do. And it only cost a nickel in this place.

He had been to the bank this afternoon. To try and make a loan from the Liberty National Bank. That was his last try, he knew before he made it, and now that he had, he was glad to have it out of the way. A mortgage, on the sixty acres he owned. Nothing came of it. The man in the bank did go so far as to ask him how much land he had and where it was located. Then he shook his head and sort of smiled. I don't think we'd be interested in that, Jaxon. At first, the man said Mr. Chancellor. Then just Chancellor, and then just Jaxon. When he was leaving, two of the clerks that worked in the bank noticed him, and looked at each other. They almost smiled too, the way the man back in the office had.

People stood out more than they usually did. It had been like this since yesterday. They were clearer to see. Brighter. The waitress here, for example. The coffee she had put in front of him. Something was probably out of order, if things looked like this, but no matter. It made another way to fill up the time. He had time now to sit around. He couldn't remember when he had felt so free and easy.

Kirby had a job two miles north of town. He was working in a filling station, a little place that somebody kin to his wife was running. He was good with cars and trucks, and he started there yesterday. Kirby had acted ashamed, telling him. What bothered Kirby was that they could possibly have sold his Studebaker and arranged that way to get the truck running, or maybe traded the Studebaker for a truck. Instead, Kirby got the filling station job, and he had to have the car to get to work.

"It's just that it looks like I'm running out on you," Kirby said.

So he told Kirby not to feel that way about it, since there wasn't any reason to. He said that because it was what Kirby wanted him to say, but as soon as he had, it was also what he meant.

That was yesterday. Day before yesterday was

the time they were in Roanoke. Coming back, they saw the veneering foreman about using one of the mill trucks. The foreman wouldn't hear of it. The mill was just closing down for the day, and he said nothing doing for tomorrow either. If they couldn't get an order delivered, that was too bad. That night, they went to Deal's Good Deal Garage, where Kirby had got his car, to try and get the parts they needed, but Roy Deal said he couldn't be selling to them on credit. They went to a junkyard, but the junkyard owner took the same position as Roy Deal. They had a little over six dollars between them. They could get one part, but one wouldn't matter without all the others. A list of parts: wheel, drive shaft, differential, differential case, axle, bearing. The next morning, which was now yesterday morning, the roads department had the truck towed to the county vehicle yard. They owed the county a fine now, for the towing.

Afterwhile, he left the café. He would need to see about getting back to Benediction. It was a fourteen-mile trip from here. He sat in the square, on a bench. He understood now why he didn't want to leave places. It was to postpone having to see Yesbick. A delay might give time for something to happen. For things to have a chance to shift and happen a different way.

He still had two dollars left. At the house, the kitchen had a fair supply of groceries. From the buying he had done the other night. It seemed like a long time ago. Sarah had got a few more things the next day, at Hube's. It was a treat for her to get to go to a store. Enough in the house for three or four days ahead. He could wait another full day, and another one after that.

YOU want to see me about something, Chancellor?" Yesbick said. "Not looking for a job by any chance, are you?"

"It's what I'm doing."

He hadn't realized how big the lumberyard was. Yesbick wouldn't need to worry about what people like him and Kirby might do. Yesbick never had, of course, but he wouldn't even need to know about it. Long sheds, a brick and concrete building for the power saws and shapers and planers, an unloading dock, another dock up at the far end for the worked lumber to be loaded. A sawdust pile. A long hill of sawdust. He had seen that before, over the tops of the trees. The place was quiet now. Working hours were over, and it was shut down. He had made it out here from town just in time. One of the night watchmen had shown him where Yesbick's office was. They were standing now outside his office.

"What you're doing, huh. Well, let's see now.

Fact is, I'm not actually taking on anybody right at the present time."

Jaxon was looking at a drinker's face. Yesbick was a heavy man. He must have been a bruiser once. There was probably a way to ask for a job. To tell the man how much you had to have one, how much you'd appreciate it if he could see a way. The county was dry. It was understood that Yesbick wanted it to be dry.

"But I guess I could find something for you to do. I know I don't need anybody out at the logging, though. Think you could help out around the yard here? Never worked much with machinery, did you?"

"Swinging an ax. Snaking logs out."

"Uh. Little bit different from equipment. Right much different. Could use a man that knows equipment. Maintenance. Or I guess I could."

It sounded like Yesbick was going to hire him. For if not, he wouldn't be talking about it. He was talking like he might not, but that was only for principle maybe. It was all over, then. It was finished.

"Well, I don't know, though. We could try you out on it, see how you work out. When you thinking about starting? Think you could start in the morning?"

It didn't have to be all over. There was still time to tell the man he'd only been asking to be asking. "Tomorrow morning? Sure."

Yesbick looked at him. "Understand you had a little accident with your truck. Sorry to hear about that."

He wondered how Yesbick had heard. Maybe from his brother-in-law. His brother-in-law was supervisor of the county roads department.

"You live over on Benediction Run, don't you, Chancellor? Guess you might as well stay on there, then. Right at the start, anyway."

"How's that?" Because he hadn't thought of not staying there. He would be walking to work, but the mill was less than two miles from his house. He saw then what Yesbick was thinking of. The row of little houses over beyond the sawdust pile. Yesbick kept pressing him to move into one of them.

Yesbick was looking at him. "Well? You want to go to work here, Chancellor, or don't you? Don't have all day."

He knew what he needed to say. There was a way to ask, all right. And the tone of voice to say it in. He did if he needed the job.

"Yessir. Yessir, sure do, Mr. Yesbick. Thank you, too."

"Don't thank me, son. Thank the good Lord it's jobs for anybody to work at. You be here tomorrow morning, then. Seven thirty's the time . . . Well?"

"Yessir. You bet, Mr. Yesbick. I'll be here."



The Search for Francis Bacon

by Catherine Drinker Bowen

Of all the famous men she has written about in her biographies, Mr. Justice Holmes, Tchaikovsky, young John Adams, Sir Edward Coke, and Francis Bacon, Catherine Drinker Bowen believes that Bacon was the most companionable, the one she would most have enjoyed spending an afternoon with. Here is why she thinks so.

WHEN, some years ago, I set out to write about Sir Francis Bacon, the undertaking loomed frighteningly large. Not only had Bacon been written about copiously for more than three hundred years, but I had chosen as subject a man who was a world in himself; a Renaissance man, as many-sided as Da Vinci; at once a scientific thinker, an observer of human nature, and a writer of cool, quick, mellifluous prose which at its best is unmatched in our language.

Reading Bacon's works, searching the libraries for contemporary evidence of his character and personality, I was once more reminded of the different approach that biographer and historian make to the facts of history. Historian and biographer cherish, I may say, an equal respect for the facts, an equal caution regarding accuracy and authenticity. But the two have different criteria for selection of their facts. The biographer is interested in the individual; he must discover personal material about a man or woman. This personal material can be interpreted only in the light of the biographer's own knowledge of human nature — how else? It is well, therefore, if the biographer be by disposition a person interested in

his fellow creatures and in what motivates them.

This lays on the biographer a double burden; he must do the historian's work and his own work besides. The biographer must know the historical background against which his hero moves, the historical happenings of the times, just as the historian does — and he must know these matters intimately, like the back of his hand. Bacon's biographer should understand, for instance, the facts and significance of the Gunpowder Plot of 1605. Even though Bacon took no part, as attorney, in the ensuing trials for treason, his biographer should feel and be moved by the intensity of religious and political bias which invited so desperate an attempt. Only when the biographer has read enough to be easily familiar with the times, the places, the crowd of persons concerned, only then does he dare place his hero in scene and begin actually to write about him.

For myself, in planning a biography, I work from the outside in, from the periphery of my biographical circle to the center. In the center stands my subject, my hero. From outside the circle I work my way inward slowly, carefully, through the known climate of the times, the known persons,

social ideas, physical scenes. Not until I reach dead center do I allow myself to pore over the precious firsthand personal material; the diaries, letters, recorded conversations of my hero, the books he has written which reveal him, such as Lord Bacon's private notebooks. The biographer must come upon this personal material altogether fresh in mind, yet fully equipped to recognize the names and to follow through with each allusion to person or events.

Who, for instance, are the protagonists in Francis Bacon's biography? Sir Edward Coke is the chief one. For thirty years Coke and Bacon were bitter rivals — starting in the 1590s for the post of Attorney General and for the hand of Lady Hatton. Edward Coke won both these skirmishes. But that was only the beginning; down the decades the two fought like leopards, their feud was common knowledge. If I had not spent six years writing the life of Chief Justice Coke, I could never have attempted Lord Chancellor Francis Bacon. Another principal actor in Bacon's drama is Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, who preceded Bacon in office — a handsome gentleman with an impressive presence. Ellesmere looked wonderful in his robes. He was innately conservative, known to contemporaries as a preserver of order in the law and thereby, through a nicely biased logic, the preserver of propertied interests, champion of the aristocracy, of "men of the better sort," champion also of a strong central government and of King James I. Francis Bacon shared these political views. And the biographer must recognize it, must recognize also that belief in a strong sovereign was the "new" idea, the modern idea, which had come in with the Tudors. Even Edward Coke was a royalist, and the House of Commons members who sided with Coke were by no means against kingship. "No one can say," Bacon wrote, "but I am a perfect and peremptory royalist." And again, to a courtier, "I do not love the word People."

To Francis Bacon's biographer, the long, historic battle between the English common law and equity, or the Roman system, should be as familiar as the divisive influences in our Supreme Court of the 1930s are to a biographer of Franklin D. Roosevelt. In Bacon and Coke's time there existed in England a powerful ecclesiastical court, known as the Court of High Commission, presided over by Archbishop Bancroft, then by Archbishop Abbot. Writing about this High Commission, I sank so deeply into the material, I thought I should never come up for air. (One has to go back, in such cases, a full century before one's hero comes on the scene.) In the midst of it, I remember telling a law professor, "If ever I get this chapter written, and anybody so much as mentions the words 'High Commission,' I'll mow him down." Yet even as I said it, I had a

hollow feeling. I realized that no neighbor of mine on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad was ever likely to mention the Ecclesiastical High Commission. And I was sorry.

WITH Francis Bacon, one searches not only for the legal and political contemporary scene but for the scientific scene, peopled by such men as Dr. William Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, William Gilbert of the magnet, or Galileo in Italy, who had a philosophic dispute with Bacon in which both were mistaken. Bacon's biographer must know what had been accomplished in the sciences to date, and the circumstances that might help or hinder scientific advance under Elizabeth and James I. In particular, one must study the contemporary religious climate and its effect upon science. The religious climate shifted, of course, with the sovereign and with foreign politics, as witness Prince Charles's journey to Spain in 1623. Earlier still, what lay behind Sir Walter Raleigh's execution in 1618? Francis Bacon sat as judge on the commission which finally condemned Raleigh to death. Why did James I fear and dislike Sir Walter? Why did England, before 1603, hate this valiant, adventurous poetic knight whom Elizabeth favored, and who had stood at her door in silver armor to guard her when she slept?

With Francis Bacon there is much ground to cover, a large acreage to search, more than the usual homework to get through before the biographer is ready to type out that awe-inspiring first line: "Chapter One. Birth, Childhood, and Education." Yet the thing is not impossible, once the biographer has defined the limits of his book — once that biographical circle is narrowed to manageable proportions. It was not difficult to know the characters of Bacon's fellow lawyers and colleagues in the House of Commons. One can make lists of them, write little sketches of each man, repeat their names and characteristics while driving the car or raking leaves in what New England calls the backyard. Sir Edwin Sandys, Heneage Finch, Noye, Hakewill, Pym — tough ambitious Protestant, and protesting, lawyers in the House of Commons — one had to know these men, as today's journalist in Washington must know the personal characteristics of, say, Chief Justice Warren, or Senator Fulbright.

A biographer is, in effect, a historical journalist. As such, he cannot be forever halting his narrative to look in the biographical dictionaries. No matter if the names never enter one's story and one's book — one must know them. A biography is like the proverbial iceberg, three quarters or seven eighths under water, unseen.

Writing the lives of four lawyers, set in four

centuries, if there is one thing I have ascertained, it is that in no century is the legal mind as objective as it likes to think it is.

In short, the legal biographer suspects that his hero's decisions from the bench may be influenced by his character, background, and ambitions, as well as by judicial precedent. (Let me say that if he does not suspect it, he is a fool.) When men's pockets are touched, the thrust goes through to the heart and is then conveniently translated into terms of great social principles. Observe Sir Edward Coke's long fight against the Court of Chancery, which was presided over by Francis Bacon and Lord Ellesmere. Coke, sitting as Chief Justice in a common-law court, saw case after case removed from his court into Bacon's, and hurled himself into the situation with all the strength of his nature. Against this tumult, Bacon stood fast, with all the coolness and cunning of his nature. "A kind of sickness of my Lord Coke," Bacon called it, writing to King James. "Let the judges be lions," Bacon wrote further, "but lions under the throne," like the lions under the legendary throne of King Solomon.

Bacon and Coke, in this long battle, were motivated partly by principle, partly by self-interest. And thereby the story becomes, for the biographer, doubly interesting — and doubly comprehensible.

THIS ratio, this balance between history and personality, between outward event and the spiritual growth or decline of one's hero, is not easy for the biographer to determine. Political biography in particular shifts from personal scene to historical scene. The question is how much of history to include. The answer is, exactly so much as relates to your hero and his progress through life. For myself, the temptation to keep on with one or another dramatic historical scene is almost irresistible. Consider the Overbury Murder. In the year 1613, Sir Thomas Overbury, a courtier, was done to death in the Tower of London; Lord Somerset and his beautiful countess were suspected of poisoning him. Bacon, then Attorney General, was chief prosecutor in the trials. I studied the case for days, wrote it out at length. It is a juicy tale, involving sorcery, necromancy, wax figures stuck with pins, and language by the witnesses which you would scarcely believe. In the end I threw out the whole beautiful drama because alas! it lay outside the fundamental line of the story I had to tell. In my biography of Bacon, the Overbury Murder has exactly twelve words.

This question of emphasis — of what to put in one's book and what to leave out — in the end is resolved by that fundamental tool of both historian

and biographer, that evasive quality called historical judgment. I don't mean literary judgment, which is something else. I mean judgment of the relative importance to history of certain events which take place during the lifetime of one's hero. For example, the Earl of Essex's treason in February of 1601 — his wild attempt to capture London and storm the palace of Queen Elizabeth. Again, I was tempted by this story. I had to ask myself, how important was it, not only to Francis Bacon's career but to England? How many men of influence did the attempt involve? After the Earl's execution on Tower Hill, how long did the people of England cherish the memory of that unfortunate, spoiled darling of the Queen? And what did the people's loyalty to Essex have to do with shaping the political factions when James I came to the throne three years later?

It is not enough to accept other historians' interpretations of these matters, though the biographer must know what other historians say. In the light of his own acquired, firsthand facts and in the light of his hero's involvement, the biographer must judge for himself. He need not necessarily express this judgment by telling his readers, I think this, or I believe that. Writing of Bacon's impeachment by Parliament in 1621, I never said whether I considered him morally guilty, though by his own confession he was legally guilty. In so murky a question it seemed to me that the reader, having surveyed the evidence as presented, might better make his own decision. But I knew very well what I thought, and which side I was on.

Historical judgment derives in part from reading many books and digging in many research libraries. I think it derives also from the writer's original chromosomes, from his outlook on living, the breadth or depth of his interests, his observation and judgment of things present as well as things past. Miss Veronica Wedgwood, author of altogether definitive as well as delightful books on Stuart England, has said that in the last analysis, the historian can reconstruct the past only by borrowing from, and applying, his own daily experience of life. And it was E. M. Forster, the novelist, who remarked a trifle caustically, "The historian must have some conception of how men who are not historians behave."

Born a son of Queen Elizabeth's Keeper of the Seal (Lord Chancellor), Francis Bacon rose to be Lord Chancellor himself, but not until after the longest, most harrowing period of waiting that a man of his birth and capacities has suffered. After he left the law school, it was twenty-seven years before Bacon attained a place in government or lawcourt. In 1607 he became Solicitor General under James I; in 1613, Attorney General; in 1617, Lord Keeper of the Seal; and not long afterward,

Lord Chancellor. Bacon was, moreover, a Parliament man, who sat in every session from 1584 to 1621, when after four years as Lord Chancellor, he was charged by Parliament with accepting bribes in office, impeached, convicted, and dismissed from his high offices. After this he lived his last five years in seclusion, studying and writing, five years which a later century would describe as Lord Bacon's *nobile quinquennium*, the noble five years.

A historian (it was Samuel Rawson Gardiner) declared that the immensity of Bacon's genius has been a sore trial to his biographers. And indeed, Bacon's was a career extraordinarily active and dramatic. This man, it seems, was born sophisticated, and I intended to say so, to say also that his is a story set in scenes of splendid color and fantastic luxury, out of which he characteristically erupts, now and again, burdened with debts, dyspepsia, and incipient failure; then regains balance, and with bounding optimism pursues his way.

IN BIOGRAPHICAL research one finds the big things at hand, set out in reference books and encyclopedias. But it's the little things that bring a man alive, though the writer must be forever watchful to select only those details which drive the characterization forward rather than clutter up the page to no purpose. Concerning the importance of detail in biography, no less a person than Sir Walter Raleigh agrees with me. During his long years in prison, Raleigh wrote a *History of the World*; in the preface he says, "I think it not impertinent sometimes to relate such accidents as may seem no better than mere trifles; for even by trifles are the qualities of great persons as well disclosed as by their great actions."

With Francis Bacon I aimed at a personal narrative — if possible, a truly intimate book. Here was a character, brilliant and complex, which over the centuries had become a riddle, an enigma; Francis Bacon lived on the dark side of the moon. Here were contradictions, following fast and furiously: evil and good, a dark side and a light, grand intellectual visions and wily schemes for personal advancement. I could not solve the riddle. But by taking pains, perhaps I could come closer to the man. Bacon's writings are extraordinarily self-revealing, a point which it seemed had not hitherto been thoroughly explored. Not only Bacon's private notebooks lay bare his character, but also his letters to friends and enemies: the reckless tormented messages he sent to Sir Edward Coke, the fulsome dedicatory paragraphs to Queen Elizabeth and King James that preface his books, the shrewd and prescient summations of things politi-

cal which from time to time Bacon offered — and vainly — to a sovereign who was not disposed to lend an ear to prophets. It would be well, I felt, to introduce Bacon's writings in my book chronologically, at the time and in the circumstances when they were written; this would help to reveal the man. For instance, the essay *Of Deformity*. Bland, suave, seemingly impersonal, this essay is actually a devastating description of Bacon's first cousin, Robert Cecil, the tiny hunchback, Lord Treasurer of England, whom Bacon looked on as his enemy.

I planned to call my book, in subtitle, "The Temper of a Man" — *Francis Bacon, The Temper of a Man* — from Plutarch, who said, "Authority and place try the tempers of men, by moving every passion and discovering every frailty." Because I had written much about Francis Bacon in Coke's biography, and much also about the contemporary political and legal scene, I decided that I could now write a short book, putting into it only what truly interested me. I didn't have to animadvert on the history of jury trials; I had done that in Coke's biography. Nor need I go exhaustively into the difference between common law and the Roman system — between accusatory and inquisitory courtroom procedure. And if I were bored with, for instance, Bacon's celebrated philosophic idols — his idols of the tribe, of the marketplace, and so on — I could simply leave them out.

Nor did I plan my essays as comparative philosophy, discussions of what Bacon borrowed from the Greeks, what he repudiated, and what was his own. That had been done by writers far better equipped for it than I. Lord Campbell, writing in the nineteenth century his famous series entitled *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, remarked that "no writer has yet presented Bacon to us familiarly and naturally, from boyhood to old age — shown us how this character was formed and developed — or explained his motives and feelings at different stages of his eventful career."

I asked myself, Could I attempt that? Well, I was going to try. In my preface I would be frank about it, as Elizabeth Jenkins was in her biography of Elizabeth the Great. "The aim of this book," says Miss Jenkins succinctly, "was to collect interesting personal information about Queen Elizabeth."

Now, the moment a biographer makes this kind of decision, his entire search for material is thereby directed and influenced — subject, of course, to that preliminary, wider search for historical background upon which we have already touched. In Francis Bacon I had as subject a man articulate beyond any but the angels. How, therefore, did he speak? It was imperative that I know. What kind of words did he use in conversation? Was

his way of talking quick, lively, witty or slow, quiet, deep? Could I find the tenor and timbre of his voice? I was aware that Walter Raleigh had a high, thin voice and spoke with a Devon burr; parliamentary reporters have noted voices calling to speak louder. We know something of Queen Elizabeth's voice, which seems to have possessed a magnetic quality; her pronunciation of words was especially attractive. After one of her speeches in Parliament, a reporter wrote that he had been so entranced by Her Majesty's manner of speech and her shaping of words that he forgot to write down much of what she said.

Above all other intellectual qualities, Sir Francis Bacon valued clarity, or said he did. Yet Bacon indulged at times in the most bizarre collection of words, all but incomprehensible and never, so far as I can learn, used before or since — words like *spinosity*, *assentatorily*, *illaqueation*. Bacon spoke of *the ways and ambages of God*. (We do find *ambage* in the King James Bible.) "The more subtle forms of sophistry," Bacon writes, "with their illaqueations and redargutions." *Redargution* is a word from old logic. "Now rare," the dictionary says.

In 1584, a young lawyer wrote that he had been to court to hear Bacon argue his first case, and that Bacon had "spangled his speech with unusual words, somewhat obscure, and as it were, presuming on the judges' capacities." There is small doubt that our hero liked to show off, indoors and out — a not unattractive trait, if a man's mind sparkles, though deplorable in duller souls. William Camden, a contemporary historian, writes that Lord Bacon "was of a high-flying and lively wit, striving in some things to be rather admired than understood." Bacon's fancy phrases irritated his mother, that redoubtable lady, who was herself fluent in both Greek and Latin. Writing to Bacon's brother, Lady Bacon once enclosed a letter of Francis', with the comment, "Construe the interpretation. I do not understand his enigmatical, folded language."

Yet we know that in conversation, Bacon eventually learned to be silent, a good listener. After Bacon's death, his secretary wrote of him that he was "no dashing man, to put others down as some men do, nor one that would appropriate the speech wholly to himself or delight to outview others. He would draw a man on, to allure him to speak upon such a matter as wherein he was peculiarly skilful. And for himself he condemned no man's observation, but would light his torch at every man's candle."

We don't know whether Bacon's voice was low or high. But we know that he spoke quickly; I think he stuttered. In his private notebooks he cautions against "hasty speech," which he says "drives a man to a non-plus or unseemly stam-

mering." He cautions himself also against making faces, or moving the head and hand while talking.

From all this one gains some notion of Bacon's bearing and manner, or, as his own century would have phrased it, his carriage and address. Here was a mind so quick, with perceptions so rapid that their owner must discipline himself, hold back, hold back while lesser minds had time to grind their way upward to meet him. "Always," wrote Francis Bacon, talking to himself, "Always let losers have their words." How many times Francis Bacon must have out-thought his adversary, talked him down! And how many times, told himself afterward — though in his own peerless vernacular — "Oh, for God's sake, why didn't I let the man have his say, and get it all out of his system?"

"Always let losers have their words." Francis Bacon in his thirties had much to learn before he arrived at that mature conversational hospitality which would "light [its] torch at every man's candle." The notebooks speak often of his being ill, and suggest a variety of wild nostrums and remedies. Was poor health, then, constitutional with Bacon, part of his sensitive disposition? Or did he merely imagine ill health? Above all, what spiritual or emotional weakness led so brilliant and effectual a gentleman to be forever in debt, and in the end, to ruin his reputation and career by nothing more, or less, than a complete inability to manage money?

I asked myself, What is a spendthrift? Is the spendthrift, as is said of the compulsive gambler, motivated by a desire for love? A desire for revenge — perhaps revenge upon himself, self-punishment, the death wish? The ability to stay out of debt, to keep careful financial accounts — is this the trait of a noble nature or an ignoble one, or is it merely a convenience in a money-oriented society? I went to the psychiatric library at the University of Pennsylvania and read everything I could find about money, its meaning and symbolism. And when one plunges into that, one swims in muddy waters.

AND now the question of how Bacon looked. First of all, we betake ourselves to the National Portrait Gallery in London, and walk through the rooms until we come to our hero. But the trouble with Tudor and Elizabethan portraits, unless they are painted by very great artists — say a Holbein — is that they all look alike, they are no more than costume pictures. We see a pointed beard, a laced ruff, doublet and hose and a handsome leg, a sword, a short cloak thrown back. It could be Sir Walter Raleigh, or it could be anybody. Ten steps farther, however, and we come upon our man,

glorious in the Lord Chancellor's robes of office, a black steeple hat squarely on his head. (Nothing is less becoming than those steeple hats.) This is the best-known portrait of Bacon, a copy of the Van Somer portrait of 1617. The Lord Chancellor stands at full length by a table, on which rests the Great Seal of his office.

All very well, but is this really Francis Bacon? I for one do not believe it, though the portrait is labeled correctly. There is a flat quality to this painting; the face and figure do not resemble anyone alive. And Francis Bacon, whether you love him or hate him, was a man alive to his fingertips. One thinks of him — and on firsthand evidence — as always in motion, his hand raised in gesture, his body tense with eagerness. This pompous, important monster on Van Somer's canvas is an offense against biographical truth. Francis Bacon loathed self-important people. "Grave solemn wits," he wrote, "have more dignity than felicity." Could a man who was himself pompous say a thing like that? No! Bacon surely possessed the quality of felicity; all his works bear witness to it.

Painted portraits of famous men unfortunately are apt to show their subjects in middle age or older, at the time of glory. This is very natural; only in success has a man money to pay a painter. Only then do his colleagues subscribe to a fund, so that the Lord Chancellor may ornament some wall in solemn effigy. But the biographer does not set out to write about a middle-aged man. Where, we ask indignantly, is the youth? Where is the young man, striving for position? Where is "Mr. Bacon, of Gray's Inn," as he was called in early reports of law cases, before he became a knight and long, long before he was Lord Verulam and Viscount St. Albans. The young strong, ambitious "Mr. Bacon, of Gray's Inn" — where is he?

To my mind, the best, most revealing likeness of Francis Bacon was made when he was about ten years old, perhaps twelve. We are very, very fortunate to have it. It is a terra cotta bust, done from life, and it sits today on a library shelf at Gorhambury Manor in Hertfordshire, where Bacon lived. The sculpture is brightly colored, and so alive that to be left alone in the room with it raises the hackles on the back of one's neck. The custodian, Mrs. King, later told me that others, including herself, had experienced the sensation.

On shelves nearby are the matching busts of Francis' father and mother, done by the same artist, whose name we do not know. We know, however, that Bacon's father, Sir Nicholas, ordered the three likenesses sculptured, *circa* 1572, probably by some traveling Tuscan artist who had come north to earn money by fashioning statues for noblemen's gardens; Italian statuary was much in vogue at the time.

One sees a striking likeness between the boy Francis and his mother, except in the direction of their glance. Lady Bacon looks out upon her world as if in her Puritan conscience she defied it to be wicked; her blue eyes are fearless, candid. Whereas Francis' glance is a little down, and sidewise. When I saw the boy's oblique, questioning look, I exclaimed aloud, because I had seen it before, in every portrait of Bacon, even the monstrous Van Somer in the steeple hat. Plainly, that glance was authentic, and how characteristic of the man whom this boy was to become! The boy's forehead is wide, jutting above arched, even eyebrows. There is a startling width from back of head to forehead; one observes there was room for brains inside this skull case. It is a face attractive rather than handsome; it has a quality of fascination, of magnetism.

The next portrait we have of Bacon was done when he was eighteen, a law student at Gray's Inn, in London. It is a miniature, painted by Hilliard, the fashionable miniaturist who painted Queen Elizabeth, and it is a vague, insubstantial thing, not to be relied on, and rather too pretty, I would think. The most revealing thing about it is an inscription the artist wrote around the edge, in Latin: "Oh, that I had a canvas to paint his mind!" Now, an artist does not customarily paint in such an inscription, especially for an eighteen-year-old subject. During those sittings the conversation must have been memorable, and certainly, amusing. One recalls what Bacon's close friend of later life, Tobie Matthew, said of Lord Chancellor Bacon when visiting him at Gorhambury. "We passed our time together in much gusto, for there was not such a companion in the world."

BIOGRAPHERS, in their search, are likely to come upon their best bits in unexpected places. Therefore it is well to keep the eye, as the saying goes, peeled. While reading for Bacon's biography, I happened to go out to California, lecturing on a subject lamentably remote from Francis Bacon. On a certain campus I was housed in the new faculty club. As I entered my bedroom door I saw, out the window, across not more than thirty feet of green-sward, a small elegant brick building, over whose doorway were engraved the words "Bacon Library." I kept right on going, out the back door and into the building. (I knew the library existed, but I had forgotten where it was.)

The building itself was charming inside as well as out. But the books had been chosen and placed by members of that magnificently imaginative tribe which calls itself *Baconian*, and believes that Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. So-called *Baconian* collections are highly spiced with volumes on

Rosicrucianism, cipherology, and demonology in general. However, one usually finds there first editions of Bacon's works and other treasures that might better be housed elsewhere.

The librarian, a hospitable young woman, showed me her treasures, then pulled out a folder of photographs. Now, in England, in the little church at St. Albans where Bacon is buried, there is a marble statue of him in the chancel. Bacon's faithful secretary and friend, Thomas Meautys, had it made after Bacon's death and put it up at his own expense. I had visited this little church and had seen the sculpture. Indeed, I had stood long, gazing at it; upon this statue I was to base my idea of how Bacon looked after he was sixty, though at the time I was unaware of this. Thomas Meautys, who adored his master, wrote a brief, lively biography of him, and edited several of his books posthumously. In short, Meautys was a scholar and a gentleman; I knew he would not have permitted a monument that did not do his master justice, especially after paying for it himself. There, above the chancel, Bacon sits at ease in his garden chair. Plainly, he is meditating. A soft slouch hat is on his head; one hand supports his chin, the other hangs carelessly over the chair arm. Meautys must often have seen his master sit like this. Below is an inscription in Latin. "*Sic sedebat*," it says in part. "Thus he used to sit."

In the church the sculpture is placed so that one can see it only from the front, by no means the most advantageous view. This I did not know at the time. I learned it in, of all places, the little Bacon Library in California. The librarian produced her folder and took out a photograph of the statue. To my surprise it was a side view, probably the only such view taken in centuries. "How did you get this?" I exclaimed. "Oh," the librarian said, "the monument was lifted down to be cleaned last year, for the quadricentennial celebration of Bacon's birth. And somebody snapped it."

Seen from the side, the sculpture had a different quality, much more lifelike. At once, I saw how correct had been Thomas Meautys' inscription, "*Sic sedebat*": "Thus he used to sit." Thus he meditated, I thought, looking at the picture. Thus he wrote his books, thus propounded his philosophy of learning, so new to his world, so little to be believed and credited in his time. When I got home to Bryn Mawr, a reproduction of the photograph was waiting, sent me by the California librarian. Here at home I could study the picture at leisure, alone in my room, always a good practice for biographers. This, then, was what the Lord Chancellor had

become in full maturity; this was what he had made of himself. At ease in his garden, thoughtful. In the set of the head is a touch of humility which in earlier years he may not have shown, but which misfortune and tragedy have taught him. There is sadness, too, in this pose, a gentle melancholy.

How much of this could I put on paper? Very little, I decided; I had better lean to fact rather than surmise. Fortunately, a man so famous as Francis Bacon was bound to be described by contemporaries who knew him. Dr. Harvey wrote that Bacon had "a delicate, lively hazel eye, like the eye of a viper." I brooded long over this. In our Philadelphia zoo are no English vipers; the keeper of the reptile house says he doesn't think any vipers have hazel eyes. What could Dr. Harvey have possibly meant? William Camden the historian testified that Bacon's forehead was "indented with age before he was old." In short, Bacon early wore the scholar's frown. Someone else who knew him wrote that when conversing, Bacon looked away from the person addressed — to me the trait of a man for whom ideas are more interesting than persons. In my book I said so.

To describe a man so that others will see him presents great difficulty, not so much in one's choice of words as in acquiring the initial understanding of one's subject, one's hero. It is a long journey the biographer makes, for myself a journey of excitement from start to finish. While engaged in it I think often of what the young John Adams said when his friends remarked that his studies of law and government must be dull, fatiguing. So much memorizing of detail, so tedious a search after the facts! Adams was indignant. "To me," he wrote, "no romance is more entertaining."

GLIMPSE OF THE ICE

BY W. S. MERWIN

I am sure now
A light under the skin coming nearer
Bringing snow
Then at nightfall a moth has thawed out and is
Dripping against the glass
I wonder if death will be silent after all
Or a cry frozen in another age

The Underdeveloped British Businessman

by Sheffield White

Britain's current economic troubles, believes Sheffield White, stem from the British businessman himself, who seems all too content to remain mired in the outmoded methods of the past. Sheffield White is the pseudonym of a director of a British business concern.

ENGLAND in the past few years has chewed on more self-delusion than any nation can be expected to swallow without acute indigestion. "English methods are the best methods." "British craftsmanship is the best in the world." "British radio is the best in the world!" Be the accent Oxford, BBC, or Cockney, the gist is the same: If it's British, by definition it's the best.

The economic situation today would not lead one to believe wholeheartedly in this opinion. England's forecast growth rate for 1965 is 1.1 percent below that of 1964, and economists see the rate for 1966 falling to the discouraging figure of 1 percent. This is far below the forecast figures for France, 4 percent; Japan and the United States, 4 percent; and West Germany, 5 percent. With the rest of the West in if not a boom, certainly a reasonable facsimile thereof, England is today talking of a recession, worrying about balance of payments, and fearing the effects of a possible revaluation of the pound. And after years of pointing with unjustified pride at something they call "full employment," workers are now being declared "redundant" (English for "unnecessary") by the thousands.

A few months ago the largest British car manufacturer, BMC, put ten thousand workers on a four-day week. Other manufacturers are in the wait-and-see period. It appears likely that total car production will be down by more than 150,000 from last year. Domestic appliances, television sets,

radios are also sliding off in sales, and gloomy are the predictions for fall and winter sales. But whose fault, and what's the cure? You can hear almost any answer your prejudices desire. But three years as a director of an English company have given me a distinct feeling that Britain's economic problems stem in large part from the British businessman himself, and he in turn is the inevitable product of the social environment of England.

One finds in the British public a debilitating willingness to go along with things, good or bad, as they are. There is an apathetic acceptance of shoddy merchandise, second-rate workmanship, and slipshod service. There is no passion for improvement, no sense of urgency. No one gets angry. The expressive action is not a shout but a shrug. All is passed off with "Not to worry. It will all sort itself out."

The winter of 1962 was the coldest in memory. Since it is estimated that only 12 to 18 percent of the homes in Britain are centrally heated, what heat there is in London is provided by electric "fires," or space heaters. When all these went on at once throughout the city, the load was too much for London's electricity supply. So for days on end, when the cold was at its coldest, little or no heat was available. One can almost hear the angry crowds gathered around the city hall of any American city. But in London? Some grumbling, some grouching, but no indignation. "Not to worry. It will all sort

itself out." And the next winter came statements from the electricity board warning of coming electricity shortages if another cold winter should visit itself upon London. Nothing had been done to see that one of the world's great cities should not be cold in winter.

This lethargy, this willingness to muddle through, this reluctance to remedy outmoded ways, pervades business as it pervades the entire scene.

A young man recently joined one of the largest travel agencies in London. As low man on the totem pole he started going through files. He found there a number of requests for travel rates, accommodations, and so on, each with its appropriate answer. He rather brightly thought that following up these requests might lead to some business, so he got on the telephone. He had completed three or four calls when his boss asked what he was doing. The young man told him, whereupon his boss answered, "This isn't the way we do business. We don't bother our clients. If they want anything from us, they know where we are."

So is enterprise stifled in England today. There is still an abiding dislike, if not contempt, for anything that smacks of "salesmanship." It is not performed on any level, from the managing director to the salesgirl at the counter. A charming Australian woman in search of gifts for friends back home in Canberra went into a Bond Street shop for scarves. She found an aisle table laden with them and picked out half a dozen, with thoughtful consideration for her friends' tastes. "What are you doing with those?" a chilly voice asked over her shoulder. "I should like to buy them." "Well, you can't. These are sale merchandise, and the sale doesn't begin for two days." The Australian, not awed by British imperiousness, drew herself up and remarked, "No wonder your English economy is in such trouble," and walked out the door.

Not so many years ago, the British motorcar industry had the Australian market wrapped up, with more than 70 percent of the market. Today British manufacturers have 12 percent, because, like the salesgirl in Bond Street, they disregarded their customers. The Australians wanted a car designed for Australia, not England. The longer distances required cars with more powerful engines, more legroom, more comfort, and larger gasoline tanks. But the same four-cylinder, small, underpowered "suitable-to-English-needs" cars kept coming out. It was inevitable that the Aussies turned to the United States, and England lost another market.

More recently, the same trend of events has been seen in Nigeria. In 1959, Nigeria imported 4681 British cars and 4745 non-British. Five years later, in 1964, imports from Britain were just about the same, 4353, but the non-British imports had skyrocketed to 13,241. The total value of British cars

imported into Nigeria has fallen from £3,800,000 in 1960, the year of Nigeria's independence, to £2,200,000 in 1964.

There is nothing fundamentally inferior about the British cars, nor is price the problem. A British Ford Zephyr 4 at £1100 is virtually the same price as the French Peugeot Saloon. Yet in exporting to Nigeria, France has already overtaken Britain in this class of car: 2446 against 1593.

It is the Australian story all over again. The Nigerians need tough cars capable of standing up to their bumpy, potholed roads. The French Peugeot, with its heavy springs and all-over rugged construction, fills the bill exactly, while to quote one British owner of a Peugeot: "British cars just rattle to pieces on these roads."

THE English businessman makes little real effort to find out what his export market needs or wants. He makes it, be it car, ship, or dynamo, the way he always has, sells it on his own terms, and more often than not, as many an Englishman has confessed, fails to keep his delivery dates or live up to his service promises. This was all very well for the "lesser breeds without the law" in the days of the empire, but unfortunately, the lesser breeds aren't lesser anymore. They're smart fellows indeed, who know what they want, and if they can't get it from England, there are plenty of places where they can. So they buy their ships from Japan, their small motorcars from Germany, their iron and steel from Alsace, and their almost anything else from the United States.

The English businessman simply does not know how to cope with competition, perhaps because he doesn't like it, doesn't want it, and believes if he does nothing about it, it will go away. He is quite comfortable in his cartel mind. He is happiest with high prices and high profit percentages; let sales take care of themselves.

A sales and marketing meeting took place in the conference room of one of the largest and most successful English manufacturers of food products. His leading product, once enjoying upwards of a 60 percent share of the market, was being vigorously and successfully attacked by an equally good but lower-priced product. What to do? One bold marketeer suggested: "Cut your price. Take a lower unit profit, and go after your competitors hammer and tongs with more advertising and promotion." "Impossible" was the reply. "The directors would never stand for a profit cut." The profit per packet was 47 percent!

This obsession with long profit margins apparently blinded British business to the lesson of John Bloom. Mr. Bloom took for himself 25 percent of

the home-washer business in less than eighteen months. His method was simple and so well-known in the United States as to be trite. He made a good twin-tub washer, priced it way below the popular brands, and sold it door to door, with the aid of big blatant bombastic ads. British housewives, who, it had been thought, would never respond to this un-British, high-pressure salesmanship, bought Mr. Bloom's washers in bunches like bananas. But the message was never received, and Mr. Bloom's subsequent failure, for reasons that had nothing to do with his salesmanship, justified the indignant industry in its indignation.

English business has still to discover, as American business did long ago, that high volume at reasonable profit is what makes the balance sheet bloom. Certainly there are some Englishmen who realize this, but they tend to be those with a deal of international marketing experience. Commander Whitehead, the bearded president of Schweppes (U.S.A.), Ltd., in 1953 dropped the price of Schweppes Quinine Water by 50 percent, and sales "Schwepperved" 1000 percent over the previous year. Years later when introducing Schweppes Bitter Lemon to the United States, the high cost of ingredients and cross-country transportation dictated lower profit margins than the far from exorbitant 20 percent of the quinine water. The temptation to raise Bitter Lemon prices to return the same margin was hardheadedly resisted. Now Schweppes Bitter Lemon is a firmly established going product in major markets.

In fact, the whole Schweppes operation in the United States is, or should be, a clear object lesson to all British businessmen, not only those interested in export. Commander Whitehead reports that in its seventh year of operation, the whole of the English parent company's investment has been repaid. And at the end of 1963, sales were twelve times over those of the successful year of 1953 (the year that itself was 1000 percent over 1952!).

SALESMANSHIP and marketing skill, however, are not the only, and perhaps not even the most important, deficiency of the British businessman. The *Observer*, a London newspaper not noted for going off half-cocked, reports that "the misuse of manpower in factories up and down the land is a crying scandal." The prideful boast that England has few if any unemployed — "Look how much better we are than the United States, with 5 percent of your labor force not working!" — becomes empty indeed when the prefix "un" is changed to the more factual "mis." This misemployment is not confined to the men at the machines. It finds its way into the executive office as well. One man in a managerial ca-

capacity for a world-famous textile firm left after five years. "Why I left," he explained to a *Sunday Times* reporter, "was that for the majority of my time I was grossly under-employed. I spent three months in one of the factories knitting my own pyjamas. At no time was I given any responsibility or executive authority."

Leslie Williams, vice-chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries, is quoted in the *Observer* as saying that the work now done by 160,000 ICI workers could well be turned out by 15,000 less. "It is no good pillorying the unions," he says. "Management throughout Britain is blindly convinced that it is using the best possible system."

Best it may be to British minds, but productivity figures suggest otherwise. At Youngstown Sheet and Tube, ninety-five people turn out \$2,800,000 worth of steel; at Stewart & Lloyd's, one of Britain's largest steel companies, it takes 259 men to produce the same amount. Imperial Chemical Industries employs 167 people to produce \$2,800,000 worth of chemicals, DuPont 101. And so it goes throughout British industry. According to McKinsey, the international management-consultant firm, turnover per worker in the United States is two or three times that in Britain. William Keefer, an American, is vice president of Warner Electric Brake & Clutch in the United States and a director of Westool Company, Durham, England. He reports, "With the same machinery the American workman turns out three times as much as his British counterpart. Even though we pay our workmen more than twice as much as in England, even though the United States is four thousand miles from Europe and England only two hundred, we can make the same product and undersell its English counterpart all over the Continent." The figures he quotes carry their own warning to British business. The yearly output per worker in cash sales: Westool (England) £2400; Warner (United States) £9280. The British firm, of which Warner owns one third, employs 900, the American firm 1000. Yet the American company has annual sales of more than three times those of Westool. (And Westool is one of the most modern factories in England. It has three modern buildings with piped-in music and complete air conditioning.) The average wage of Westool is about \$45 a week, plus \$28 in overtime. Warner's workers make about \$105 per week, with an extra in overtime of another \$45. So the American worker makes more than twice as much as his English counterpart, but he pays for this with his greater productivity.

In West Germany, too, the contrast is hardly consoling. Britain and West Germany are broadly similar in population and size of labor force. Yet in the ten years from 1953 to 1963, production in West Germany more than doubled; in England it

has risen a discouraging 36 percent. Taking 1959 as a base, the index of national production in Germany has risen 32 points, in England only 17. During this same period, Germany's share of world trade has gone from 18.5 percent to 20.2 percent, whereas England's has sunk from 17.8 percent to 15 percent.

Real wages in Germany, with full allowance for cost-of-living increases, have doubled since 1953, compared with Britain's increase of 36 percent. Here again, as in the United States, the German wage increase has been earned by increased productivity — 107 percent, while England lags sadly behind with little over 30 percent.

Yet in uses of manpower, to requote ICI's Mr. Williams, "Management throughout Britain is blindly convinced that it is using the best possible system!"

This "best possible system" seems to be one based on the assumption that the "gifted amateur" is in some occult British way better than the professional. An example of this attitude is the way in which an English businessman will evaluate an associate. "Pilkington-Jones," he will say, "is a splendid chap and not bad at his job either." His American counterpart, making the same kind of judgment, will say, "Bill Jones is one hell of a sales manager and not a bad joe either." The depressing thing to one whose entire ancestry, immediate and remote, is British, and who came to England with stars in his eyes, is the bleakness of the future.

One would expect that the older generation of managers, stuck with their built-in British prejudices, had messed things up a bit, but that the younger generation, brought up in a far more competitive world, would move in with new ideas, new energy, new skills, and put things right. The disappointing aspect of this theory, however, is that the vast majority of the new managerial generation are products of precisely the environment that produced their predecessors. They come from the same class, and class is still a dominant factor in British society. They went to and were conditioned by the same public schools and the same two universities. For though the grammar school and red-brick universities have had much publicity, their effect, if any, still lies in the future. One company, a large textile and chemical concern, openly admits it recruits only Oxbridge graduates. "They are the cream. Why should we look elsewhere?"

It is true, of course, that these new men are somewhat more aware of the times and its needs. They do exhibit somewhat more business radicalism than those they follow. It is hardly, however, the adventurous, searching imagination that at an earlier day in Britain's life produced the Industrial Revolution. It is more of the pale-pink variety that rarely urges them into looking for new paths out of

England's economic morass. At best they seek to travel a little faster along the same old paths that led them into the morass in the first place.

Possibly one would not view the future in quite so gray a light if one could see the current delusions dying with the generation they nourish. A blow to this hope was delivered by two eminent British psychologists, Gustav Jahoda of the University of Strathclyde in Glasgow, and Henri Tajfel of Oxford. On September 3, 1965, they presented a report to the British Association for the Advancement of Science that said, in part, "Emotional attitudes toward various foreign countries are, as it were, built into small children before they have assimilated even the most elementary factual information about them. Generally the children said the people they liked belonged to their own nationality."

This, of course, is not unnatural. One would expect to find this attitude among children of most, if not all, countries. But the report goes on to point out that this somewhat chauvinistic attitude is observed among English children particularly. "One could almost say," the report concludes, "that in England the word 'English' is equivalent to 'nice' and 'not English' to 'not nice.'"

England has already had as great an effect on civilization as China, Greece, or Rome. It has founded and run the greatest empire in history. It colonized a large part of the world, and for generations, for all practical purposes, ran it. These past accomplishments seem ever in the forefront of an Englishman's mind. He longs for those great times to return, to see again the world's map colored largely red. He resents the fact that others, less able and less admirable, with not so distinguished an accent, have taken his place, if not of power, certainly of influence.

But the impression is that the drive necessary to compete in an increasingly competitive industrial world is simply not there. The remarks about British golf made by Mark McCormack, the Ohio lawyer who manages Gary Player, Art Palmer, and Jack Nicklaus, might well apply to British business. "Being British," he said, "is a definite drawback in golf. Stroke for stroke Peter Alliss and Christy O'Connor [top-ranking British professional golfers] are equal to Palmer and Player. But, because of the tempo of British golf, they just don't have that competitive 'edge.' And if Palmer and Player played there they wouldn't have it either."

One would hope that the coming generation of English businessmen would see through the complacent self-delusions of their predecessors and seek to acquire the competitive "edge" without which Britain seems likely to remain hopelessly rooted in the outmoded methods of the past.

BOOKS and MEN *In their memoirs of the 1930s, a walker in the city, Alfred Kazin, and a walker in the country, Granville Hicks, meet at a special moment in American life. Their rendezvous suggests to ATLANTIC critic Louis Kronenberger contrasts and similarities that are pertinent to the 1960s.*

THE THIRTIES:

Frayed Collars and Large Visions

by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

IN ANY attempt at truth, perhaps nothing can be more subjective, impressionist, Pirandellian, than one's memories of a bygone era. The associations are so many, so garlanded with nostalgia, so cankered with ego; the corroborations so few. The mind "lets go a thousand things"; even worse, it hangs on, raggedly, crookedly, to a thousand others; and when what we happen to confront is the confluence of many minds, or many volumes of memoirs, even fairly recent history can become astigmatic and blurred.

About the 1930s in America — not just the spotlighted thirties of Wall Street and the White House, or of the apple-sellers and the breadline, but the thirties of the intellectual, artistic, professional world — there is a certain common remembrance of things past, in part because the *things* were so vivid, in part because life itself so strove to be communal. The thirties are relatively "clear" because they moved, with gathering momentum, in one direction. Certain events — Hitler, Anschluss, the Nazi-Soviet pact — were like fire alarms; certain others — Ethiopia, Catalonia, concentration camps — like tolling bells; others still — the Reichstag fire or the Russian trials — like baleful flares in the night. Yet of how many of even such crises have those who were grown-up in the thirties a precise awareness? Unless we were orderly and accurate diarists at the time, we are by now the heirs of all too many other diaries, the dupes of all too many tricks and transpositions of memory. What most people recall is less the historic station stops on the way to Munich or Moscow or Armageddon than what it was like, or how they acted, or whom they consorted with, on the train. Furthermore, there were so many people getting breathlessly on or, later, brusquely off; there was so much rerouting and being shunted onto sidings; and all



the reading matter and the bulky luggage and the officious, loquacious conductors; and the abrupt changes of scenery, of climate, of weather — not least the storms that would "clear the air." It was, in a sense, the worst of times and the best of times; everything, that is to say, seemed to be falling apart, but was to be much better put together again.

The train and the passengers, the conductors and the station stops, so often recalled to us, are evoked again in two very recent accounts: Alfred Kazin's *Starting Out in the Thirties* and Granville Hicks's autobiography, *Part of the Truth*. The two men, if decidedly unlike in makeup and approach, are yet linked for representing the two kinds of thoughtful people whom the thirties had a most particular relevance and power to engage. Here were two classic, protesting American types — the New York intellectual Jew with a working-class background,

the Walker in the City, as Mr. Kazin called his earlier volume of memoirs; and the small-town New Englander, the Thoreauvian and Puritan Protestant, the walker in the country. For any such Jew, political and social protest was a matter of conditioning; for any such Gentile, it became a matter of conscience. What for the Jew, given his disabilities and his historic "homelessness," constituted an ingrained point of view and a sense of home, a kind of adjustment to maladjustment, constituted for the New Englander a tocsined point of departure and a cause for outrage. Where the Jew tends to grow hoarse and disputatious over tenets and texts, the New Englander more often acts out a stern and simple *Ich kann nicht anders*. Together, the Jew's enlightened sense of persecution and the New Englander's awakened sense of obligation have been now the watchdogs of American injustice, and now the bloodhounds. During the 1930s they could many times seem both.

Though *Part of the Truth* spans Mr. Hicks's life from birth until very recently, its most noteworthy, if not most typical, pages concern the thirties — move from his emerging Communist sympathies, through his years of open Party membership, to his break with the Party after the Hitler-Stalin pact. Certainly within the modest confines of Mr. Hicks's title, his account of these years is admirably forthright, with nothing vital begged or hidden, and with nothing gratuitously highlighted. Indeed, because of its spare, resolute factuality, the book takes on a certain Yankee flatness of tone. One surmises that much of it was transcribed from a faithful and unadorned diary, so that dealing (even during the thirties) with considerable variety of matter, Mr. Hicks's account runs to facts oftener than faces, to the outward event as much as the inward experience. But just because Mr. Hicks did not view the thirties as simply a form of drama, his book may have the greater value as a document.

Mr. Kazin's title, *Starting Out in the Thirties*, keys his book perfectly, since it treats of a person in terms of a period. Coming from a Socialist Brooklyn home, the nineteen-year-old Alfred Kazin stepped out, in 1934, upon a stage that was in some ways an extension of his upbringing. It was much more brightly, not to say luridly, lighted, however, and came to feature a well-known cast of characters — James Farrell, John Chamberlain, Robert Cantwell, V. F. Calverton, Otis Ferguson, Malcolm Cowley, Clifford Odets. Hence autobiography that is also a period piece is also a portrait gallery, the three elements happily blended, the canvas as a whole correspondingly enriched. A City College undergraduate when the book opens, Kazin, before the decade ends, is himself a practicing critic. By then he had got to know a great many writers; he had moved in and out of the

period's living rooms and basements, its cafeterias and bars, its magazine offices and meeting places. Politically he had been where Socialists, Stalinists, Trotskyites, Lovestonites, United Fronters variously assembled, enacting all manner of rites among the faithful, of rows among the hostile, of romance, on occasion, among both. Strongly anti-Communist in his radicalism then, what Mr. Kazin offers now is no sober steel engraving, or savage Party-line-drawing, but a picture bright with incident and flushed with youth. His thirties run brilliantly to personal experiences, to inquiry rather than commitment. He is often the dissenting dissenter, recording the blurred notes from all the blaring trumpets: where in Hicks during the thirties the literary man was submerged in the political, in Kazin he was unsubmergible.

THE two accounts commemorate a great deal. But the thirties, in the end, were wider than Hicks's straight-and-narrow plank, longer than Kazin's celebration of their later half. And conceivably it was their earlier half that, if it now seems more wavering in outline, was more vibrant in actuality. The earlier half was still formative, tentative, transitional, when dispute was not yet frozen into dogma, and the soapbox speech and the speakeasy footrail were often conjoined. In the earliest thirties there were still loud echoes of the Crash rather than deep rumbles of the oncoming storm; people lost their jobs for economic rather than political reasons; the center of things came to be Washington, the cynosure FDR, the catchword the New Deal, the immediate issues domestic and near-at-hand. There were already, to be sure, a good many politically seasoned intellectuals; but most people who in the early thirties raised their voices and lost their tempers arguing about Marx did so much as they had argued about Schönberg or Joyce, and in much the same atmosphere. Mr. Kazin comes in just as Prohibition is going out.

And with its going, there went something that should not be forgotten: a somewhat messy hold-over, or markdown, from the ebullient life of the twenties, a life now turned shabby-ungenteel, with the last carousings in bathtub gin, the last "pressings" of dago red, the last entrance to drinking parlors via seeing-eye doors. For those who were young, who were writers, artists, journalists, free lances, highbrows of a kind, the Depression was simply a lower-keyed bohemia. It was a period in the literary world when a front-page review in the *New York Times* paid you \$25, and when the Big Money was no more than the title of a forthcoming book. The talk was of strikes, Scottsboro, Harlan County, Huey Long. Moreover, the early thirties

marked the emergence of a propagandist literature and drama, and during its first years there could be something stimulating at times even about what was strident. Furthermore, if the movement was soon to excoriate far better writers than it extolled, at the start it disposed of a good many fading petals, it finished off mannerists like Cabell and Hergesheimer, it turned a never very sturdy ivory tower into a leaning one. Isms, generally, were replacing art forms, the Fascist had ousted the Philistine, Marx was outstripping Freud.

By 1934, however, "the age of Hitler," in Kazin's words, "was in full swing." The era of ideological window-shopping was about over. By then unemployment and injustice at home had merged with the spread of totalitarianism abroad. Suddenly, on various terms, a great number of people were caught up in what today must suggest a madly grim infatuation — at any rate, there it was, with Greenwich Village drifters anchored to a cause, with guilt-ridden Hollywood writers doing frantic, exhibitionistic penance. And now came the Communist Party's notable ploy: the United Front. There were Hitler, Mussolini, and then Franco to be united against; as for Stalin and Russia, it would almost seem now that with such an assemblage of villains, one of them could be elevated into an ally; with such a panorama of horror, one segment of it might serve to inspire hope. Even those who were wholly deaf to Communism's siren songs could be blind at times, in their antifascist zeal, to its maneuvers. And in truth, the Communists scarcely let other people be antifascist without them. Under one high-sounding letterhead or another, they were forever contriving petitions, scaring up benefits, inviting you to parties; they made raids on *Who's Who*, they riffled through the *Social Register*. There really was, to be sure, a common enemy; until, one fine day, there was instead a Nazi-Soviet pact.

Still, one's recollections can turn as monolithic as history asserts the decade itself to have been; just here, Mr. Kazin's diversified adventures help restore perspective. Doubtless the decade's crises did shape a good deal of its culture; but a good deal else, even among artists and writers, derived from more residual attitudes or individual aspirations. People may have been hard up, but they weren't terribly concerned with *making* money. Even when working on a prosperous magazine, you saw it as a job and not as a career, and might work six months a year to enjoy six months free time — which could mean living in a very low cost Europe. There were still, and very conspicuously, ball games and poker games, movies and jazz, liquor and girls, shoptalk and gossip; there were still timeless, as well as tendentious, gratifications in the arts. For the destitute, and for older people skirting destitution,

it was an altogether terrible time. But for those who were young and less acutely harassed, it could be a rather cooperative period of low-priced meals and cut-rate living and unapologetic makeshifts, and of (via due bills) hotel rooms and ocean crossings at tremendous discounts. Status as we knew it then was all but suspended; and status as we conceive it today did not exist. Nor for us did the rat race either: there was simply a scramble for small-salaried jobs. One Christmas brought me, at a highly respectable job, a holly-wreathed gift envelope containing a five-dollar bill. It was an age when one could go to Yaddo or the MacDowell Colony, or be lent someone's apartment in summer or a barn on someone's estate, or when Nathanael West, as the manager of a New York hotel, played a kind of all-year-round Santa Claus. The point is that a great many people preferred the independence and leisure that went with ups and downs to the pressures that went with success. Or perhaps they were simply less tempted: it was not only a world where good jobs were scarce; it was a world where TV appearances, lecture empires, highbrow articles in big-pay magazines were nonexistent.

Though they otherwise pose a very sharp, and indeed didactic, contrast, the 1920s and the 1930s were in two respects united — through something positive, primary-colored, reducible-to-a-phrase in their general makeup; and through something positive, of a different sort, in their confidence in the future. For when the unthinking optimism and sense of a Land of Plenty were extinguished by the Crash, there could still emerge from a depleted America and a despot's Europe a dream of tomorrow, a vision of the Promised Land. There has been neither outlook since; the two eras seem equally historical, their two moods equally unrealistic. No doubt, in terms of standard of living, ours is something of a Land of Plenty today; and in terms of racial, social, economic gains, ours is a land where the promise has been partly fulfilled. Furthermore, today's concern over social injustice and civil rights brings back something of the thirties. But there is also something very unlike. There may be more determined action today, but there is much less reassurance about tomorrow. For today, with every door we open, we encounter a closed one behind it; with every problem we solve, a greater one seems to jut up. It is the future, now, that tends to make us anxious; and not just the future in terms of the bomb. "Progress," life itself are what seem to be getting out of hand. For even were true democracy achieved, there would be a terrifying population problem still to cope with; were the rat race slowed down, there would be an automation problem still to resolve. Even if the moon, in due course, offers a change of venue for the weekend, there will still be the rest of the week.

BOOKS and MEN *Poet and friend of poets, Peter Davison is the director of the Atlantic Monthly Press and author of BREAKING OF THE DAY AND OTHER POEMS, which won the competition for the Yale Series of Younger Poets and which was published in 1964 by Yale University Press.*

THE GILT EDGE OF REPUTATION

TWELVE MONTHS OF NEW POETRY

by PETER DAVISON

POEMS are peculiar plants, and nobody knows much about what makes them germinate. As W. H. Auden once wrote of the poet in this magazine, "Whatever his future life as a wage-earner, a citizen, a family man may be, to the end of his days his life as a poet will be without anticipation. He will never be able to say: 'Tomorrow I will write a poem and, thanks to my training and experience, I already know I shall do a good job.' In the eyes of others a man is a poet if he has written one good poem. In his own he is only a poet at the moment when he is making his last revision to a new poem. The moment before, he was still only a potential poet: the moment after, he is a man who has ceased to write poetry, perhaps for ever."

The poet must somehow keep his talent watered, and do so without knowing where the seed lies. If poets' lives have often seemed irregular, they have taken that shape from the poet's nervous, even frantic, attempts to keep the source of his poetry fertile and accessible. Nothing frightens a poet so much as the prospect or the knowledge that he has lost the way to his own poetry, for, among other things, it turns the knife in his awareness that he has lost the way back to his own youth. Dylan Thomas seems to have been haunted by the fear that he would go dry — and he kept himself very wet perhaps as insurance. Some poets, like so many who teach, have tried to brace themselves by a devotion to literature through criticism, editing, instruction; but poetry is a bit uneasy in the same room with Literature, and may even bolt.

Yet, though we are fascinated by the war between poetry and its rivals for attention, we must never forget that poetry has a life and strength that history has been able to count on. It lasts. Shakespeare was clearly right about marble and the gilded monuments of princes; and a thinking man would consider it a fair bet that Robert Lowell's poem "For the Union Dead" will outlast the skyscrapers planted in the same year. Poetry lasts because it is rooted deep, and this is one reason why its practitioners are so profoundly attached to it that its withering can sometimes cause death — at least the death of personality. Through poetry they retain touch with the sources of their being.

Poetry lasts because it is rooted deep, but it is not necessarily acclaimed for the same reason, especially not when it is new. For a poet's reputation to last he must be both good and lucky, though only the latter is essential at the outset. A poet's work may win sudden acclaim for the same reason as the topless bathing suit, for what it discloses; or because a news-hungry editor finds it "symptomatic of the times," or because the English departments have suddenly found that it consorts with their current notions. T. S. Eliot, in the forties, became the sudden focus of academic attention and was read, on assignment, by every puzzled English student in America. The magnificent but less typical poetry of Thomas Hardy, on the other hand, has been in perennial repute without ever having been over-rated or much assigned. One thing is clear about the reputations of living poets: there is room for

only so many growth stocks at one time. Robert Frost's popularity receded in the forties with the rise in Eliot's acceptance, but as Eliot ceased writing and Frost kept on to a great old age, Frost's stock rose again, assisted, of course, by presidential favor.

Pound, Eliot, and others contributed enormously to the language of poetry, and their reputations thrived as a result. It is, however, an egregious (though commonly held) error to believe that the peculiar nature of the twentieth century can be captured exclusively through innovations of form. The late Edwin Muir could hardly have been less interested in technical and linguistic innovation. Yet Muir, at once the translator of Kafka and the interpreter of the Scottish ballad, managed to fill his rural imagery with the nightmare and anxiety of the twentieth century. His immediate reputation lay quiet; but the new, second edition of his *Collected Poems* (Oxford University Press, \$6.00) gives evidence that he was one of the most penetrating of interpreters, and his vision went the deeper for being couched in a language as old as the hills and animals of his poems.

In the fifties Dylan Thomas' American readings and cautionary death boosted his quotations, and his vocal and other performances engaged a following that had no reason to be attracted by any other poet. William Carlos Williams was never published at all in England until after his death in 1964. Posterity is a harsh mistress: she punishes poets (as in the case of Erasmus Darwin or Alfred Austin) for taking too careful cognizance of contemporary circumstance or (as in the case of Arthur Hugh Clough or William Cullen Bryant) for ignoring it. Then she can reward Milton or Herrick for exactly the same reasons. A good poet's work gets a reputation in spite of itself, though not without reference to reality, like the easy neighborhood girl who has slept with more men than most people know but not with as many as some people think.

In 1930 John Masefield was made Poet Laureate by King George V, partly out of appreciation of his considerable gifts as a narrative poet, but no doubt even more out of gratitude for his earthiness. His sensibility managed, even at the height of its powers, to avoid grappling with the central issues of twentieth-century poetry as we now see them. In such rattling narratives as "Dauber" and "Reynard the Fox," Masefield embodied the accepted but rapacious concerns of Britain before the First World War: the sea and the hunt. The two long poems brim full of the sheer narrative excitement that comes from a well-told story. It is, I think, fair to say that Masefield never yearned beyond this achievement to questions of philosophical or lyrical magic. Things as they were were good enough. In his latest collection, *Old Raiger and Other Verse* (Macmillan, \$3.95), the old virtues, slightly dimmed by

repetition, persist side by side with the old limitations. Here are glints of the sunlight of Edwardian England; here are narrative poems in praise of life at sea and of the English countryside; here be fairies, cuckoos, and country matters (though hardly in Hamlet's sense). A few of the poems engage in elaborate self-parody, like a long, sticky, facetious narrative called "The Along-ships Stow." Yet on occasion Masefield speaks for himself rather than for an age that is past:

"If all the tales are told, re-tell them, Brother,
"If few attend, let those who listen feel.
"Any brave effort will inspire another.
"You have all time to try. . . ."

Although John Masefield has not gone exploring in his great old age, as Robert Frost did, yet he has remained true to his lights and is still dwelling, with vigor and affection, on the subjects he took to himself sixty years ago.

I THINK Robert Graves is more purely poet than anyone else alive; this in spite of the fact that among living poets he has written more prose than anyone else: novels, essays, scholarly polemics, criticism, and translations — all in their way just as much his as his poems. However, his verses take place in an archetypal world all their own. They have in recent years had no subjects except love. Love, of course, encompasses treachery, fidelity, the dreadful intimacy as well as the delights imposed upon love's slaves, the appalling services required of the devotee. Yet, while the poems speak of love, the poet is always somehow speaking of something else — of the Muse's magic, of service to the White Goddess. Graves alone among contemporary poets seems to live, as Coleridge did, in a world of naked-breasted sirens and reptilian enemies, of substitutions and transformations, in a universe of metaphor.

The astonishment a reader discovers in Graves's *Man Is, Woman Does* (Doubleday, \$3.95) lies in his combining this phantasmagoria with an extraordinary flexibility of rhythm. In one poem, called "The Dance of Words," he hints at it:

But see they dance it out again and again
Until only lightning is left to puzzle over —
The choreography plain, and the theme plain.

In another, addressed to his Muse, he tells the secret again:

Teach me a measure of casualness
Though you stalk into my room like Venus naked.

These two lines (may I say it?) contain the secret of writing the highest poetry, and it is a secret poets

seldom learn until their maturity. Yeats learned it, and Graves, and Eliot; and, more recently, Robert Lowell and Elizabeth Bishop have likewise exalted their work with simplicity.

But plainness of manner is nothing unless there is lightning to puzzle over. For many years Graves's output was slender but intense: five poems a year, he once said. Now the stream is swollen: hardly a year goes by but he gives us another collection. In *Man Is, Woman Does* the sections are already numbered for the next edition of his *Collected Poems*, which may indeed appear before this review is printed. The pressure to write has evidently become terrific, as witness this short lyric, called "A Last Poem":

A last poem, and a very last, and yet another —
O, when can I give over?
Must I drive the pen until blood bursts from my nails
And my breath fails and I shake with fever,
Or sit well-wrapped in a many-coloured cloak
Where the wind shines new through Castle Crystal?
Shall I never hear her whisper softly:
“But this is truth written by you only,
And for me only; therefore, love, have done?”

ONE of the most remarkable reputations of the last thirty-five years has been that of W. H. Auden, who has remained amazingly himself while in perpetual change. Radical, nihilist, lover, parodist, Anglo-Catholic, pastoralist, saint, he has successively and simultaneously acted all these roles, while never for long relinquishing what seems to me his favorite: that of Satan or his advocate, courteous and outrageous, standing by the reader's elbow in a high place, gesturing toward the cities of the plain below. He asks questions so pointed, offers temptations so ingenious, that the answers and refusals come hard. From the early revolutionary poems that galvanized a generation, to the great elegies on Yeats and Freud and the outbreak of war ("O all the instruments agree/ The day of his death was a dark cold day." "To us he is no more a person/ Now but a whole climate of opinion." "I sit in one of the dives/ On Fifty-second street/ Uncertain and afraid/ As the clever hopes expire/ Of a low dishonest decade:"), to the quizzical ingenuities of *The Sea and the Mirror* and *The Age of Anxiety*, to the Christian paradoxes of *For the Time Being*, to his most perfect volumes, *Nones* and *The Shield of Achilles*, Auden has moved through wave after wave of reputation. Some of those who were tickled by his early outrageousness later turned away in political disgust as religion seeped in; others tired of the wagging forefinger or the wicked gleam in the eye. Many who at first were irritated by his cleverness have become impressed with his wisdom. He

himself has faltered. His last collection, *Homage to Clio*, seemed to me a considerable falling off; but the present book, *About the House* (Random House, \$3.00), is full of exalted achievements, especially in the first half, called "Thanksgiving for a Habitat." This cycle of twelve substantial poems celebrates a house and all the rooms in it, one by one. Auden's guise in this cycle is that of Clever Chap, beneath which he hides an immense reserve of humanity, sympathy, and good feeling. He is capable, in one of his wittiest poems in years, about the lavatory, of this:

Lifted off the potty,
 Infants from their mothers
 Hear their first impartial
 Words of worldly praise:
 Hence to start the morning
 With a satisfactory
 Dump is a good omen
 All our adult days.

The Clever Chap is archaeologist, anthropologist, psychologist, engineer, linguist (a reader like me, who must depend on *Webster's Unabridged*, loses trace of some of the words Auden trots out from the *Oxford Dictionary* — *depatical*, *flosculent*, *neotene*, *dowly*, *ubity*), but beyond his other roles, he is always poet; and seldom before has so much information been converted from dross into gold. From under the surface, moral questions keep emerging, as in this postscript to the poem on the study, a lovely elegy to Louis MacNeice:

Time has taught you how much inspiration
your vices brought you, what imagination
can owe temptation yielded to,
that many a fine expressive line
would not have existed, had you resisted : : :

You hope, yes,
your books will excuse you,
save you from hell:
nevertheless . . .
God may reduce you
On Judgment Day
to tears of shame,
reciting by heart
the poems you would
have written, had
your life been good.

PHILIP LARKIN's is a reputation that has come on very fast in the last several years, first in England and more recently in this country as well. At forty-

three he is the author of three books of verse, all slender, and two novels, which date back to his youth. His poetic gift is delicate, razor-sharp, and very special. His most recent book, *The Whitsun Weddings* (Random House, \$4.00), is a remarkable collection which contains a transforming magic at its best, but a thin, querulous sadness at its worst, like weak tea. The title poem, in which the poet, on a train journey, sees one newly married couple after another board the local for London, mounts to a high pitch indeed, and then:

A dozen marriages got under way.
They watched the landscape, sitting side by side
— An Odeon went past, a cooling tower,
And someone running up to bowl — and none
Thought of the others they would never meet
Or how their lives would all contain this hour.
I thought of London spread out in the sun,
Its postal districts packed like squares of wheat. . . .

That “squares of wheat” is characteristic of Larkin — the diminutive image every time. His is a diminutional talent: he can make things clear by making them small; and this trait can be seen especially in his verbs, which never wave their arms about. They are little verbs, like *push* and *come* and *go* and *leave* and *admit*. And *die*. Particularly *die*.

Larkin's powers of observation focus sharply, but his observations are by preference those of failure. With few exceptions the poems ferret out weakness, put the finger on smugness, uncover impotence and shame, expose the shortcomings of mortality. His eye has an uncanny gift, too, for looking at the inside and the outside of an occurrence at once (Here is a patient in an ambulance: “Unreachable inside a room/ The traffic parts to let go by”), but he becomes rather predictable in finding emptiness on both sides.

It is heterodox to recommend that a poet respond to actuality with more than a genteel despair; but if Larkin's vision were more generous, his work might be worthy of warmer appreciation. His talent is undeniable. What other poet could cram as much into a six-line poem as into this, called “As Bad as a Mile”?

Watching the shied core
Striking the basket, skidding across the floor,
Shows less and less of luck, and more and more

Of failure spreading back up the arm
Earlier and earlier, the unraised hand calm,
The apple unbitten in the palm.

It has not been a productive year for American poetry, but Elizabeth Bishop saves the vintage. She is an exquisite lyric poet who can be criticized mainly for one thing: not writing more. Her newest volume, *Questions of Travel* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$3.95), is her first in ten years, and doubtless her best by far. With the opening lines of the open-

ing poem, “Arrival at Santos,” we are in knowing hands:

Here is a coast; here is a harbor;
here, after a meager diet of horizon, is some scenery:
impractically shaped and — who knows? — self-pitying
mountains,
sad and harsh beneath their frivolous greenery. . . .

What a lovely movement in the verse! What self-confidence in that “who knows?” (*She* does.) How she communicates that sense of unfamiliarity at the end of a voyage, when land seems artificial and somehow more personable than land has any right to be.

The first section of this collection deals with Brazil, where Miss Bishop lives. If John Masefield writes in the role of the Rusticated Seafaring Man, if Graves writes in the role of the Lover, if Auden is the Clever Chap, if Larkin writes with the distaste of the Librarian for the outside world, then Elizabeth Bishop is the Expatriate, and she writes with an expatriate's feeling of both her homes: the adopted Brazil, and the native Northeast, New England and Nova Scotia. Her book shimmers with clear-eyed observation, absolute and lovely simplicity, and a gentle flickering humor. The late Randall Jarrell, that most sympathetic of critics, has well said, “In her best work restraint, calm, and proportion are implicit in every detail of metre or organization or workmanship.” Take, for example, the opening of a poem called “Twelfth Morning; or What you Will”:

Like a first coat of whitewash when it's wet,
the thin gray mist lets everything show through:
the black boy Balthazár, a fence, a horse,
a foundered house,

— cement and rafters sticking from a dune.
(The Company passes off these white but shopworn
dunes as lawns.) “Shipwreck,” we say; perhaps
this is a housewreck.

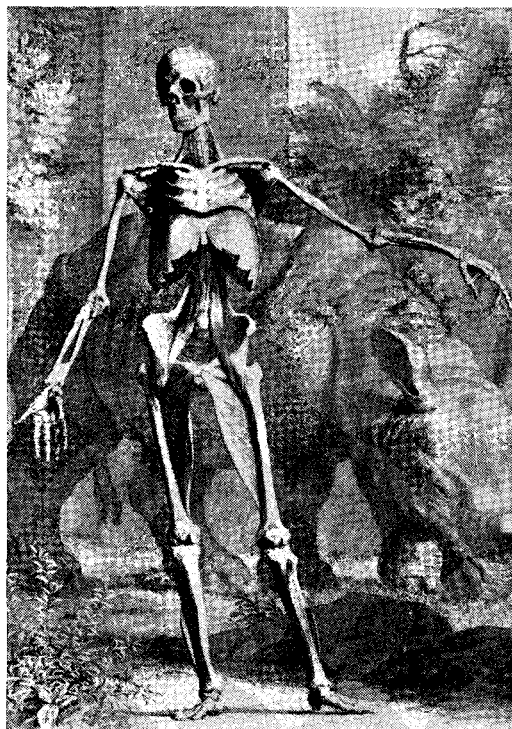
This poem as a whole is one of description and transformation, showing objects and events transformed by the morning of Epiphany; but the unforeseen shifts in rhythm and point of view arouse the possibility of expectation and make the poem itself, and its transformations, possible. So do the slight eccentricities of punctuation, and the shape of the stanzas. The events of the morning are things the reader cannot see for himself unless he is kept off-balance. It is the job of the poet to keep him so and make him see them.

The clarity and the level, humorous gaze of Elizabeth Bishop's poems give them not only their charm but their unpretentious profundity. In my opinion she is one of the finest poets writing; and although her reputation has been as quiet and unhurried in the growing as her poems, it deserves more growth, and faster.

N. J. BERRILL

In some sense, says zoologist N. J. Berrill, aging begins before birth and is a quality of those processes we call development and growth. Self-renewal, whether of body cells or of the mind, is the source of youth and serves to postpone the end of everyman's life.

AGING AND EVERYMAN



THROUGHOUT human history until recent times, most human beings have died in infancy, and no more than a very small percentage survived to ripe old age, carrying with them the wisdom of their experience or the foolishness of their years. Now all is changing, thanks to antibodies, antibiotics, the surgeon's knife, and the welfare state. Demographers say that already one quarter of all human beings who have ever reached the age of sixty-five are alive today. Yet not so long ago, Montaigne wrote that he rarely saw a man older than fifty; malnutrition, disease, and sudden death were the problems, not the weakening and failure of the body machinery as the result of staying alive.

Aging has many aspects. In some sense it begins before birth and is a quality of those processes we call development and growth. And from the cradle to the grave, it seems to be a continual fight against a progressive desiccation and the force of gravity, consequences perhaps of being fish out of water. If it were not so comic, it would be serious, but here we are, with much more time than any other mammal, reaching for every additional year though our teeth wear out, our hair falls out, our knees give out, and vision and hearing need artificial aid. There is in fact a society that proposes a

long postponement of the inevitable end through quick deep-freezing of old but living human beings for subsequent resurrection by thawing in some distant future time.

Whether the problem is to understand the process of aging, to do something about age, or to extend the natural limits of human life, the trouble is that we know too little about what is really going on. More than three centuries ago Francis Bacon examined the relationship between longevity, growth rate, and gestation period for a number of animals and concluded that there were too few facts on which to build a general theory of aging. Since his time, mainly during the last fifty years, not only have facts mounted up but theories galore have been raised, only to be struck down or to wither away. And no amount of information will serve if key facts remain missing, or if the factual mountain is so great that we lack the ability to cull the trash. The cancer problem is comparable with this one, and possibly for much the same reason. In both cases the answer lies in the nature and mutual relationship of living cells, now the subject of the most concerted attack in the history of biological science.

One theory of aging, although it is more of a

Bernard Siegfried Albinus, TABULAE SCELETI ET MUSCULORUM CORPUS HUMANI, 1747.

description than an explanation, has its roots in Aristotle, who saw life as the maintenance of a kind of internal heat or energy which had to be provided with fuel and could become exhausted, the heat of old age being a small feeble flame which could be extinguished by the slightest disturbance. This is fundamentally the same concept as that of the German embryologist C. S. Minot, who early in the present century described aging as development looked at from the other end; he saw senescence as a natural process inherent in the cell, resulting from the gradual loss of the energy stimulus originally present in the fertilized egg until none is left and the organism dies of old age. Although impugned by some biologists, this view of aging certainly calls attention to an overall waning process evident in all aging creatures and experienced by every human being who lives beyond the first flush of maturity. Nothing so disconcerts a man as finding himself unable to keep up with his sons, whether climbing a hill or learning the new mathematics. The heart is no longer what it used to be, and even the mind gets creaky. The heart, in fact, is a measure of sorts.

With each heartbeat we are a little bit older, and what may seem paradoxical is true: the younger we are, the faster we grow old. At birth the heart beats about 140 times a minute. Even then it is already slowing down, and it continues to do so until the age of twenty-five, when the rate levels off at about 70 beats a minute when the body is at rest. Yet the rate of beat is by no means the whole story, for how fast the blood flows is the important thing, so that how much the heart pumps with each beat also comes into the picture. So we find that the actual amount of blood pumped by the heart in a minute in a ninety-year-old person is only half as much as it was at the age of twenty. Though the rate of heartbeat remains steady, the flow of blood grows slower with each passing year, while the amount of oxygen the blood picks up in the lungs diminishes all the time.

Continuing this sad tale, the excretory capacity of the kidneys declines by about 55 percent between the ages of thirty-five and eighty. Muscle fibers and nerve fibers diminish in number, and even the brain comes to weigh less as age progresses. Much of the true loss of tissue weight is loss of water, a progressive desiccation natural to any fish out of water. The young, fresh from their aquatic sojourn in the womb, are comparatively juicy in a truly vital way, with that dewy look that is part of the charm. Baby fat, at first so appealing and later curvaceous, slowly slips in middle age, like a glacier, to come to rest where gravity calls a halt.

Yet quite apart from change in shape based on fat, the human form is forever altering, and here growth and age are one. We are born with a relatively enormous head, large eyes, small body, and

short limbs. The proportions signal babyhood in a universal way, so definitely in fact that a similar disproportion between head and body when seen in other creatures has the same appeal to the maternal spirit of woman. Puppies and chicks are cute, and who could resist Bambi as portrayed by Walt Disney? Yet later, in man and beast alike, the body catches up, and the limbs stretch out until eventually seemingly small heads top tall and bulky bodies. This phenomenon, called relative growth, is general among backboned animals and many others but is not by any means well understood. It continues in man to the end of his days, particularly in males. The small button nose of the baby slowly transforms into a proboscis that trumpets when blown. There is at least some validity in the point of view that aging is fundamentally an extension and the inevitable outcome of development and growth. How else could it be unless the alternative were immortality itself?

THE inevitability of aging as a natural process has been challenged, although whether as the result of a cold objectivity or of unconscious desire for personal immortality on the part of the biologists concerned is a moot question. In fairness, at least, and for all our sakes, we should look to see who in the living kingdom ages and who does not. It is evident at once that all backboned creatures have a limited life-span, whether or not they age just as we do. Among warm-blooded creatures, the mammals and birds, man lives longer than any other, although elephants and parrots run him close. Apes, large cats, bears, horses with luck live half as long. Most medium-size mammals live shorter lives, while the smallest, such as mice, rarely more than two or three years. The general rule seems to be, the smaller the body, the shorter the life. This makes sense in a way because the surface area of any small body is relatively large and most of the heat produced by a living body is lost to the surroundings as though by a too effective radiator. The smallest of mammals, the minute shrew, has to eat like the shrill fury he actually is in order to keep body and soul hot enough to stay together.

Big fellows such as men, elephants, and hippopotamuses have to be sweaty and naked all over just to keep cool. Perhaps we can say with some meaning that in such as these the fires of life are banked and consequently last much longer. The trouble is that while man proposes, in his efforts to put nature's house in order, nature usually disposes and upsets his little schemes. This is one of the joys of being a biologist, to whom the journey far transcends the goal. For here the whale comes into his own. The largest of all creatures, the great blue

whale grows to a length of one hundred feet yet lives for only about twenty years. Large size is no insurance.

Longevity by itself, however, is not the main issue. The human question is not so much how to add extra time to the dilapidated end of life as it is to add luster to our waning years. Does the whale, for instance, age in any way as we do, or does it get bigger and bigger while it lives, until there is simply too much of it? However this may be, the performance is spectacular. After one year in the womb, not so very much more than our own sojourn, the baby blue whale at birth measures about twenty-four feet, and at the end of three years, more or less, it has grown to about seventy-five feet long and is sexually mature. Growth by then has slowed down, although it continues for a good while after. How does growth itself fit into the picture?

Although life certainly comes to an end in large fish, tortoises, and certain invertebrates such as mussels and sea anemones, aging has not been recognized. Carp, pike, halibut, and sturgeon all live well past the half-century and grow to large size. The remarkable thing is that they can breed year after year, and apparently grow for as long as they live. And so with the giant tortoises, which may live for one hundred and fifty years if given the chance. The absence of apparent aging may of course mean merely that these cold-blooded creatures are naturally extremely long-lived and never reach old age because death by accident, malnutrition, or disease cuts life short for all. For man to attain the same condition, growing and breeding to the end of his present natural time, raises a specter of awesome propensity.

GROWTH suggests youth in some degree wherever we encounter it, a freshness and promise of more to come. Aging suggests not only cessation of growth but an insidious regression of sorts. Yet the one slides into the other, and there is no real plateau in between where a man may feel he is a man for all that. When we poke into the human organism in earnest, or into any other, to put our scientific finger on what underlies the transformation, we come to the forefront of contemporary biological scientific endeavor — the relation of cells to the organism they constitute.

It is often said that an amoeba is immortal, barring accidents, taking amoeba as an example of single-celled organisms generally. This is a fallacy, for when an amoeba divides, two amoebas take the place of one, and the individuality of the original creature is lost. And most such cells die, from various causes, of which aging is certainly high on the list. So with the cells of the body. The marvel is

that a human being or any other creature consisting of many billion integrated cells can hold on to its total life and individuality so successfully. Some of the most vital cells in the body live individually only a very short time. Red blood cells, for instance, live but a few weeks and are continually replaced from a source within the bone marrow. The basal layer of cells of the skin continually proliferates and gives rise to the layers that constantly rub off. All the inner membranes of the body, such as the intestine and lungs, are forever being renewed in a similar way. Hair falls out of its follicles and is continually replaced. And so it goes. Nerve cells, of the brain and elsewhere, stand somewhat apart, for there is no replacement, and in fact, no additions from infancy until death, which puts a high premium on conservation, although a process of renewal undoubtedly goes on within the confines of each such cell. There is a great deal of truth in what Chief Justice Holmes once wrote, that "we must all be born again atom by atom from hour to hour, or perish all at once beyond repair."

What can happen when cell renewal or replacement suddenly comes to an end is seen all too clearly in those unlucky persons who have been accidentally exposed to large doses of radiation in atomic institutions, and could happen to much of mankind and other forms of life if nuclear war should ever be unleashed. Within a matter of hours, the maintenance of the body comes to a halt, a pernicious anemia sets in, the delicate internal membranes begin to seep bloody fluid, and a miserable sort of dissolution in the midst of life puts an end to existence. Even a relatively mild exposure to neutron irradiation shortens the life of mice and rats, and one theory of aging, sponsored more by physicists than biologists, is that aging results from the weak but continual radiation which reaches the tissues and cells of the body as cosmic rays from outer space, mainly from the sun, and as natural radiation from radioactive elements in the earth's crust itself. There is no doubt that from the time of our conception to the hour of death, rays from both these sources are taking their toll, and that there is no safe level of radiation. Cell death is as characteristic of the growing fetus within the womb as it is of middle age or later. What matters more, however, is how fast new cells can be made to repair the damage or make new tissue.

It is on this level of analysis that youth and age link hands. As long as new cells are born faster than old cells die, the body grows. When cell birth and cell death are in balance, body growth is no longer apparent, although the basic process of growth continues. When cell production lags behind cell destruction, things begin to happen and we feel our age. Taste cells, for example, and probably those of smell, live each but a week or so

and are continually replaced, yet the rate of replacement eventually fails to keep up with the loss. Taste and smell begin to fade, and gourmets require increasingly greater stimulation to satisfy their jaded senses.

All this is one of the great mysteries of life, at least to the biologist. Does the body age because its cells are aging and becoming fewer, or are the cells, so to speak, at the mercy of the body, or organism, as a whole? This is much the same question as was posed by the U.S. Surgeon General a good while ago at the beginning of the contemporary attack on the nature of cancer: did cancer arise because the growth-controlling forces of the body were abnormally or locally weak and so failed to control some of its elements, or were cancer cells so changed from the normal that they were true mavericks unable to recognize the call of law and order? We now know that it is the cancer cell that has changed, not the system. Yet here is the point. Cancer cells behave like outlaws among the tissues of the body, multiply without restraint, and migrate as far as possible, whereas normal cells appear to know their proper place and behavior. But outside the body, when cultivated in a satisfactory medium, normal cells grow, multiply, and wander as actively as malignant cells. Within the body they have the potential to show their youth but are obviously under restraint. In lower vertebrates such as salamanders, cells normally inactive rally to the occasion when a limb or a tail has been lost, and proliferate to form a new one.

What the normal restraint and what the new instructions for growth may be are among the foremost and most elusive problems in the whole of biology. At the turn of the century, Hans Driesch, the great German pioneer in experimental developmental science, finally threw up his hands in despair and turned to metaphysical, almost mystical, concepts for explanation. And today, although the mass of raw information is virtually overwhelming, insight is still lacking. The comment is that embryos are smarter than embryologists. This of course is frustrating. On the other hand, the challenge of the problem and the fascination of the phenomena remain, possibly for many generations of young scientists to come, which perhaps is as it should be, for who are we, at this time and age, that we should expect to have all the fun?

However, the paradox remains. In certain circumstances some tissues seem to be potentially immortal. About fifty years ago the scientist-philosopher Alexis Carrel started a culture of chick heart cells outside the body, and by a tedious procedure of subculturing every few days, managed to maintain a living culture of growing, proliferating, and rhythmical-beating heart tissue for something like twenty years. There is no reason to suppose it

would not be living yet, as descendant fragments, had human incentive been adequate to the task. The important discovery is that aging and death of cells is not inevitable. And almost as striking is the fact that heart and other tissue cells taken from a tough two-year-old fowl show just as much youthful proliferative spirit as cells taken from a one-day-old chick, except that they require a few days to get going whereas chick cells are ready at once. There is a clue here, of course, for something has accumulated or is present in the fowl which is absent in the chick and seems to be the essence of age. But what it is, is still a question.

In later years Carrel, with the assistance of Charles Lindbergh, developed techniques for maintaining living organs, such as the kidney, outside the body, a direct extension of his work on tissue culture. And once more we see that the life of a part may persist beyond the life of a whole. The truth is that aging and death is a piecemeal affair. A heart may give out while all else is well. Kidneys may deteriorate and create havoc throughout the system. Cerebral arterial hardening may produce senility of mind in a still bouncy body.

ALREADY there is a tendency to regard the newly dead much as we do automobile graveyards, to be stripped of certain otherwise essential parts for repairing bodies not so far gone. When certain technical difficulties in grafting tissue from one human to another and in storing still living organs removed from spiritless bodies have been more fully overcome, so that organ banks join the ranks of corneal banks and blood banks, life extension by transplantation may soon be as commonplace as by transfusion. Borrowed time may be equated with borrowed parts. How far such reconditioning can be carried remains to be seen, although except for saving the life of the young, where so much remains to be saved, the picture of age takes on a rather grisly look. Even so it looks better than the description of age in *As You Like It*: "Last scene of all, / That ends this strange eventful history, / Is second childishness and mere oblivion, / Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

For centuries past the world has belonged to youth, full grown and mature, to be sure, but not old. The postponement of death in human beings may be desirable. Certainly it is so for the individual, although meaningful postponement is very different from securing a rotting apple to its branch. On a planet with a limited capacity to support human or any other kind of life, a choice will eventually have to be made between an old and a not-so-old mankind. The slower the turnover of individuals, the older the average will be and the

fewer there can be during a given time. We will add to our years at the expense of the young, and to what end? To wear better dentures for a longer time? If we remain content with our lot, or at least accept it as the bonanza it truly is, our goal should be the more restricted and reasonable one of improving the quality of body and mind in the later years already at our disposal.

Youth and age cannot be dissociated. The earlier search for the fountain of youth is the same as the present effort to postpone old age. The old long to regain youth, and the young wish to retain it. It may well be that the study of age and the aging process is a wrong emphasis and that the proper study of man should be youth, and that aging is merely its negation.

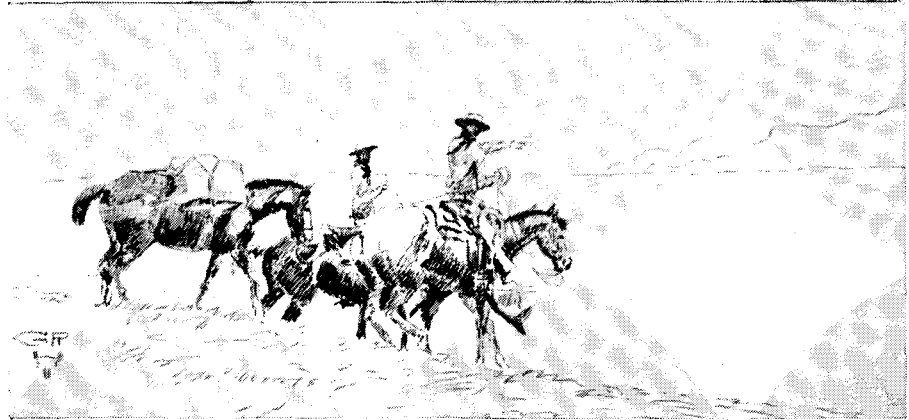
A half-century ago, C. M. Child, one of the pioneering American zoologists, wrote a book called *Senescence and Rejuvenescence*, which is now a classic. The title is indicative, for it reflects not only the close association of age and youthfulness but also the striking fact that whatever the process may be which embraces them both, the process is reversible and in either direction. This is unmistakably true of many lower forms of life, such as flatworms, and the question is how true it may be for the larger and more differentiated kinds. Flatworms are somewhat leaf-shaped, lowly aquatic creatures that have a remarkable capacity for reconstituting whole animals from body fragments. More than this, however, Child discovered that if individual flatworms were allowed to grow to about three quarters the maximum size, short of sexual maturity, and were then starved, they would shrink in an orderly and comfortable way to a half or a quarter of their original size, with every indication of such joy of youth as a flatworm might be expected to express. As long as feeding and starvation, growth and shrinking alternated, the animals remained young with an apparent potentiality for immortality under such circumstances. Yet once allowed to grow to full size and to attain sexual maturity, there was no turning back. The old had to die, and another generation took its place. When all was done, there was no more to do. In this light, life is a flowering of what is in the seed, to be fully expressed, delayed, or cut short as the case may be.

Reversal of growth and aging as in the flatworm experiments is compatible with bodies that are entirely soft. Whatever might have been possible in mice and men is prohibited by our mineralized skeleton, which refuses to budge and sticks out as the other tissues shrink. Periodic starvation for the sake of renewal or retention of youth is too uncomfortable, although certain recent experiments of this sort on growing rats raised on an alternating restricted and full diet should be considered. After

two years, at a time when their well-fed colleagues were far into the sluggish decrepitude of old age, the retarded, undersized rats had a glossy coat, activity, curiosity, and general health that were clearly juvenile. The moral is there. Our affluent society adds bulk to our bodies and calluses behind but no luster to life or mind.

A quandary is now in the making. Death control, up to a point, is rapidly becoming worldwide. The population explosion, however uneven, is its consequence. Sooner or later everywhere, birth control will have to operate to bring some stability to human affairs. Proportionately the young will be fewer, man will be more middle-aged than ever, and the superannuated will be a major section of mankind. And as if this were not enough, automation, no new process but one that has kept pace with the human growth during the last few thousand years, is rapidly increasing the occupational vacuum. The great adjustment which lies ahead, apart from the maintenance of peace on earth, will be to cope with an all-pervading boredom detrimental to physical, mental, and social health. If life is to be long, it needs to be more meaningful than ever, even though untold billions inhabit the earth. Counteracting the physiological aging of the body, so far as this may be or may become possible, is little more than keeping the old ship seaworthy, which is pointless unless there is still a voyage to be done. Physical adventure is for the young, and in a congested and continually shrinking world is an increasingly uncommon experience. What is left for young and old alike is creativity in some form which utilizes our most distinctive attribute, some combination of hand and eye or ear.

Long ago Aristotle wrote that man thinks because he has a hand, a remarkable insight for his time, for ours is truly an eye-hand brain, inherited from our arboreal, subhuman ancestors, with an overlay of the sound of speech. The basic machinery may bias the potential mind toward sight or sound, for no two human beings are exactly alike in their personal equipment, but what the mind becomes depends on what comes into it and on what it does. Thoughts not put into action are ephemeral. Action may be expressive or creative, but what is expressed or created becomes permanently ingrained in the being of the person. And here if anywhere is the only fountain of youth we all can partake of, for the secret of true happiness lies not in having, nor in just being, but in becoming. It holds for youth, maturity, and the later years. It consists of self-discovery, self-development, self-transcendence, creativity, and awareness in every possible manifestation. Self-renewal from first to last holds body and soul together, and only so is life worth living to the very end.



Solo in Wyoming *by Charles W. Morton*

Born in Omaha, Nebraska, and eager to sample the best, Charles W. Morton, with the approval of his parents, headed East for his schooling. When that proved disappointing, he tried his hand at tractor driving and card playing in Wyoming. Mr. Morton is associate editor of the ATLANTIC.

I WAS trying one day not long ago to give a lift to a boy who was having great trouble in translating Latin. "I hate this sort of thing," he said. "It's really nothing but memory work. But in geometry and some of these other subjects, you have a chance to use your mind and do some reasoning."

For his own purposes his complaint was sound enough, but he may have hit upon, at the same time, the reason for my own fondness for Latin, and to a lesser extent Greek, and my general unease in mathematics. Memory work in great blocks—poems, proclamations, chunks of Shakespeare—had been loaded on us all the way through the eighth grade. I can still rattle off lines from a history textbook on the Ordinance of 1787, though I retain nothing else of it but the mere words: "Hardly had Congress provided for the sale of the land than a number of Revolutionary soldiers formed the Ohio Land Company," and so on.

My first encounter with Latin gave me one of the most unhappy fortnights of my youth. I entered Central High School in Omaha a few weeks late, with the result that the rest of the class in elementary Latin were engaged in exercises entirely unintelligible to me. I stuck it out for a time, but the others seemed so assured while I was so mystified

that I decided to try some tutoring. A frail old scholar from Creighton, a Catholic school and college—Mr. Kenney—came to our house, and together we sailed into the endings of the first declension. We had not been at it for more than a half hour before I realized that each of the five different endings had a precise meaning of its own. All one needed was to learn the five cases and the paltry terminology concerning them, and the first declension was there and ready, in working order. I tutored for a week, just to make sure of things, and I began to enjoy the subject immensely. Our high school Latin teacher was a tiny birdlike woman, swarthy, with sparkling dark eyes, graying hair, Mrs. Bessie J. Snyder. It was impossible not to learn Latin and like it, under her tutelage.

So much is made nowadays of education and the terrible plight of all who lack one that I can scarcely believe, as I look back on it, the easygoing attitude taken by my parents and myself toward my own. It may well be that the course I followed—or perhaps did not follow—was disappointing to them, but not even my most unexpected starts and stops ever brought from them the least hint of disapproval. I cannot recall that either my father or mother ever reproved me over any issue of

Drawing by Charles M. Russell. Courtesy of Trail's End Publishing Co., Inc.

importance, no matter how discouraging my decisions might have seemed to them; neither can I think of any want that I ever made known to them that was not amiably gratified. I was, for my part, a reasonably dutiful son, not given to asking for the impossible, and intensely fond of my parents, and out of this warm family relationship there grew, I suppose, another easygoing assumption that I would eventually enter and carry on my father's hardware business. I certainly grew up in that assumption, just as I always assumed that I would inevitably go to Williams College.

A year of Omaha High School was more than enough for me. Other than the wonderful Mrs. Snyder, the teachers I had were, I thought, a sour lot. Perhaps I was getting too old to go along with more women teachers. At any rate, we all agreed that I should enter some preparatory school in the East.

The selection of a school for me was as offhand as anything of this sort could be. I had been reading the Owen Johnson stories about Lawrenceville in the *Saturday Evening Post*; it sounded like an entertaining place, and I believe some arrangements were made in the spring of 1913 for me to go there in the fall. But early in the summer, my mother met a personable young man in Williamstown, Karl Wells, who proved to be a master in a small school established some sixteen years earlier, the Morristown School in Morristown, New Jersey. His case for the small school of 100 or so boys was persuasive, and since I cared not at all which school I attended, so long as it was not a military school, my father deposited me at Morristown that September, after several splendid days with him at the Waldorf in New York.

I KNEW no more about the real composition of a community like Morristown than I did of Omaha. At the time it seemed to me excitingly elegant, and so it was in many ways, providing glimpses of a style of living I had not seen before anywhere: a five-gaited hunter, single-footing it along the road in long strides at what looked to be about 25 mph, the rider a bony-faced exercise man, seeming to sit without motion on the small saddle; some young people in a chain-drive Simplex, a hugely rumbling car with a small "close-coupled" body by Holbrook, the bows of its top (snugly folded down) of varnished light wood; some elaborate estates, such as Mrs. H. Mck. Twombly's at nearby Convent, and the fantastic hilltop house with its stables, garages, and eighteen-hole golf course from which Otto Kahn was proposing to crash the highly stratified society of this self-satisfied suburb; many interesting houses; and always

the sense of nearness to the much greater attractions of New York.

The boys at the school were a mixture of all sorts. The place was so small that everyone knew everyone else and all about one another. Reticence was not possible, and we probed each other's lives and minds with inexorable candor. There were six forms and about fifteen boys to a form — bright, dull, amusing, lazy, dirty, or dandified. Some were there simply to relieve their parents from thinking about them; others were expected to come home weekends and bring friends with them. There were two or three from California and one from Texas, but for the most part they came from New York and New Jersey.

The founders and proprietors of the school were a triumvirate of Harvard '88 graduates: Francis Call Woodman, headmaster; Arthur Pierce Butler, vice-headmaster; and Thomas Quincy Browne, treasurer. Their scheme of a school was, I believe, sound and would have been a great success had they been drawing on families less precariously situated than the banker-broker types of the on-the-way-up commuters. As it all turned out, the Depression very nearly did the school in, and left it on a five-day-week basis, which necessarily restricted attendance to boys who could go home each weekend. In its earlier days, it was a conventional, strict, tightly controlled boarding school with a sprinkling of day boys from Morristown. The staff was good, and the Latin and Greek teacher, James A. Reeves, was, along with Mrs. Snyder of Omaha, the best and most stimulating within my experience. Most remarkable, as I look back on it, was the school's success in enabling boys so sluggish and indifferent as to seem ineducable to pass the College Board examinations and enter the college of their choice.

Reeves went on to a considerable career after leaving the school, notably as the tutoring genius of Manter Hall in Cambridge. I was charmed to meet him in 1930 in Cambridge, when he confided to me an extraordinary statistic: it was just before Harvard had set up a tutorial system of its own, but the fact was, he said, that of some 4000 to 4500 undergraduates at Harvard, with its endowment of nine figures, close to a third in the previous year had recourse to Manter Hall, where the endowment consisted of two or three people like Jimmy Reeves and a few blackboards and bits of chalk, in rented premises. On the publish-or-perish proposition, I doubt that Jimmy Reeves ever published anything. He was a crammer second to none, but I think he was in the much larger sense a great teacher. His Latin and Greek gave me an abiding liking for words and language and a comfortable sense of having something to tie to amid the vague and often muddled choices in

English grammar. That, I suspect, is why I so admired Latin in any case: a truly precise language, few idioms, and a clean-cut rule for everything; learn the rules, follow them, and no trouble can befall you. I liked Greek the less, insofar as it seemed to me less precise and therefore somewhat sloppier. I realize that this makes me sound like an altogether conventional sort of person who thinks everything ought to be done according to what the book says, and I am somewhat shocked to find that this is probably true.

Morristown School was full of penalties for tardiness and other small offenses, for which "marks" were meted out — five, ten, twenty, as the gravity of the case required. The marks, each calling for one walk around the school's cinder track, were read out after luncheon, when the entire school and staff gathered in the main study hall for dismissal, and a boy had to walk off his marks before engaging in sports for the afternoon. Every moment of our day was prescribed and supervised, and even study, after classes were dismissed for the day, had to be carried on in the schoolroom — from five to six in the afternoon and from seven thirty to nine, five days a week.

The school was especially strict about what we wore. Going without a necktie would have been unthinkable; for dinner the requirement was a dark suit, white shirt, and starched collar, which really necessitated a complete change from daytime wear. We tried to save time on the shirt change by folding inside the button-down collar of the white shirt most of us wore by day and buttoning over it a stiff collar that had been carried in a pocket. But this process left the buttons of the vanished button-down collar exposed, and the scrutineer-master at the dining room door would send back to change any boy disclosed to be wearing a "double-decker." Some boys went so far as to cut off the telltale buttons, but one really saved needless quarreling with the authorities by wearing a neckband shirt at night and reserving transgressions for more substantial purposes.

I am reminded of these exactions when I contemplate the school and college dress of today, not so greatly unlike the beatniks'. Granting that a dirty sweater, dirty slacks, and dirty shoes are inexpensive, convenient, and perhaps even comfortable for a young person who asserts he is not in the least interested in them anyhow, and whose ideas might be more significant than his appearance leads one to expect — granting all this, I am bound to wonder what becomes of these same people in later life, once the priceless insouciance of youth is gone. What is so embarrassing as the aging Boy Wonder, the superannuated Peter Pan, or the beatnik at fifty?

I went to Morristown for three years. At some

point in my second year, one of our better athletes, a boy named James T. Swan from Passaic, mentioned to me a scheme that had been flowering in his mind. I liked him immensely for his maturity and his ready sense of mirth, and the scheme was a dazzler. It was no more than a matter of simple reasoning, beginning with the fact that there were several new boys in the school so dull and awkward and generally unprepossessing that, it seemed plain to us, they must have been a source of great worry to their parents. Perhaps some previous school experience for these boys had failed to pay off, and this, we felt, might have given the parents certain doubts, even distrust, of what the school authorities in general might report and recommend about their son. Would not these parents be glad to subscribe to a more intimate and disinterested report on the boy, not from the headmaster but from schoolmates in more direct day-to-day touch with the problem? Sports? Social relationships? Studies? Personality? For a weekly report for the rest of the school year the fee would be \$100.

We picked the three richest and least promising of the new boys and drew up identical letters for their parents, laying out our own qualifications in no modest terms. We were staggered to receive, by what must have been return mail, in each case a check for \$100: great idea, much interest, would look forward, etc. We turned to and began scrutinizing our subjects. All school grades were posted each week, and these were easily summarized, and I am sure it was no surprise to the parents that the grades were dismally low. Sports were of course seasonal, but these afforded us a paragraph or two on physical coordination, sportsmanship, and such. Since all sports were more or less compulsory, it was impossible not to have subject matter in this category for the taking.

Our reports went along breezily for a month or more. We even talked with the three boys and asked them idle questions. But what was soon troublesome was the fact that we were making the reports too conscientiously; it was becoming a frightful grind, especially since none of the boys showed any sign of improvement. We decided by the end of six weeks to call it off, and with some assistance from home, to refund the subscription fees in full, which we did with postal money orders. I know there was no collusion at any stage of this episode, for we kept it a dark secret, but all three of the parents, again by return mail, sent back the money orders, endorsed to us, and said that they had received their money's worth.

Swan and I felt we were well out of it all, but on becoming a bit pressed in the following year, we tried it again. This time the very first parent we approached took it for what it might well have

looked to be — a form of extortion — and complained to the headmaster. The latter was ready to talk expulsion and to regard our offense as monstrous, but our account of the previous year's satisfied parents, of whom he had not heard, and our incontrovertible statement that we felt sorry for the boy and thought he needed help took a good deal of the starch out of his moralizing. The matter was dropped on our agreement to sin no more.

THE school was a curious set of crosscurrents: a genuine, casual democracy and frankness among the boys, backed by preachments to that effect from the staff, and an inevitable tinge of sycophancy and lip-smacking in any mention by the authorities of the great or near-great among parents or boys, past or present, who had any connection with the school. We were allowed to draw fifty cents a week from the school bank as spending money, and we were formally instructed that money was far down the list of priorities toward which we should be striving. It was indeed the period of ostentatious wealth, and to spend a weekend at the home of one or another of our plutocrats was to sample a world of sumptuous novelty.

There was one boy who lived not far from the school who was picked up each Saturday by a chauffeur in a vast Alco 6-cylinder touring car, a model distinctive for the white band edging the top of its body-sides and a very good car of the time. I went home with him one Saturday, and after luncheon — served by a butler and two footmen, the latter in brown tailcoats with silver buttons — his mother handed him money and told us that we could go to the theater in New York and dine that night at the family's apartment in Carlton House at — unforgettable number — 22 East Forty-seventh Street. Her brother-in-law's valet would provide tickets and accompany us to the theater: *Chin-Chin* with Montgomery and Stone.

The chauffeur drove us to Manhattan Transfer in Newark, and by mid-afternoon we were at Carlton House in a lovely apartment: a pink bedroom, a blue one, and a living room where we would have dinner later on from the Ritz kitchen. What to do meanwhile.

"I'd like to go through the Tombs," said my host. "My father knows the district attorney, and I'll call up and see what he can do for us." The Ritz switchboard put the call through in no time, and whoever came on at the other end must have assented most hospitably, for my host, whom I will call G —, said we should be off immediately. It seemed to me an excellent way to spend the rest of the afternoon.

G — asked the doorman to signal a cab for us and to pay the cab for taking us to the Tombs and to tip the driver and charge it all to the family's account. His mother had given him fifty dollars, he said, but there was certainly no use in spending his money on what could just as well be charged.

We walked up the steps of the grim old gray-stone building a few minutes later. A handful of men and women stood just outside the heavily barred doorway, apparently being denied admission. I was astonished, but G — took it as no less than our due when a guard inside, very much on the lookout for us, asked our names and opened the barred door with a flourish. He would show us the place, he said, and answer any questions.

I remember the Tombs mainly for the servility of the guard toward G — and myself and his rudeness to the prisoners, whom he identified for us, well within their hearing: "Now this one here's an ordinary thief," as we stood at the barred cell door. "Here's a *murderer*, this nigger," he explained at the next. "We keep him by himself or with another nigger. We never put a white man in with a nigger." The prisoners, without exception, ignored the guard and ourselves, even though they might have wondered what business of ours their troubles could be. I recall a great stack of loaves of bread, the dirty appearance of the whole place, and its smelly airlessness.

G — gave the guard grandly a dollar when he unlocked the big door for us to leave. The doorman at Carlton House once again paid off the taxi on our return. For dinner that night I ordered my customary spree-dish, spaghetti with tomato sauce, and a Clover Club cocktail, which impressed even my host, man about town though he was. It was delicious, the first I had ever tasted. I did not disabuse G — of his impression that I rarely sat down to dinner without one.

Chin-Chin, which I saw a half-dozen times again during its long run at the Globe, was a rosy dream full of gay little chorus numbers, bright comedy, and a couple of songs whose words and music are still indelibly in my mind, "Ragtime Temple Bells" and "Chinese Honeymoon," this last a comic duet for the two principals. G —'s uncle's valet proved to be a Frenchman named Levasseur, who sat in the balcony while we had orchestra seats, accompanying us after the show to the Hudson Tubes at Thirty-third Street and putting us on the train at Hoboken. Everything at G —'s house was quiet when we got there after walking from the Lackawanna station. We were driven back to school in the afternoon after another elaborately presented luncheon, this time with G —'s parents and two or three guests, who paid no attention to us.

As I look back at how we felt about the eight or ten real plutocrats in the school, I believe most of

the boys had a sense of curiosity about where and how their families lived, but no great yearning to do likewise. The one material outlay that we all genuinely envied was the succession of stunning automobiles in which the little Kahn boy, in Form I, was delivered and picked up at the school each day: various Rolls-Royces, one a sports touring car with an aluminum hood and a thick panel of glass built into the body between the hood and the windshield; a Lancia or two; and a small imported car with much brass trim, either a Renault or a Fiat with the inverted-U radiator style, I forget which, and it could just as well have been both. The Kahn chauffeurs were all foreigners, and in the winter they wore fur hats that matched the fur collars and cuffs of their livery greatcoats.

I CAME out well enough in the College Board examinations, but I was short a credit in geometry, and I entered the class of 1920 at Williams with a "condition" in that subject in the fall of 1916. I still do not know what I expected college to be or what I would derive from it, beyond an interval of good company before eventually going to work. There was no specific objective of learning or achievement in my mind, and the idea that a college degree was in any way a credential that might be of use to me never entered my head.

A half dozen of my new classmates quickly proved very pleasant company, and our major concern was how we would fare when after a period of formal "rushing" by the fraternities, which took in the great majority of undergraduates, the final invitations went out to the freshman class in November. There was no one house where I felt at all certain of an acceptance, and I persisted in a vaguely reassuring expectation that something suitable would turn up. But as the weeks of rushing began, and I was dined and scrutinized at one house after another, at no time did it seem to me that I was really getting anywhere with any of them. Hoping, nevertheless, right to the bitter end — an empty mailbox while those of my friends were stuffed with bids — I found myself totally rejected. I would not even be seeing my friends at meals, for only the nonfraternity men ate at the Commons.

My haste was such that I did not even trouble to resign. I packed a bag, left a note asking my cousin to pack my trunk and ship it to me by express, and took the Century at Albany that evening, homeward bound. For the first time in my life I had tested my standing with my fellows and been found ruinously wanting, and that was that. It simply could not be explained away or made more palatable: I was a flop.

So ignominious and speedy a withdrawal from college must have surprised and disappointed my parents, but never a hint of any such reaction came from either of them. I went to work at the hardware store, my father brightened my life considerably by trading in our old 1913 Chalmers "36" on the marvelous new Stutz, and I plugged along until the summer, when we drove east once again. That fall I decided to have a try at the University of Chicago, where I was admitted as a student taking correspondence courses while tutoring and working off my condition in geometry, but living in an undergraduate dormitory, Hitchcock Hall. I even became pledged to a fraternity, and all was going along smoothly enough until I brought home two or three friends for a long Washington's Birthday weekend. At this point I was overwhelmed by one of the viral infections, and I was seriously ill for a month. Again I withdrew from college.

It happened that James Morton & Son Company was supplying the hardware for a ranch house that an Omaha contractor was building on a vast property at Pitchfork, Wyoming, amounting to some 240,000 acres and shipping several trainloads of Herefords to market each year. It appeared that I could have a small job there as a tractor driver, for some 4000 acres of the bottomland along the valley of the Graybull River were under cultivation, and I decided to take it on. It was the first for me of what were to be several adventures in Wyoming, a region that has never ceased to fascinate me. I can no longer tolerate the high altitudes of the Rockies, and I am out of touch with developments there, but the ranch hands and small landowners of those days were certainly the most formidable and the most entertaining people I have ever met. I believe almost any one of them, given a rifle and an ax, could have fashioned a way of life for himself and lived off the country indefinitely.

To reach Pitchfork one took at Billings the branch-line train to the end of the railroad at Cody, and went from there by a light horse-drawn stage to Meeteetse, a little cow town some forty miles to the southeast, with a log hotel, the Weller House, where two and three guests to a room was the practice; a barbershop where a wood-burning stove heated water for the only bathtub in town available to the public (Bath: 50¢); a Chinese short-order restaurant, which was the only really bad Chinese restaurant I have ever experienced; a large general store, a couple of saloons, and a livery stable. One of the saloons, operated by two brothers, Bob and Jack Fenton, was great fun, and I spent many of the final days of my stay in Wyoming playing solo there, from nine thirty in the morning to closing time toward midnight.

Rickety board sidewalks and a few cow ponies sleeping at the hitching rails completed the Meeteetse scene.

PITCHFORK was some twenty-five miles or more beyond Meeteetse, reached by what was called the Sunshine Stage, a light two-horse wagon which also carried the mail, fortunately for the passenger, since the driver was provided an excellent lunch, by his contract with the Post Office Department, at a small ranch en route, and the passenger fared equally well at a cost of fifty cents. The Pitchfork brand, a design of three short prongs with a stubby handle, was famous all over the West, but Pitchfork itself, although shown on some maps, was no more than a ranch house and postal address, with a large barn and vast corrals of peeled logs.

Four ranches made up the Pitchfork complex: the Pitchfork; the Z-Bar-T, nine miles up the river from Pitchfork, another cattle outfit where the new house was going up and where I would be working; the 91, a horse ranch that was said to be doing a brisk business with the army; and the TL, a sheep ranch that I never did get around to seeing. The scene as a whole was the broad, gently rolling brown bottomlands of the Graybull valley, surrounded by rough and lofty snow-covered mountains. A pattern of haystacks, each protected by barbed wire, dotted the valley, and the main work of the cowboys from day to day was forking out hay to the Herefords, who were broken up into small groups and divided among many stacks, when the snow cover was too heavy for grazing. The weather was always spectacular, but even in early April the sun in the high altitudes was hot enough to keep the range fairly open, although the occasional blizzard might look like the end of the world. A dozen or more hands worked on the Z-T, some married and living with their families and others living in the bunkhouse, a rather too small room with six or seven beds and bunks, adjoining a dining room and kitchen.

There was no plumbing of any sort in the bunkhouse, but I believe the kitchen held a hot-water tank heated from a spacious coal or wood range. Soft coal was abundant and mined almost locally in that part of Wyoming. The washing water for the ranch hands was no more than a large bucket on top of the potbellied stove, with a dipper and a tin basin, and one emptied the basin out the door after using it. Just outside the bunkhouse, an icy little brook called Rose Creek tumbled down the hill, and one could get fresh water from a pump. I preferred the pump to the tin basin, but it was a fast turn on a chilly morning. The outdoor privy for the hands was a commodious multipassenger unit in a shed off the barn. The

house at the Pitchfork ranch was adobe or plaster and rather picturesque, but the Z-T bunkhouse was nondescript — a one-story clapboard building.

I set up in the bunkhouse the folding canvas cot that I had brought along, but a couple of nights there were enough. It was customary for the last man to turn in to cram the large potbellied stove that heated the place with all the wood it could hold and then to make sure that the windows and door were tightly closed. A half hour later the stove was cherry red, the room temperature impossibly high, and the whole place was echoing with thunderous snores. I shifted to a small wall tent of my own on a gentle slope outside, where I managed to keep dry and fairly warm in a tight lamb's-wool sleeping bag and many layers of blankets.

The Z-T used various tractors, including a huge J. I. Case steamer, but I found myself on one of two small Cleveland Caterpillars, of early design, in a tandem hitch pulling eighteen-foot double-discs, harrows, drills, and a manure spreader of discouraging voraciousness. It was shocking, after an hour of prying and heaving at the layers of the manure stack in loading the spreader, to find the whole cargo kicked off over the stern in what seemed hardly more than seconds. The old ranch hand in charge of our rig, with whom I was working, was named Wagner, and Old Wag could outfork me by an embarrassing margin, and he could swear more impressively, as he did at the frequent breakdowns of our Caterpillars, than anyone else on the place — longer, harder, and with more real conviction, so menacingly that one almost expected the misbegotten machine to heal itself and resume pulling. We used the Caterpillars for all sorts of tasks, and my first job with them was as part of the tandem hitch when we went to work on a long low log barn that was sagging heavily from one end toward the other. We hitched on to the ridgepole and pulled the structure into plumb, at which point log props were applied to the other end to keep it that way. I don't believe this whole job took more than a half hour.

One of the Caterpillars was powered by a Buda engine, and this would quickly overheat and boil away its water every two or three circuits of the field. The other had a better engine, but both tractors suffered from a ghastly need of frequent greasing, and both were prone to rupture their tracks and necessitate the most arduous repairs, on the spot and then and there.

To make any repairs to the wheels it was necessary to dig a sizable hole, take out a pin from the track, and lower the ends of the track into the hole, thus getting direct access to the wheel. The ranch maintained a machine shop and plenty of spare parts for all the machinery, and a black-

smith whom I came to know very well, a tall, wiry Texan with faded blue eyes and thick straw-colored hair and mustache, by the name of James Jefferson Knight. Along with the cook, an ex-army mess sergeant in the Philippine war and the finest cook imaginable for such a crew as the ravenous hands of the Z-T, he was perhaps the toughest man on the place — sunny and amiable on the job, but a rapid and morose souse once inside a Meeteetse saloon.

The incessant repairs and lugging water in a ten-gallon milk can from the river with Old Wag made a day's work with the tractors fairly heavy going. The cultivated acreage was four or five miles up the river from the bunkhouse, and our transport was a Model T, with the back seat removed and a platform at the rear where our gasoline and miscellaneous gear were carried. The route was cross-country, without any road, and almost any morning on the way to our rig we would start up an antelope from the river; it would come flying up the slope, across our bows at perhaps 200 yards distance, and vanish over the hill in a matter of seconds, certainly the fastest animal at full throttle I have ever seen and seeming almost not to need to touch the ground.

When unencumbered by a tow, a small Caterpillar was a furiously rough ride, veering and yawing at the slightest inattention by the driver, for a touch on the steering wheel would brake sharply on one track while leaving the other free, and on either hard-over position the machine could turn in its own length. Pulling a big load it was much more stable, but as the driver of the rear tractor in the tandem, I lived in a cloud of dust almost regardless of where the wind was coming from, getting the full output from the tractor ahead or from the machinery we were pulling behind. The massive white cloud formations, forever changing against the background of the blindingly blue mountain sky, were always worth watching as we roared along at a slow walking pace, with the unmuffled exhaust blasting away only a few feet from the driver's ear. Every so often a shadow would cross our course, and looking up, I could see an eagle cruising the valley. I saw no other game on the Z-T, although the mountains were full of it. The Graybull was fished not at all except by the blacksmith, who would cut himself a willow rod, turn up a few "devil scratchers" from under the rocks along the bottom, and bring in a fine string of big trout after an hour or two of effort.

THE high point of the day, socially, came for me after supper of an evening, when one of the four-

some of solo players into which I had been admitted would look us over and remark, with an air of jovial inspiration, "Deal the cards, you sons of bitches, and I'll frog without looking." This was, in bunkhouse parlance, the Invitation to the Waltz, a frog being the lowest bid in solo and not really a very hazardous offer. But it always got a game going in the bunkhouse, and we played there almost every night. Solo is such a fast up-and-down sort of game that it is not easy to fix a satisfactory stake for it, especially if the players are hard up, as we were. Unless one gives the chips a precise money definition, the pastime version of solo is to start each of the four players with 110 chips, and the first to go broke pays a flat sum to the other three. A solo hand can be played very quickly indeed, and if one considers that the bidder of heart solo — the highest bid — could win as much as eighteen dollars on a single hand at five cents a point, played out in a minute or less, even a penny game can reach interesting dimensions.

The ordinary all-day saloon game was on the basis that the first to lose his stack of 110 chips would buy a round of drinks for the others. There were really no saloon bums in Meeteetse, and it was good manners to include the kibitzers when the players stepped up to the bar, for they were kibitzers only because they lacked numbers to make up a game of their own, and they would treat in their turn like everyone else. A great virtue of solo is that it can be played by either three or four players without any change in its values, since in the four-handed game the dealer lays off. I believe it stems from the German game called skat. I have never found it in the East, but the plain fact is that any game favored by such gamblers as the stock hands of Wyoming is worth a try. I marvel, looking back, at how hard they worked for their small wages and how gaily they risked their all. My own ratings would be, approximately, the best game for two, pinochle; for three or four, solo; for four, hearts; for five or six, straight draw poker or five-card stud.

Solo is easier to play than to explicate, but for anyone interested in cards, here is the game:

A hand of solo is played by three players; if there are four, the dealer lays off after dealing. It is a bidding game in which the declarer becomes opposed by the other two, playing as partners. The objective of the declarer is to gain "count" rather than to win tricks, the count being similar to the count in pinochle (ace-11, ten-spot-10, K-4, Q-3, J-2, for a total of 120). The declarer is paid by each of his two opponents for any count above the break-even point of 60, and he pays each of his two opponents the amount by which he fails to take in 60. As in pinochle, the ten-spot

is next to the ace in value in the play as well as in the count.

Solo is played with the six-spot low, the twos, threes, fours, and fives being removed at the beginning of play. The first round of the deal is three cards at a time to each of the three players, and a "widow," or "kitty," of three facedown in the center of the table. Four at a time to each of the three players are dealt in two more rounds, and the dealer's duties are completed, leaving each player with eleven cards in hand and three, facedown (of course the entire deal is facedown), in the center of the table.

There are only three bids in solo: a frog, the lowest, in which hearts are automatically trumps and the bidder, if he becomes the declarer, is allowed to take the widow into his hand and put facedown in front of him, before play begins, any three cards from the total of fourteen that he is holding, and these belong in his eventual count; a solo, in which clubs, diamonds, or spades may be the trump, according to the declarer's later announcement, and which overcalls a frog; and a heart solo, which makes hearts trumps and overcalls all other bids and which, if bid initially, ends the bidding then and there. In all solos, including a heart solo, the widow becomes the property of the declarer, but it remains facedown on the table, undisclosed, throughout the play. Any count it contains belongs to the declarer, but it cannot be turned over until the hand is played out.

The payoff rates on the three bids are on a frog, one for one; on a solo, two for one; on a heart solo, three for one.

Examples, if the declarer happens to take in a total count of 72: on a frog he would win 12 points from each of the two opponents; on a solo, 24 points from each; on a heart solo, 36 points.

Similarly, if he happened to fail to make 60 and took in, for instance, only 45, he would pay each of the two opponents 15 points on a frog, 30 on a solo, and 45 on a heart solo.

It should be emphasized that there are indeed only three possible bids, a frog, a solo, and a heart solo. All suits have the same value, so that the first player to bid a solo can be overcalled only by a player bidding a heart solo. The trump which the player has selected for his solo in clubs, diamonds, or spades is not identified until the bidding is complete, at which point a player will remark to the declarer, "You bid a solo. Put a handle to it," and the declarer announces the trump.

There are very few rules indeed governing the play. The opening bid is from the player to the left of the dealer, and the opening lead is from the player to the left of the declarer. A player

must follow suit, and if unable to do so, must play a trump, regardless of how the trick stands at that point.

The Fenton brothers, a highly picturesque pair, were genial hosts to the two or three solo tables that were more or less constantly in use when we were in Meeteetse on an outing. The older Fenton was dressed as no one else in the vicinity was dressed, a cloth cap and a cardigan sweater setting him apart from all others. His brother had a long, ragged mustache, wore a shapeless and battered old felt hat, a vest and never a coat, and kept a much used towel tucked into his waistband. He was extremely polite to me, and whenever he served me a drink, he would whip out the dirty towel and polish the glasses with it before setting them down on the bar. (A drink was two ounces of Yellowstone whiskey accompanied by a small beer chaser.) Both Fentons wore neckband shirts, with a brass collar button and no collar. The biggest night at their place, or for that matter in Meeteetse, while I was there was when Dr. Dorrance, the multimillionaire owner of Campbell's Soup, was passing through with a large pack outfit on a spring bear hunt and decreed that everything for everybody at both saloons for the afternoon and evening would be on him, a gala which must still keep his memory green.

GETTING the twenty-five miles to Meeteetse from the Z-T was a problem. Anyone with a truck or car would offer a ride, but there were long periods, often several days at a time, when no one at all went over the tortuous road through the sagebrush and the countless prairie-dog villages. The only dependable method was to start walking and hope for a lift, but I walked it several times with never a sight of a ride. By about the half-way point the chattering and scurrying of the prairie dogs became a great irritant. The legend was that they could duck into their burrows too quickly even for a rifle shot, although I doubt this, but I never saw a dead one. They were not scavengers, but I was assured that no one but an "Injun" would eat one.

The blacksmith was usually my companion on a Meeteetse outing. Aside from his extraordinary skill at his forge, I remember him for his brown-paper Bull Durham cigarettes, which he twisted into a durable shape without licking the paper, and for his boast that he could tell time by consulting a two-foot carpenter's rule that he carried. I had many a chance to check him on this last, and I have no way of explaining his success. He would unfold the rule and bring down his thumb at some random point on it, meditate a moment,

and then announce, within ten or fifteen minutes of exactness, the time of day. The figure where his thumb had come down had nothing that I could see to do with what he announced as the time. He was oddly mystical in his purported disclosure of his method, which went as follows and no further:

"Now there's twelve inches in a foot, ain't there?"

"Correct."

"And it's twelve hours around the clock?"

"Right."

"And there's twenty-four inches in two feet?"

"Right."

"And there's twenty-four hours in a day?"

"Yes."

"Well, there you are!"

The blacksmith's brown-paper cigarettes remind me that no one in Wyoming smoked "tailor-mades," which were regarded with suspicion no matter what brand and were usually called "pimp-sticks." Bull Durham was the universal smoke, with Duke's Mixture a poor second. I was the object of some curiosity by an old stockman in the Fentons' one day when I produced a package of pimp-sticks and lighted one. The old man looked at me with amazement and finally, unable to resist the opportunity, said to me, "Say — let me just *try* one of them things."

A few years later, on a long and enchanting motorcycle trip with my wife through France, we stopped at a pump outside a hotel in Chateaubriant. The porter was wearing a long apron of striped ticking and a visored cap, and I took him for a Frenchman. But he noticed a Bull Durham tag hanging from my breast pocket and disclosed himself as an American from California. He had gone AWOL at the end of World War I and been stranded in his porter's job ever since. He asked me if I would give him the half-empty sack of Bull, but I dug into the locker and produced a couple of full sacks for him which had a profound emotional effect on him. "I save up for a ticket home," he said, "but just as I get almost enough to buy it I blow it all on getting drunk. But I'm gonna start saving again right now." He looked over his shoulder and lowered his voice. "These frogs," he said, "are mean when you have to work for them."

THE walk to Meeteetse was such a nuisance that I decided to buy a horse, and the foreman of the Pitchfork, a pleasant and much respected man named Cassidy, said he had just the right animal, an eight-year-old sorrel mare who had been running free on the range for the past year. The mare, I learned, would be brought in with a hun-

dred or more other horses at the weekend, she would be mine for forty dollars, and he would lend me a saddle and bridle to use while I tried her out.

Her arrival at the corral of the Pitchfork one noon was part of a magnificent demonstration of professionalism by Cassidy and his men. Cassidy was the only man on the place who wore anything fancy in the way of chaps. His were gray leather, with a decorative motif in silver studs, emphasizing the three-pronged fork of the Pitchfork brand. I do not know where he got them, but the catalogues of the Miles City Saddle Company were the favorite reading matter in the bunkhouse of the Z-T, and one could find warrant in them for spending into the thousands on an equestrian outfit. Most of the style of the cowboys and hands was functional and without ornament. Cassidy in his handsome chaps and riding a powerful big horse that carried his bulk like a feather was an impressive sight.

A truck gave me a lift to Pitchfork. Cassidy and two or three of his hands were taking their ease on the top rail of the corral fence. Several branding irons were keeping hot in a small wood fire. There were many colts in the herd, he said, who had spent their first year without ever seeing a man, and he thought they would all be coming along any minute now. He pointed across the flat where, two or three miles distant, one could see dust. "There they are," he said.

The dust, approaching at an amazing pace, disclosed a great mass of horses, running hard, guided and urged on by three or four riders, waving their hats and heading the whole thundering, breathless advance into the wide fan-shaped fencing that would funnel it into a lane leading to the corral. The horses were scarcely slowed by the lane, and the first arrivals burst into the big enclosure on the dead run, keeping at it in a counter-clockwise circling that was soon slowed by their sheer numbers. To me it was a scene of wild confusion, but Cassidy and his men could identify an astonishingly large number of the horses, some by name, others by their previous ownership, or for some distinctive habit or accomplishment. They all identified the sorrel mare readily enough, and one of the hands, at what seemed to me the risk of his life, took his coiled rope and dropped down into the milling mass. His throw was so effortless that he seemed to move no more than his wrist, but his twitch on the rope brought the mare down, tripped by his noose on a foreleg, and he had a bridle on her in a jiffy. She was slick and very frisky, and I rode her back to the Z-T with much self-esteem. I unsaddled her in the barn, led her to a pasture, and turned her loose. This was a mistake. It was like stalking a wild animal on foot to

get her into a corner and put a bridle on her the next time out.

I will not dwell on the trials I endured from this horse. She was mean and never mean the same way twice. She would tolerate two automobiles and bolt from the third, the same with mailboxes or even a stone beside the road. At times she would stop and eye a telephone pole with such trembling, ears-cocked, ears-back panic that even I began to think the pole was doing something to scare her; if not at that moment, perhaps it had on some previous occasion. At that instant, after seeming to compose herself, she would bolt again. She very nearly threw me when the sleeve of my slicker, neatly tied on behind me, came adrift and touched her flank, to which her reaction was one of bucking and sunfishing. If I left her at a hitching rack, she would lean back and pull until she broke the reins. It was suicidal to light a cigarette while riding her in the dark. My worst moment with her came when we put up suddenly from the road just in front of us an eagle or a hawk which had been enjoying a dust bath. She went through her entire repertoire.

Cassidy obligingly took her off my hands. He decided that she was locoed, suffering from nervous instability caused by eating locoweed. In season, the weed produces an attractive little flower, and one of a cowboy's duties is to keep the stock from grazing on it, for it affects cattle as well as horses.

THERE were many odd characters at the Z-T: a Swiss chore boy who lavished all his spare time and money on an ill-matched team and a buggy of which he was very proud, in the manner of a large property owner; an Old Swede, Andy, perhaps eighty years old, who kept all his belongings, including a kerosene table lamp and china shade, in a tin trunk with a curved top and who could take a spading fork and prepare the ground for a huge kitchen garden in one long day of nonstop work; Doc, the self-styled veterinarian, forever fending off ribaldries about the mortality and strange symptoms his treatments were causing among the cattle; a cowboy known only as Big Red, soft-voiced, polite, and by far the biggest man in the whole countryside; a remarkably disheveled man named Brown, who lived with his two or three children in a sheep wagon, in which they would come back for supplies at long intervals from his job of keeping the barbed-wire fences in repair; John Sayles, the foreman, who could have stepped comfortably into a role in *High Noon* or *Shane*, who knew the scores of verses of "The Chisholm Trail" and many other marvelous songs.

The most amusing man in this assortment was a teamster, whose name I have lost, who arrived one spring evening as we were all sitting on the steps of the bunkhouse after supper. He was riding a large, dispirited horse and was followed by a white pack mule carrying his bedroll and effects. He dismounted, opened the gate to the yard, and found himself defied by the mule, which balked and refused to be led or dragged or booted through the gate.

No greetings had been exchanged, but finally a voice from the steps broke the silence. "That's a fine big horse you've got there, friend," said the voice. "Whyn't you put a rope on the critter and haul him in?"

The stranger continued struggling with the mule, which relaxed suddenly and came ambling into the yard. "I would'a," the stranger called back to the group on the steps, "but the tree of that old saddle's a mite weak."

The next morning at breakfast, while the men were already tucking away their gargantuan portions of wheat cakes, potatoes, and ham and bacon from the ranch's smokehouse, the cook was standing in his kitchen doorway when the stranger appeared. "Hello," remarked the cook to no one in particular, "here's the *mule man* again!"

Such a start could have blighted the affairs of some men, but the mule man was no novice at settling in, and he was enough of a prima donna to take such a crack as almost a compliment, much as Henry Ford might have indulged those who joked about his Tin Lizzie. He was so full of talk and tall stories of his adventures that he quickly made himself at home. He was, incidentally, the only man I met in Wyoming who still wore a revolver at all times, a .38 double-action Smith & Wesson, from which most of the bluing had long been worn away, and he was fond of exhibiting an almost illegible permit to carry the gun issued in some small town in Montana many years earlier: a certificate, if you please, of his respectability and status in the community.

The mule man was a tireless solo player and the first after supper each evening to take the big plug-tobacco tin with the basketlike handles and sort out a deck from the mixture of greasy cards it contained. I do not remember that anyone ever put a new deck into circulation at the Z-T, and since such a player as the mule man smoked a cob pipe and chewed tobacco as he played, the cards all showed the effects of much fingering over months and years. His stories were bizarre; one was a description of a mysterious pestilence which littered the banks of some river in the Northwest with millions, said he, of dead salmon. "And sir," the story concluded, with the mule man assuming the air of one who could not expect such untraveled

folk as ourselves to believe him, "there warn't a dog nor a coy-o-tee for miles around as had a hair on his body for eatin' 'em!"

By far the most spectacular man on the Z-T was the cook, Red Carlin, a powerful-looking figure of middle height, a brick-red complexion, sparse ginger hair, bloodshot eyes, and a saturnine view of all authority. Like his small bedroom and the kitchen, his attire was always immaculate: a chef's white hat, a white shirt and trousers, several layers of aprons, and white sneakers as spotlessly clean as everything else he wore. He would replace immediately any garment that became the least bit stained. His pies were of absolutely classic delicacy, and I believe he would have been welcomed as a great cook anywhere in the world. He was very kind to me and invited me into the kitchen for coffee and a piece of pie or cake whenever I was in the vicinity between meals, which was all too rarely.

Red disappeared for a day or two on drinking sprees in Meeteetse every few weeks, but he was too good a cook to be fired for such lapses. His ultimate departure came when he brought back to the ranch from one of these outings a stocky little chap who looked not unlike Red himself, an unemployed teamster whom he introduced to us as Shorty Towle. Alcohol was forbidden on the ranch, but Red and Shorty, as a nonworking guest, continued to hit it up in great style, and after a few days it was decreed by the proprietors that Shorty would have to go.

Red's response to this order, which came while he was turning a great outlay of steaks on his grill for our noon dinner, was to leave the whole meal to go up in smoke, telephone to Meeteetse for an automobile to pick him up, pack his suitcase, and, in his unfamiliar "store clothes," sit on the steps with Shorty awaiting their ride to town. His successor, who arrived a few days later, after an interval of what seemed to us semi-starvation, was hopelessly incompetent and as dirty as Red had been scrupulous. It was August, and I had been there almost five months. I decided to go home.

In Meeteetse I found that Red was lodged somewhere nearby and spending most of his time in the poker game, based in a log cabin at the edge of the village, a public-private sort of game where almost anyone was welcome to sit in. The game was straight draw poker or five-card stud, table stakes and everything in cash, and it worried me to find Red so heavily involved in it when I dropped in at the cabin one night. Pots of a couple of hundred dollars were commonplace. It was quite beyond my resources, and I was superstitious enough — and still am in gambling matters — to be worried too lest my presence somehow affect Red's luck adversely, for he seemed to be losing considerable

money on fairly good cards. I slipped out without attracting his attention and decided to restrict myself to the small-time solo game at the Fentons'.

THE final week of my sojourn in Meeteetse brought me a casual meeting with Shorty Towle one day at the Fentons'. He had gone to work hauling coal and supplies to an oil drilling rig some fifteen miles back into the hills, and he invited me to throw in with him in the sheep wagon in which he was camped on the bank of Wood River, a couple of miles south of town. It gave my whole stay in Wyoming a marvelously pleasant windup.

The routine was simple, but Shorty's four-horse hitch — young, aggressive, and unpredictable animals that he called affectionately "my ponies" — made our daily travels exciting enough. At the end of each afternoon, Shorty would take on a ton or so of soft coal in his heavy freight wagon by pulling up under the hopper of a Meeteetse dealer, only two or three minutes and no work being needed for this process. He next picked up the day's supplies at the general store and a pint of whiskey at the Fentons' for himself, and we were back at his camp by twilight. The horses were corralled at a bend in the stream, where they could drink at will, a vertical cliff forming about half of the enclosure, and a crude fence of logs and wire the rest. They were fed hay and grain, and it was unsafe to get near the rear of any one of them, for they would kick furiously at anything or nothing. Harnessing them of a morning was an exercise in delicate slow motion, as if we were handling unstable explosives.

Shorty's standard of housekeeping in the sheep wagon was as severe as Red's in his kitchen. Everything was scrubbed and in perfect order. He was a good cook, and we lived very well, largely by his practice of helping himself to any part of the oil driller's supplies that he fancied. The drillers were highly paid, only the best of everything would suffice for them, and we prospered accordingly. Shorty's best specialty was a baking-powder bread which, cooked in a frying pan on top of the stove, came out as a single, light, skillet-sized biscuit. "Sheepman's loaf," Shorty said it was called, and it went very well with eggs and ham and bacon. The wagon contained an astonishing number of cupboards and drawers and a double bunk, crosswise, at its front end.

As a last act before putting out the lantern and turning in of an evening, Shorty put the pint of whiskey to his lips and let the equivalent of three or four big drinks trickle down his gullet in the fashion of a Spaniard getting under a jet from a wineskin: he was the only man I ever saw who could take on whiskey like that, without swallowing. In

the morning, on getting out of his blankets and before firing up the stove, he tipped up the bottle again for most of what remained. The liquor seemed to affect him not at all, beyond bringing from him a sigh of satisfaction.

Our route to the oil derrick was altogether cross-country, with no road at all but the faint track made here and there by the wagon itself on previous trips. The freight wagons had brakes of a sort, an iron shoe that could be made to press against the broad metal rims of the back wheels, activated by a cross member terminating on one end in a socket into which a wooden pole was driven. From the upper end of the pole a stout rope went to the driver's seat, sometimes to a pedal, more often to a cleat, hanging loosely and ready for him to haul on by hand; the longer the pole, the greater the leverage and pressure on the brakes. Cross-country driving with a relatively light load like ours for four horses is easy enough on the level or uphill, but some of the dry gulches we crossed were so steep that much braking was needed to keep the wagon from over-running the horses. At one slope in particular it was all Shorty could do to hold them back from bolting. One of his "ponies" had dropped dead here some weeks earlier, he explained, and he had dragged the carcass down the gulch a few rods, where its bones were already beginning to whiten. "They get a whiff of it along about here," he said, "and they don't like it a-tall."

The biggest freight wagon I saw in the West was the beer wagon, which came over the road from Cody to Meeteetse every month or so, a high-sided mountain wagon, piled to the sky with cases of beer from a Billings brewery; it had huge wheels, a lofty brake pole, and a broad seat, where the driver and one or two companions, beer bottles in hand, enjoyed the pleasures of a trip that must have taken at least two full days at a slow walking pace. One could imagine the wagon lurching and creaking over the stones of the river crossings, its ten or a dozen horses scrambling for a footing, and all Meeteetse turned out for its approach. With such an audience the driver became the stylist: it seemed almost without attention on his part, save for a ceremonial crack of the whip, that he turned the long hitch around and brought the wagon to a triumphant stop, the traces settling into the dust, at precisely the door of the Fentons' saloon.

I never learned how the drilling came out, but a lot of wildcatting in the vicinity paid off in later years. The rig that Shorty was supplying was a study in loneliness, with no sign of other human existence to be seen in any direction. The drill and its steam engine were clanking and chuffing in all vigor when we got there, but it looked to me like a very long shot; the little pile of coal that we augmented so slightly seemed a trifling resource for

powering so ambitious a venture. The silence when the drilling stopped for the dinner hour was overwhelming.

Dinner with the dozen or more drillers was superb. The men lived in a well-kept bunkhouse and took their meals in the cookhouse, presided over by a middle-aged woman and her beautiful daughter, perhaps twenty, and it was plain both were treated as the absolute authorities having the unquestionable last word over everyone else on the premises. Their cooking alone could have warranted such a status; their dinners might have come from the kitchen of a rich Iowa farm at threshing time; but they were remarkable personalities into the bargain: warmhearted, gay, zealous, and amiably in complete control of their work and their environment. The hospitality of the whole establishment to such outsiders as Shorty and myself was a tonic to be felt all the way back to Meeteetse, as our empty wagon rattled over the hummocks of buffalo grass. I can only hope that both women went on to marry wildcatters who struck it rich.

My worries about Red Carlin's poker playing were needless, I found a year later, when I went through Cody with a friend from Indiana, at the beginning of a pack trip into the Shoshone Mountains. We dropped in at the Cody Café for breakfast, and there was Red, the proprietor, once again in his white aprons, giving me a comradely greeting. He had just about cleaned out the Meeteetse poker players, I learned, and had bought the café with part of his winnings.

Two years after that, in the second year of our marriage, my wife and I were in Cody on our way to the wilds. It was her first experience of Wyoming, and I was eager to have her see Red Carlin, whose saga I had told her, so we began the day, after stepping out of a stuffy Pullman into the chill of the early morning, at the Cody Café.

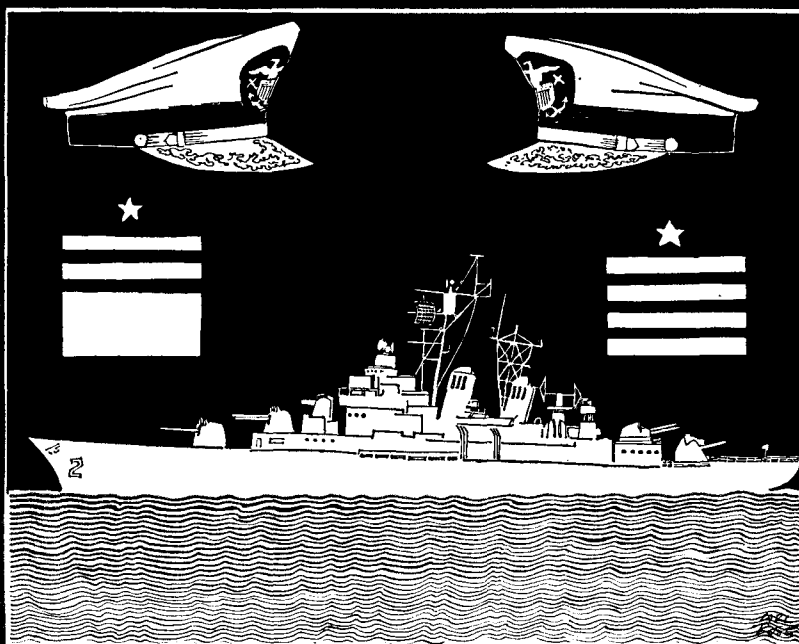
Red was not there. I asked the waitress about him. She was the type who seemed always to have one hand at her hip and the other patting her back hair, and she looked at me superciliously. "Ain't you heard?" she asked.

"No, not at all. Heard what?"

"He ain't here anymore. He's dead."

Her manner was so portentous that I could not help asking how it had happened.

"He married one of the waitresses, and he killed her with a butcher knife," the waitress said. "And he hung himself in the jail at Fort Collins." I did not learn what had brought Red to Fort Collins, and I may be mistaken about the location, but that is what I thought the waitress said. At any rate, Red was dead by his own hand, and the customers of the Cody Café were the poorer for his passing.



Living

THE ROYAL OAK COURTS MARTIAL

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

The day-to-day working relationship between an admiral and the captain of the admiral's flagship affords the bystander a fascinating view of intermingled manners and power. The admiral holds complete authority over all the ships in the unit, while the captain is absolute master of and responsible for his ship and all aboard her. The duties of each are covered by regulations, but there is probably no regulation to apply to such intangibles as "Eyebrow, lift of . . ." or "Concurrence, varieties of . . ." (bland, grudging, too hearty)."

Physical isolation of the admiral and his staff from the ship's company can ease the relationship somewhat, but the admiral will want a turn on deck occasionally or a look around at how the other ships of the unit are behaving. I once witnessed some exercises at sea from a flagship, in which both the admiral and the captain were truly superior people, who took their work very seriously and themselves not seriously at all. The courtesy of their conversational exchanges during ten

days at sea was unfailing, their contacts frequent.

On our return to port, we anchored, and the admiral went zipping off in his barge. Our ship was a showpiece, impeccable, and I don't believe the captain had been in the least worried on that score. I was standing at the rail with him, watching the barge disappear in the morning haze. He breathed a long sigh. "I like that man," he said. "He is one of the best officers I have ever known, and he is charming, as I am sure you will agree." The captain paused. "I can't tell you how glad I am to have him off this ship."

The admiral's power at sea is vast, sufficient almost to affect the very ocean itself. I was a guest on another occasion when the admiral, decreed by the umpires to have "won" over our adversaries in a war game, was giving a "victory dinner" in his quarters on the flagship. There were five of us in all, the admiral, his aide, the captain, the executive officer, and myself. Just as we were about to sit down at the handsomely laid table, the ship started rolling steeply, so heavily that the table settings began sliding, even though the tablecloth had been dampened against just such a contingency.

It was a sizable formation, a

dozen or more ships in all, and our course, homeward bound, was north, up our own Atlantic coast, when we came into the deep trough that set up the rolling. The admiral's reaction was instantaneous. "This won't do," he said, and, turning to his aide, "Tell them to turn twenty degrees east." The aide spoke into a telephone, giving an order that applied to the whole formation, flagship included. The roll stopped, as suddenly as it had begun. "That's better," said the admiral. He turned to the rest of us apologetically. "I suppose they'll all think I'm taking them to Scotland on the Great Circle route," he said. "But, after all, it's only for an hour. . . ."

I was reminded recently of this vague but vital relationship between admiral and captain on reading *The Royal Oak Courts Martial* by Leslie Gardiner, a former Royal Navy officer, a marvelous book published by William Blackwood & Sons, Ltd. (Edinburgh).

No American publisher seems to be taking it on, but the book's account of life in the British Mediterranean fleet, based at Malta, in 1928 is farce on an almost unimaginable scale — and all true. From facts and documentation of such zaniness it is hard to offer one example without slighting the rest, but the episodes

aboard the *Royal Oak* did wreck the careers of the admiral, the captain of his flagship, and the luckless executive officer, who became more or less automatically caught up in

the row. What started it all: the dissatisfaction of the admiral with the music provided by the band of the Royal Marines at a wardroom dance aboard the *Royal Oak*.

Superman Revisited

BY RODERICK NORDELL

RODERICK NORDELL has served as editorial writer, reviewer, and columnist on THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR. He is a graduate of Harvard and holds a degree from the University of Dublin.

For quite a few years, I had been out of touch with Superman. Recently I found it necessary to revisit the Man of Steel. The experience has been bittersweet if not downright (choke!) sad.

The reason for meeting Superman again is that two of our children are now big enough (gasp!) to receive allowances and buy comic books. The older boy reads to the younger one, or I read to both of them, and even their three-year-old sister picks up enough to say, "Don't get the Kryptonite on me!"

Kryptonite, for the information of those illiterate in the field, is the one substance that threatens Superman's invulnerability — a word our second-grader has been prompted to read at a rather earlier age than his father. I must have been ten before I discovered there was such a thing as a whole book of comics. I can still remember (sigh!) the thrill of that quickly suspended disbelief.

My wife grew up thinking that comic books were bad for you. She may turn out to be right. But I have the theory that anything the father survived, the son can survive also, including comic books. In my wife's eyes, the degree and quality of survival may be open to argument. In my own view, the painstakingly chosen comic books of my youth did me no lasting harm. When Superman makes our kindergartner say, "I can hardly wait till I learn to read," I say more superpowers to him.

What saddens me is that the Man of Steel seems to be going the way of that mighty hero of the past, Hercules. Perhaps humanity can stand the superhuman only so long without laughing. At any rate, it appears that after all his Herculean labors, Hercules became for the ancients a

figure of fun, brought on stage for comic relief.

In modern times a similar thing has happened with fantastic characters like Frankenstein's monster, starting its fictional life in the Gothic imagination of a poet's wife, Mary Shelley, and winding up in *The Munsters* on TV.

Meanwhile, the movie success of Frankenstein begot the bride of Frankenstein, the son of Frankenstein. Then, on the assumption there is box office in numbers, Frankenstein meets the Wolf Man, or it's Frankenstein and Dracula together again! Before long Frankenstein meets the Bowery Boys or the Three Stooges. Thus is the un-earthly brought thuddingly down to earth.

Superman may not have had exactly Shelleyan beginnings. But in those early days — "It's a bird! It's a plane! No, it's . . . !" — the Man of Steel stood on his own two feet. Superman was the star. He was enough.

But at some point Superman's drawing power must have faltered, as I used to think none of his other powers could. Like the bygone strong men in the current film

Hercules, Samson and Ulysses, he was teamed with another comic-book hero, Batman. The Man of Steel and the Cowled Crusader joined forces to arrest any mutual decline in popularity.

Also in the shadow of Superman's cape came Superboy and Supergirl and even Krypto, the Dog of Steel. Consider, too, the Legion of Super-Heroes, which in a recent episode included not only Superboy, but Brainiac 5, Colossal Boy, Cosmic Boy, Element Lad, Invisible Kid, Light Lass, Lightning Lad, Matter-Eater Lad, Phantom Girl, Saturn Girl, Star Boy, Sun Boy, and Ultra Boy — all pitted against (ha, ha!) Starfinger.

And now the men behind Superman have gone so far as to make him a grandfather. Can *Superman Meets Donald Duck* be far behind? Think of the Man of Steel as a second banana!

Such thoughts reduced my gravity as I read *The Three Generations of Superman*. The children had told me the Man of Steel had a grandson of steel, but I couldn't believe it.

Yet there it was, in red and blue and yellow, tempered only by the disclaimer that this was an "*imaginary tale*, which *could* happen in the future, but *may not*."

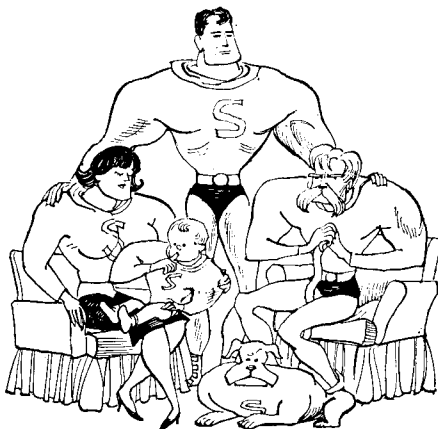
There was the graybeard pointing with his cane to a picture of one of his former triumphs: "Heh, heh . . . If I say so myself, son, you've never topped *my* fame . . . though you've equaled it!"

And the middle- or working-generation Superman says: "It's too bad that repeated encounters for many years with *green Kryptonite* so *weakened* your superpowers that you had to retire. I know I can't replace you, but I try!"

And the third generation — Superbaby, as the children say — plies his grandfather with questions about the old days before crime was stamped out.

I could not help enjoying the victory of Supergrandpa and Supergrandson over robots controlled by outer-space "alien plotters," who conclude: "We'll never try again to invade that world! What chance would we have, when our mightiest machines were defeated by an *old man and a child*?"

But surely in that direction lie comic books that can hardly be taken seriously. Pop art may have made museum pieces of the comics.



Camp taste may have found sophisticated entertainment in them. But when Supermen become grandpas and grandchildren, they cannot be far from supporting roles on the *Dick Van Dyke Show*.

I admit the Man of Steel has not yet become a clown to our children. They take him as seriously as their own grandfathers.

But they do play along with old Underdad (chuckle!) when he begins talking about Superbreakfasts, Superbaths, Superspankings, and Supermom. I anticipate the day when the whole family learns to talk in comic-book balloons, with the full burden of expository prose they are required to bear.

"Great Scott, Superdaughter! Eight-year-old Supersibling shouldn't have told you the charcoal for cooking our dinner was (heh, heh!) Kryptonite! Now to teach that

scamp a lesson before I prepare the coals."

"Don't punish him, Underdad! Though I'm his younger sister, he can't tease the Girl of Jell-O. It's good (chortle!) that I'm impervious to brothers."

"But what about me, your other Supersibling? Why did you cry when I wore your flip-flops to the bathroom?"

"Superdaughter thought you weren't going to give them back, Supersibling. Just the way I wonder if repeated encounters with black Kryptonite have made Underdad slower than ever in starting the fire for our hamburgers."

"Hamburgers (groan!) again, Supermom! Will you please make them thin like at the restaurant . . . Oops, sorry. I didn't mean to step on your toe. Sure glad you're the Mom of Steel!"

Efficiency in its Country of Origin

BY ALEX PAGE

A professor of English literature at the University of Massachusetts, ALEX PAGE has recently returned from a sabbatical, which he spent mostly in Germany.

Something strange happened when I went to get my suit from a dry-cleaning establishment in Munich. I handed the lady my ticket; she got the suit and accepted the money. Then with a quick, automatic movement she rubber-stamped the ticket and threw it in the wastebasket. Like that.

"Why stamp it?" — it seemed reasonable at the time to ask — "if you're going to throw it away?"

"That is the rule."

Since I was slow to take that in, she relented and gave me what was to her a perfectly natural explanation. "Anyway, we keep a copy."

Well, I won't be caught on the wrong side of an argument about efficiency. It stands among our finer virtues. I had yet to discover that in Germany efficiency is the crowned head of them all. Nor does the head that wears this crown ever lie uneasy.

As soon as my wife and I had found ourselves an apartment, I went to a store to get a nameplate made. Armed with foreknowledge, I had the exact size of the thing

down to the ultimate millimeter. The storekeeper and I discussed the type of letter, the size, the spacing between, the color of the plastic, the blackness of the black ink that would announce my presence to the citizens of Munich — everything. It would take a week. When I returned at the appointed day and hour, the man pounced on me: "We made a mistake. [*Ein Fehler* is an ugly, nasty word in German.] You didn't say whether you want square corners or you want round corners."

"Why, it doesn't really matter," I assured him. "I'll take it either way."

"No, no. Because of the mistake, it is not here. It is still in the workshop. The workmen must know. You must decide."

So I decided on rounded corners — I was in that sort of mood — not too rounded, just a little bit, say a radius of one millimeter, no more. The information was duly recorded in triplicate, and I was told to return in yet another week.

The nameplate was there, all right. The corners were square.

I didn't feel I ought to make too much of that part of it. For it read, "Pagø."

Now I will tell about the *Staatsbibliothek*. Not knowing the intricacies of time and motion study, I can only give a step-by-step account of getting a book to read in the library (to take one out involves several applications by me, by my landlord, by my supervisor, a waiting period, a trial period, *plus* all that follows):

First you go to the catalogue room. I never went without having to wait in line, because the trays of card files are not removable, and you mustn't crowd.

Assuming you find a listing of the book you want, you make out a slip (in effect, a sizable questionnaire), drop it in a box, and return in a day. Or better, two.

The book, if it's available, will await you in the reading room. You can't go in unless you check your coat. That part is free, but there is always a long line. Several attendants that you now pass make sure you really *have* checked your coat.

At the far end of the reading room you are told the book is not there, an altogether likely turn of events. What now? Well, if there is any further information you desire, the librarian intimates, the *Ausleihamt* is the place. That means the lending department.

You reclaim your slip, retrace your steps, rejoin the line for your coat. Then you walk downstairs to the proper office and search out the



proper official. He is, in a manner of speaking, expecting you.

He will explain to you that the book is not in. Now you know for sure. Then he will calculate for you that you can have it in sixty-seven days. And he says you will be notified.

And you actually are, say in

sixty-two days. I am compelled to concede that the system works. There are many pleasant diversions Munich offers to the waiting reader, much to be seen, much to be done, possibly even books to be purchased at the numerous bookstores. The *Universitätsbibliothek* has, naturally, a different system. Its catalogue room is in a building five good blocks from where you go to collect the book. But they call you *Herr Professor* whether the book is in or out, and that in itself does something for you. Your disinclination to cavil gains momentum.

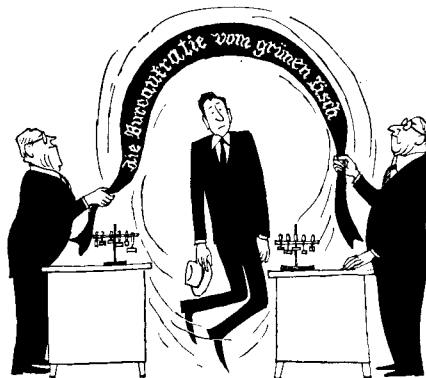
I evolved a theory that German libraries and banks are both plugged into a Platonic heaven of pure organizational form — the *Geist* is unmistakably the same. After we got our nameplate working, we joined a nice friendly neighborhood bank. I could tell because it had a luxuriant Christmas tree way back in October. Now, take a simple operation like withdrawing some of your own, personally deposited money.

First off, you confront the teller with your problem verbally. *He* makes out the check, but only after you have established your identity to his 100 percent satisfaction. You sign. He disappears. If he seems to be gone a long time, it's for two reasons: (a) he double-checks your signature, and (b) he activates the bookkeeping machines right then and there — all this to take a putative bounciness out of your check.

Supposing he returns with an *alles in Ordnung*; does it mean you have your money? It does not. You are at best halfway. He hands you a numbered octagonal disk (the corners ever so slightly rounded) for further negotiations with the cashier. The cashier handles the cash end of it, while the teller, I daresay, never gets near the actual goods. You wait until your number is called, then present yourself right smartly, and if, but only if, the cashier's lines of intelligence confirm that everything in this transaction is strictly bona fide, he will, without a second's delay, hand you your money. You are now your own man. It's time for lunch.

Depositing money, on the other hand, is a very quick, one-step affair. I don't know why, but it is. Another detail worth mentioning: every teller has a lovely sculptured, opaque glass door in front of his

window which he can close at will, and does — sometimes just as you are next in line. Boosts *his* efficiency, all right. Despite all the coming and going and moving around, a reverential hush pervaded my bank. *Herr Bankdirektor* is a very grand title; it may even beat *Herr Professor*. Though I addressed all the tellers by the former, it didn't seem to affect the flow of traffic either way.



My contention is that one must get the hang of it, but the system does work. I will go further and maintain that even when it doesn't work, there is something about it that does. This is what I mean. I took my shirts to a laundry and asked them not to use starch. When I returned, all shirts were — what else? — brittle to the touch with starch.

"They are starched," I said.

The lady looked, and looked at the slip, and said: "I wrote 'No Starch.'"

"Yes," I said, "but they're starched."

"I wrote 'No Starch.'"

"But they *are* starched."

"They are starched, but I wrote 'No Starch.'"

We each knew the other had scored a point. And we knew we'd have to leave it at that.

The week before we left Munich, our neighbor, who also occupied the ground floor of the apartment house, experienced fatherhood. When he returned from the hospital, he was in such a state of ecstasy that he put a lighted cigarette in his coat pocket, drank his new offspring a final toast (far-famed Munich beer!), and went to sleep. All that is speculation; no doubt the truth is on file somewhere. At any rate, people saw the smoke and called the fire department. Things began to happen at once. His windows were broken into, the door was smashed, one

fireman carried out a chandelier, and four of them tried to do the same to father. He objected, but their mission was official.

Now fire hoses appeared through windows and door. The smoke became steam, and a brooklet made its babbling way into the basement. I knew because I had ventured into the hallway. There was something very reassuring about so much energy at work. I felt protected. By way of telling me that all was under control, one fireman waved me off with the nozzle of his hose in staccato action. I didn't mind; as I say, I did feel basically protected. Now I felt wet too.

But I couldn't take my eyes off one astonishing element in this dynamic tableau. Squeezed into the elevator was a large fireman, a gloved hand on the elevator buttons. The elevator disappeared out of sight and returned, stopped for the merest second to catch its breath, went up again and down, up and down. The fireman looked a trifle put upon, but his jaws were set in a rapture of duty. Down he came, and up he went. Was it to keep the elevator from bolting? Or in the hope it wouldn't notice a thing? Had the man been bad and was he being disciplined? Or was he to divert the bystanders so that more serious work could move apace? Keep an escape hatch open? Wet or no, my wife, myself, and our little boy watched, hypnotized. The elevator was still on the move when we went back to sleep. It still moves in my Munich memories. There must have been a reason. There must.

THREE OF A KIND

BY WILLIAM WALDEN

Orpheus could make a tree
Wiggle to a wicked tune,
But lost his love, Eurydice:
He peeked too soon.

Alexander's rocket shed
Brightness like the sun at noon;
At thirty-two, though, he was dead:
He peaked too soon.

Hotspur had a temper that
Flared up like a puffed balloon;
Hot water was his habitat:
He piqued too soon.

pleasures *and* places



THE SILK OF THAILAND

BY MARY CABLE

Among the sights listed in the tour folders of Bangkok, along with such oriental splendors as the Grand Palace, the Floating Market, and the Temple of Dawn, one finds the unexpectedly Yankee-sounding name "Jim Thompson's House." Tourists who have done their homework on Thailand usually mark Jim Thompson's House as a must-see: a superb example of Thai architecture and a treasure trove of oriental art.

Jim (or James H. W.) Thompson, who lives in the house and opens it twice a week for the benefit of the Bangkok School for the Blind, is the American who made Thai silk famous. The silk company of which he is founder and managing director has brought Thailand millions of dollars, while the goodwill that he has created toward his own country is beyond the realm of dollars and cents. He gives the lie to the Quiet American, the Ugly American, the American who is urged to Go Home.

At a party in Bangkok not long ago, the wife of a Thai diplomat told me, "Of all the Americans I've met, Jim Thompson is most like a Thai." I knew that she was paying him her ultimate compliment. Yet he has in no sense "gone native." An amiable, good-looking, relaxed man,

who is sometimes mistaken by tourists in his shop for another tourist, he drives around town in a Chevy II and hobnobs as much with the American community as with the Thai and European. His success as a businessman in Thailand results from the fact that he is a peaceable man, neither bossy nor aggressive. "Keep a cool heart" is a favorite maxim among the Thai. "Never mind" is a phrase heard almost as frequently as "OK" is heard in America; to make a fuss is simply frightfully bad form.

The Thai also pride themselves on taking from the West whatever they choose, and, cool-heartedly, throwing the rest away. The king plays jazz and has jam sessions at the palace, but the servant who brings him his clarinet crawls across the floor like an eel—the traditional approach to Thai royalty. Jim Thompson has had the good sense never to irritate the Thai with Western customs; he never claps them on the back, which they find hateful, and never causes anyone to "lose face." Friends and advisers often warn him about the slippery ways of Orientals and beg him to watch his step. But Thompson points out gently that while other

foreign-owned businesses have come and gone, he is still in business and very profitably so. Other silk companies have sprung up, and there have been attempted raids on his weaving staff; but the weavers, by and large, have stayed faithful, and the Thai Silk Company has dominated the production of silk fabrics in Thailand.

Thompson first arrived in Bangkok in 1945, two days after V-J Day, in the capacity of a captain in the OSS. He had been scheduled to arrive there by parachuting into the jungle, but in view of the circumstances, he stayed in his plane and landed at Bangkok Airport. Until his assignment to this mission, he had never given much thought to Thailand, but a couple of factors in his family background predisposed him to like it. In 1893, his great-grandfather, General James Harrison Wilson, had represented President Cleveland at the wedding of the future George V and Mary of Teck, and there he had struck up a friendship with Vajiravudh, Crown Prince of Siam, who was representing his father, King Chulalongkorn. The crown prince, who was studying at Cambridge, invited the general's daughter Nell to May Week. A couple of years later, when he made an official tour of the United States, he requested that General Wilson act as guide. In the course of the trip, the prince and his delegation attended a garden party given for them at the Thompsons' country house near Greenville, Delaware, where snapshots were taken of His Highness, in cutaway and high silk hat, perched high in the air on the Thompson children's seesaw. Thompson recalls that these snapshots (made before he was born) were one of the pleasures of his childhood; he loved looking through the family album and finding an oriental potentate right there on his very own seesaw.

Thompson liked Thailand so much that after leaving the army he returned to Bangkok and took up a job as political adviser to the American minister. As a hobby, he spent his spare time browsing in the shops of Sampeng Lane, the textile street of Bangkok, and began to collect pieces of silk, attracted by the vivid and inventive plaids in which it was often woven and by its rough, lustrous appearance. He was beginning to wonder what to do

with it all when the embassy commercial attaché, Mr. James Scott, suggested one evening at dinner that Thompson ought to go into the silk business. Scott had been in Syria and knew that the Syrians had been successful in acquiring American dollars through the export of silk brocade. After that, Thompson began to think of his silk collection with more respect. One day he came across a heavy silk *pakama* (a kind of sarong, worn by Thai women) in a highly original plaid of shocking pink, emerald green, and purple. The shopkeeper told him that it had been woven in Bangkok, and a little investigation led him to the door of the weaver.

Bangkok is a queerly organized town, being really a group of centuries-old villages overtaken by streets and buildings that are mostly quite new. Before the turn of the century, there were not more than two or three streets; the rest of the town was a tropical Venice, the canals called klongs and the gondolas called sampans. Thompson found his silk weaver in a part of town known as Bang Krua, or Silk-weavers' Village. Here, Thompson discovered, every house has a loom in it, and virtually every member of the hundred or so families knows how to weave silk or to dye, card, or wind it. These families are Muslims — unusual in Bangkok, where 95 percent of the people are Buddhists. Set apart by their religion, they have kept to themselves, intermarried, and passed the art of silk weaving from generation to generation. In 1946, when Thompson discovered them, they had fallen on evil times. Cheap European and Japanese dry goods had killed their markets. There were more looms than weavers, many of the villagers having been forced to learn a new trade. The creator of the plaid *pakama* that Thompson had bought in Sampeng Lane was working part-time as a plumber. He readily agreed to take time off from plumbing and weave a dozen or so fifteen-yard pieces for Thompson.

With these in a suitcase and about \$700 in cash, Thompson took his first step in the silk business. He went to Washington and resigned his government job. Then he went to New York, and with no idea where to begin, went to see Frank Crowninshield, whom he had known around New York during the thirties

and who was the only acquaintance he could think of who had anything to do with the fashion business. Crowninshield sent him around to *Vogue*, where he was permitted to open his satchel of silks on the desk of Edna Woolman Chase.

"She took one look," Thompson recalls, "stepped back dramatically, and issued a command that nobody was to leave the office without seeing them." She asked Thompson to leave the silks with her for a couple of weeks, and the result was that the dress designer Valentina bought a length of pale mauve, four-thread silk, and made herself a dress in



which she was photographed for *Vogue*. This led to sales that enabled Thompson to buy a ticket back to Bangkok, where he told the weavers to get out of the plumbing business and start up their looms.

It was essential to order the best dyes from Switzerland and teach the workers to use them. Until then, the people who wore silk *pakamas* did not mind the fact that the color came out in the rinse water; or, if they did, they simply never washed the silk, but laid it away in sandalwood chests, scented with sweet herbs, and brought it out only for special occasions. The more expensive silks, woven with gold, were often kept for several generations, and when they were finally considered worn out, they were burned and the gold in them sold or re-woven. A really sumptuous *pakama* contains enough gold to make a fourteen-karat ashtray.

In an effort to stay in business, Thompson took to strolling about the lobby of the Oriental Hotel with Thai silk casually draped over his arm. Sooner or later, a tourist would ask him what he had there, and he would then confide that it was Thai silk and purchasable at a shop called La One, on Rama IV

Road. A Chinese friend of Thompson's ran the shop.

The first really big order came from Irene Sharaff, the costume designer, who was doing the costumes for Michael Todd's *Peep Show*. Todd, having learned that the young King of Thailand, then still at school in Switzerland, wanted to be a jazz composer, took what for Todd was the next logical step: he invited the King to write music for one of the scenes in *Peep Show*. The name of the royal composition was "Blue Moon," and the scene was the only one in *Peep Show* in which the girls wore clothes; they wore green and blue *pakamas*. Irene Sharaff admired Thai silk and this particular color combination so much that she used many hundreds of yards of it for the next show she costumed, *The King and I*.

After Jim Thompson's hobby of silk collecting had become a business, he started collecting Thai paintings and sculpture; and then, needing a place in which to keep them, he collected pieces of old Thai houses and made them into one large, remarkable house for himself. Traditional Thai houses were built of teak, the joints dovetailed together rather than nailed, because in the Thai climate nails rust away rapidly. During the 1950s, some of the weavers of Bang Krua became so rich that they chose to give up their rather rattletrap old houses and build new ones of pink or mauve stucco. Thompson bought several discarded walls of their old houses. Another weaver had an aunt, up the river, who owned four houses, was in her eighties, and was 30,000 bahts in debt from gambling. Thompson paid the debts in return for three of the houses, pieces of which he had floated down the river in a barge. He bought a couple of acres of land across a klong from his weavers' village, and drew up plans. The abbot of a nearby Buddhist temple, who was also an astrologer, then set the suitable time to begin building: September 15, 1957, at 8:40 A.M. A Brahmin priest, father-in-law of one of the carpenters, blessed the northeast post of the living room — the house rests on forty-seven teak posts, standing nine feet above the ground — and the carpenters raised it.

When the house was nearing completion, the abbot came to Thompson and warned him that it would

be sheer madness to move in on any other day but April 3. There was still no water in the house and no electricity, but the weavers strung a line across the klong and put water in the baths, and Thompson slept in his house on April 3. Twenty-nine carpenters were still at work. The two best craftsmen had stopped work on the house in order to build a spirit house. Every Thai has a spirit house in his garden and hopes that only the best spirits will move in. Spirits, judging by the size of the houses, are about as big as parrots. When Thompson's spirit house was ready, the Brahmin priest came back and blessed it. A generous meal was placed before the spirit door, and an empty chair, with a black umbrella tied over it, was placed invitingly before the meal.

One morning while I was in Bangkok, I went to call on Mr. Thompson in his famous house. It is only a short distance from a highly congested business street, but as soon as I entered the compound, I felt as if I were in the country. A small courtyard before the house is planted with rain trees, frangipani, orchids, palms, and jasmine, and game Bantams were wandering in and out of a hen house back of the garage. Thompson came to the door to meet me with a large white cockatoo perched on his shoulder. The cockatoo ruffled its crest at sight of me, revealing apricot feathers under the white ones.

"Cocky isn't feeling very well this morning," Thompson said, gently removing the bird's left claw from his shirt collar. "I took him out to dinner last night, and somebody slipped him a martini."

The first thing I noticed as I stepped into Thompson's front hall was that this house seemed cool. In Thailand it is very difficult to achieve a sense of coolness. It may not have been cooler here than in other houses, but it seemed that way, which is surely important. The hall, which has a black and white marble floor, opens onto a covered terrace, where among leaves and flowers a stone Buddha stands. Other Buddhas occupy niches in the interior walls, which are teak, and a teak staircase ascends to the second floor. "One of the few Western influences here," Thompson said to me, "is this enclosed stair

hall. Thais don't mind if the stairs lead straight into their sleeping quarters, but I'll have to admit I do."

Upstairs, a high-ceilinged drawing room opens to a view of garden and klong. Like most Thai houses, this one has no glass windows. Closing the windows is a matter of closing the shutters, and these are only closed at night or in case of heavy rain. Thus, one side of Thompson's drawing room is entirely open most of the time and leads onto a terrace. The other three sides of the room are teak, and were once the exterior walls of an old house. Thompson turned them the other way around, the outside being the handsomer. Some of the windows, filled in, have become niches for stone and bronze images. "By the way," he said to me, "do you notice that the walls seem to be leaning inward? Well, they are. That's the way they like them here. Just slightly oblique, instead of perpendicular. Makes it hell for hanging pictures. The parallel sides of the wall panels, you'll notice, aren't really parallel. Eventually, somewhere up in the air, those two sides would meet." He paused. "I've gotten so that right-angled walls seem boring."

Thompson asked me if I would sign his guest book, and after I had done so, I asked if he would mind if I leafed through it. It contained a veritable galaxy of guests, and he said that that's what happens when you live in an out-of-the-way place: everybody comes to see you. "If I lived in New York, for instance," he said, "I'd never meet anybody." Thompson's shop in Bangkok, I learned later, has had an even more striking list of visitors: among them, Princess Alexandra, for whom a carpet of red silk was thrown down from door to curb, Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Lyndon Johnson, Princess Beatrix, Queen Astrid, and Queen Frederika and her daughter, Princess Sophia. (When Their Majesties of Thailand made an official visit to London, Queen Sirikit's gift to Queen Elizabeth was several bolts of the Thai Silk Company's most magnificent gold-woven silk.)

A servant came padding in on bare feet, bringing coffee. He put the coffee tray down and removed the cockatoo, which was muttering grouchy. A passing boatman, catching sight of Thompson, raised a shout, stood up in his boat, and

rocking it wildly, made several bows, with his hands joined together before his chin. Thompson joined his hands and bowed in return.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Well, I'm not sure. But they're all nice," he said.

I asked him, while we drank our coffee, what had first attracted him about Thailand. He took at least a minute to consider this, and then replied thoughtfully, "Well, probably you might say it reminds me of Delaware."

I said that I would have thought that few places in the world were less like Delaware, but he assured me that I was wrong. "I'll admit that Bangkok and Wilmington don't have much in common," he said, "but when you get out in the country, particularly in parts where there are hills and rambling woods, and you can just walk and walk on dirt roads or across people's farms — why, it's just like Delaware was when I was a boy. Of course, up-country you can run into people wearing loincloths, or find a cave full of tenth-century Buddhas. I never saw that in Delaware. But I always had the feeling, when I was a boy in the country, that the world around me was full of surprises, and that's the way I feel about Thailand. For instance" — he smiled, remembering — "one time, when I was flying back from the Laotian border, a Thai friend who was piloting the plane — it was a 1936 one-engine L-5 — flew over a town called Khon Kaen and suddenly happened to remember that he had an uncle being cremated



there that day. He asked me if I'd mind if we stopped off so that he could pay his respects. Well, the airstrip turned out to be full of holes, and although we landed all right, my friend wouldn't take off unless the holes were filled in. The



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reason for the holes was that some delicious lizards lived in the airstrip and people used to come out and dig them up. While the holes were being filled in, we went to the cremation. A Thai cremation, you know, is held about six months after the person has departed, so it's not a particularly sad occasion. By this time, everybody has got used to the person being dead. In this case, the uncle's family were well off, and so they were having a big feast and they'd hired an orchestra and they were showing movies on the outside wall of the temple. The movie was an old Laurel and Hardy, and the interesting thing about it was that it was being shown backward. Now, where else could you see an old Laurel and Hardy *backward* on the wall of a temple during a cremation? We decided to stay for the party, and I won a bottle of rice wine, for dancing the *ramwong*."

Just then, we were joined by one of Thompson's company assistants. "Time to call on the weavers," Thompson said to me. "You'll come, won't you?"

We crossed the klong in a sampan propelled by a small boy. Disembarking at a rickety pier, we proceeded along narrow boards, little more than catwalks, that wound in and out between houses. Several feet below this walk we could see the muddy, littered klong bank, which, Thompson told me, is under water most of the year. From March to June, the tail end of the dry season, the klongs grow steadily lower and more smelly. There is garbage collection in Bangkok, but the traditional disposal is the klong. Between the casually laid boards of the catwalks, I could see bits of eggshell and melon rind lying on the mud below, presumably awaiting the rainy season. As a startling contrast, on the opposite bank of the klong Thompson's house in its leafy garden looked like a setting for an oriental fairy tale.

I asked my host whether the success of the Thai silk business had brought about any profound changes in the weavers' way of life. He told me that the changes were many, but he didn't know how profound they were. Some families, like the first one we visited, had made no visible changes at all: the first floor of their house was given over to two large looms and some very primitive cooking arrangements. The second

floor, which we did not see, Thompson told me was one large room, bare except at night, when sleeping mats were unrolled. The klong served as a bathroom. "This family saved up enough money to send the eldest son to study in Paris. He came back with a French wife. She'd been warned, I think, that Bang Kruea wouldn't be Paris, and she did manage to last six months. In the end, it was the lack of privacy that drove her out. Finally the son left too, and that was really a profound change, because in Thailand young couples are expected to live with their in-laws. I'm glad to say, they have a flat of their own now."

At the next house we went to, apparently all the profits had gone into luxurious living. The house was a brand-new pale-pink affair, made of poured concrete, with a mauve tile terrace. In the living room was an icebox, a television set, and some highly varnished furniture, upholstered in lavender plastic. A glass cabinet contained a variety of vases and unidentifiable ornaments made of glued-together shells. A new toilet gleamed brightly from a closet that opened into the room.

We took off our shoes, as we did at each house we visited, and sat around the shiny table, while the assistant talked in Thai to the owner, an elderly man, and his wife.

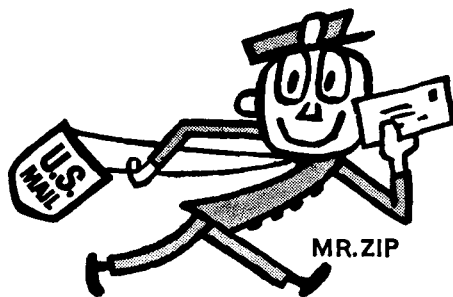
"These are our oldest and best and most nervous weavers," Thompson said.

"Why are they nervous?" I asked.

"They don't like trying something new. We just got an order from California for two hundred *pakamas*, larger than ever before, and it means some tricky adjustments of the looms. We're trying to break it to the weavers gently — they're all a little tired now. They just finished a rush order for five hundred yards of upholstery silk for a Hong Kong hotel."

It seemed to me that the weavers were taking the news calmly, but Thompson cautioned me against going by appearances in Thailand. "They will nearly always *seem* calm. It's not good form to seem otherwise," he said. "If you don't get any results, you'll know they *weren't* calm."

Presently, the wife went and fetched a large box that contained a great many varicolored spindles of silk. Thompson took the box on his knee and began picking up first one and then another spindle. "We

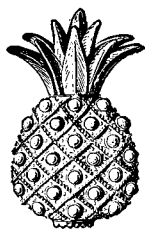


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keep thinking up new color combinations," he said. "We've got a hundred dyes and over a thousand shades. Each *pakama* is woven of three colors over one or two others. Sometimes you'd never guess how they will turn out. These three pinks, for instance, over red and turquoise will get you a pink and purple *pakama*." He turned the spindles over lovingly and sorted out several. "This might be wild—let's try it," he said. "Bright pink and purple, and throw in a little acid green."

One of the weavers brought over a pile of finished silks for his inspection. He held up one of violent pink and magenta, and began to laugh. "England," he said. "That's the place for this. We export to twenty-two countries, you know, and each one has its preferences. England has been blindingly bright lately."

"What about that silk they have at Windsor Castle?" put in the assistant.

"Oh, that's yellow. A quiet, pale yellow." Thompson turned to me. "Liberty's cabled us one day a few years ago for a large order of this particular yellow. 'Not permitted to reveal name of customer,' they said. I figured that must mean somebody pretty exalted, and sure enough—that silk went on all the furniture in the Canaletto Room at Windsor Castle."

"What's the largest order you've ever filled?" I asked.

"Gosh, I don't know," he said, and thought it over. "The Reynolds Metal Company in Richmond, maybe. They did all their executive suites in Thai silk, specially woven with aluminum thread. The weavers were very nervous. Then, there were the costumes for *Ben Hur*—a lot of silk there, because sometimes they'd have scenes where the people would start off clean and wind up dirty, and they'd reshoot the scene about nine times and need new costumes every time. Then, we did the hundred-dollar-a-day suites and the ballroom at the Hong Kong Hilton. And the General Motors buildings in Detroit—oh, I don't know. I'd have to look it up. I'll have to admit, none of that interests me as much as just the silk itself." He took a length of brilliant apricot silk and held it up so that it shimmered in the light. "Look at that now," he said, almost as if it were new to him. "Isn't that really something?"

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they shall have music



SCHUBERT AND BACH: Some Innovations

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Many years ago, in the halcyon days of radio, there was a comedy program in which it was announced that the orchestra would next play Schubert's *Unfinished* Symphony. The number that followed wasn't exactly Schubert, but it did end on a suspended, unresolved chord. Then came the sound of galloping hooves and the cry "Schubert just finished it!" Whereupon the orchestra played the final, concluding chord. If memory serves, it was the late great Colonel Stoopnagle who was responsible for this monumental feat.

They don't make Colonel Stoopnagles anymore, as we weary television viewers well know. But they do make earnest musicians like Denis Vaughan, a scholarly young Australian-born conductor and musicologist, who has set about the task of finishing the *Unfinished*, and whose labors are now on display in an RCA Victor album containing the complete Schubert symphonies (LSC-6709, stereo; LM-6709, monaural: five records).

Actually, this is not the first serious attempt to finish the *Unfinished* on records. In 1928, to mark the centenary of Schubert's death, the Columbia Record Company of England offered a grand prize of

£2000 to the composer who could most satisfactorily complete the *Unfinished* Symphony in the opinion of an international grand jury, which included such luminaries as Walter Damrosch, Alexander Glazounov, Carl Nielsen, and Donald F. Tovey. Musical sensibilities were more tender then than now, or perhaps it was a more modest age; in any case, cries of indignation greeted the proposal that a mere contemporary composer should add notes to Schubert's masterpiece. In deference to the protests, Columbia offered the prize instead for a complete, original orchestral work conceived as "an apotheosis of the lyrical genius of Schubert." The winner was a Swedish composer, Kurt Atterburg, whose symphony, an amalgam of many musical styles, was recorded by Sir Thomas Beecham, and promptly forgotten.

Denis Vaughan's new attack on the problem of the *Unfinished* Symphony is more modest in concept. Schubert's Symphony No. 8 in B Minor, as universally admired and performed for a century, consists of two movements, an allegro moderato and an andante con moto. But Schubert had apparently designed it originally as a four-movement work, like all his other symphonies,

and he even left behind an unfinished sketch for a third movement (a scherzo) consisting of nine measures fully scored, and a piano manuscript carrying the musical framework even further. It is this movement which Mr. Vaughan has now completed and orchestrated, and the result is a scherzo amiably scored and agreeably Schubertian.

Of course, it can be objected that even with the scherzo the *Unfinished* Symphony remains as incomplete as ever. There still is no fourth movement, and the symphony really doesn't end very satisfactorily with the rather brief and unimposing Schubert-Vaughan scherzo. Listening to its evenly balanced but comparatively lightweight measures, one tends to accept the old theory that Schubert only half completed this symphony simply because he could think of no musical ideas that could stand up to what had gone before. For all Mr. Vaughan's friendly efforts, the Schubert B Minor Symphony seems likely to remain what it was when its composer laid it aside, not only unfinished, but unfinishable.

Fortunately, Mr. Vaughan's album of Schubert does not depend for its value solely on his third movement for the *Unfinished* Symphony. On the contrary, it apparently represents the first recording ever to bring together all eight of the Schubert symphonies in a single album, with two rather obscure Italian Overtures thrown in for good measure. Mr. Vaughan conducts these works with the Alessandro Scarlatti Orchestra of Naples, and although in theory an Australian conductor directing a Neapolitan orchestra in Schubert may seem an unlikely combination, in practice it works out just beautifully.

In fact, although Schubert is universally accepted today as one of the three or four greatest symphonists of all time, it almost takes an album of this kind to establish the full scale and scope of his genius. Such masterpieces as the *Unfinished* and the Great C Major symphonies came not as isolated achievements but as the climax of a succession of inventive, imaginative, and supremely melodic orchestral works. Some of these earlier symphonies may seem sprawling and repetitive; they may toss off ideas without putting them to much use. But they abound in such musical gracefulness,

gaiety, and charm that one listens to them with steadily increasing admiration and delight.

As befits a man who accepts his musical challenges where he finds them, Mr. Vaughan has not been content to conduct the Schubert symphonies as most printed scores give them. Instead, he has gone to the manuscripts in Vienna and emerged with a number of textual corrections. Most of these are minor, but Mr. Vaughan has one interesting finding to offer: that Schubert's marking for an accent has been misread as a *diminuendo* by everyone for the last hundred years. This mistake, he contends, has led to a weakening effect in many passages, most notably in the Symphony No. 4, the *Tragic*. Needless to say, in his new recordings the accents are played as accents.

Just possibly, the change may be less significant than appears on the surface; conductors have a way of ignoring composers' shadings when they seem misplaced. For example, the final chord of the Great C Major Symphony is clearly marked in the printed score with a *diminuendo*. Mr. Vaughan, as befits his correction, plays it with a steady, unfaltering tone. But so do Messrs. Toscanini, Furtwängler, and Josef Krips, all of whose recordings were consulted by a curious listener.

If Denis Vaughan is the first conductor to have recorded all the Schubert symphonies, George Szell is the ninth to have recorded all the Beethoven. The others are (alphabetically) Ernest Ansermet, Herbert von Karajan, Otto Klemperer, Josef Krips, Hermann Scherchen, Arturo Toscanini, Bruno Walter, and Felix Weingartner.

Szell's recordings, which have just been packaged in a handsome album by Epic (BSC-150, stereo; BLC-150, monaural: seven records), thus have plenty of company, not to say competition. Nevertheless, the conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra for the most part holds his own. His is a crisp, clean modern type of Beethoven, with cool lyricism rather than warm sentiment. Szell favors brisk tempos and a general approach that is thoughtful rather than impassioned. And his orchestra, which in classical Viennese repertory is unexcelled by any in America, plays with precision and sensitivity.

Szell doesn't offer the taut dramatic power of Toscanini, the *gemütlich*

warmth of Bruno Walter, the granitic grandeur of Klemperer, or the measured intellectualism of von Karajan. But if his performances are less personalized than those of most conductors who have recorded the complete cycle, they nevertheless present a clear and straightforward statement of what Beethoven's nine symphonies are all about. Or at least what the first eight are all about. In Szell's recording of the Ninth, he seems, at least to this listener, to play the music without probing it very deeply. And his four vocal soloists in the choral movement, Adele Addison, Jane Hobson, Richard Lewis, and Donald Bell, fail to reach the level of musical exaltation attained in the climaxes of the Toscanini, von Karajan, and old Weingartner recordings of the Ninth.

At the age of eighty-eight Pablo Casals has set himself the goal of conducting Bach's six Brandenburg Concertos (Columbia M2S-731, stereo; M2L-331, monaural: two records plus special rehearsal record). Complete recordings of the Brandenburgs are far from a rarity; the latest issue of the Schwann catalogue lists no fewer than seventeen of them as currently available.

But Casals' Bach is like no other simply because it is — Casals' Bach. This is no recording for musical prudes, pedants, or purists. Casals plays Bach in a highly individual way, and since he has been playing him, mostly on the cello but frequently enough on the conductor's stand, for some seventy years, he should be entitled to his own ideas.

What seems remarkable in these recordings is that Casals, at eighty-eight, still commands the enthusiasm and authority to convey those ideas to an orchestra. Casals likes his Bach to be springy, rhythmic, expressive; precise but not delicate; direct but not didactic. And in the orchestra gathered for the Marlboro [Vermont] Festival last summer, Casals has as spirited, responsive, and expert a group of instrumentalists as anyone could wish. Rudolf Serkin plays the piano in Concertos No. 1, 4, and 5, with Peter Serkin, his seventeen-year-old son, playing the harpsichord in No. 2, 3, and 6. Typically, no consistent rule has been established that *either* the harpsichord *or* the piano will be used throughout the concertos; instead,

they are varied according to Casals' wishes, presumably as determined by the musical design and texture of the individual work.

For sheer exuberance and vigor, no other recording of the Brandenburgs comes close to Casals'. Perhaps one has to be an octogenarian to insist on so much youthfulness in one's music.

A bonus record, included with the set, contains excerpts from Casals' Marlboro rehearsals for each of the six concertos. Here one may listen to Casals as he shapes the phrasing of the music, articulating the notes in a hoarse voice, making one or two little jokes, working for an effect and calling out, "I hear it now, yes, yes, yes!" The rehearsal for the Concerto No. 2 in F is particularly instructive; Casals works over the musical phrases first with the first violins, then the seconds, then the basses, all at slower tempos than he subsequently adopts for the final performance. Although these glimpses of Casals in action are fleeting, they do convey some sense of his mission as a creative conductor, and at least once, an affecting statement of his musical credo, when he turns to his orchestra and says, "If you do what the notes say, it will be wonderful."

Record Reviews

Recital Montserrat Caballé

Montserrat Caballé, soprano, with Miguel Zanetti, pianist; Odeon ASDL-833 (stereo) and LALP-668

A young Spanish soprano named Montserrat Caballé made a sensationally successful Carnegie Hall debut last April 20, and the next day the rush was on. She was signed by both the Metropolitan Opera and RCA Victor, neither of which is noted for speculating in untried vocal talent. Miss Caballé's future presence on the American operatic scene apparently can be taken for granted. More to the immediate point, Capitol's import division has rushed in a supply of a Spanish-made disc featuring Miss Caballé in a recital of songs by her compatriots Joaquín Rodrigo and Xavier Montsalvatge. For all their native charm and color, these songs are less than ideal display pieces for an important new talent. Neverthe-

less, they do show the range, sensitivity, and silvery sheen of what is obviously an unusual voice. Even when it ascends to a high pianissimo, Miss Caballé's voice never seems to lose its body. With Victoria de los Angeles, Spain has already achieved one series of international conquests; with Montserrat Caballé, a second wave may be on the way.

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 3 in D, Opus 29, "Polish"

Lorin Maazel conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; London CS-6428 (stereo) and CM-9428

Tired of Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony? Weary of the Fifth? Fed up with the Fourth? Then try the Third — not exactly untouched by human hands, but still relatively fresh and shiny. Actually, this *Polish* symphony — the name was conferred not by the composer but by a British conductor — is typical Tchaikovsky, melodic, mournful, and pleasingly emotional. The authentic stamp is present from the very start, a stately but warm slow introduction. Lorin Maazel, who is developing into something of a Tchaikovsky specialist (he seems to have conducted *all* the available symphonies), plays No. 3 as though it were a vintage product, and at the end he just about convinces the listener that it is.

Leonard Bernstein Conducts Music of Our Time

Leonard Bernstein conducting New York Philharmonic, with Don Ellis, trumpet, Barre Phillips, bass, and Joe Cocuzzo, drums; Columbia MS-6733 (stereo) and ML-6133

This recording is a by-product of an avant-garde series of concerts offered last year by Leonard Bernstein to New York Philharmonic subscribers, a goodly number of whom fled the hall when the music started. A similar impulse may stir within the breasts of those exposed for the first time on this record to the screeches, whaps, and whams that constitute a large portion of these contemporary scores, one of which, Morton Feldman's *Out of "Last Pieces,"* has been composed on graph paper in a new system of notation. The other composers represented are György Ligeti with *Atmosphères* and Larry Austin with *Improvisations for Orchestra and Jazz Soloists*. Finally, the orchestra itself indulges in

four spontaneous improvisations. As exercises in orchestral sonorities, this rootless music may command a certain attention, and its eeriness may not be unrelated to man's first attempts at exploration beyond the earth. But one hates to think of it as a foretaste of the musical feast that lies ahead in the space age.

Art Buchwald: Sex and the College Boy

Art Buchwald, speaker, recorded at Georgetown University, Washington, D.C.; Capitol T-2205 (monaural)

Art Buchwald is every bit as funny before the microphone as at the typewriter. This "lecture," delivered before an appreciative audience of collegians, touches on a good many of the subjects familiar to Buchwald's newspaper readers, from his discovery of Paris in the post-war years to his realization of the perils, and expenses, of parenthood. Buchwald is at his best in buying a suit in Hong Kong (where the customs officer makes the chalk marks), in volunteering for Peace Corps duty on the Riviera (to work among the half-naked), in arranging a six-minute tour of the Louvre (one views only three exhibits but gains a world's record), and in maintaining a family of Barbie dolls (it's not the doll but the wardrobe that breaks the bank). His wit is barbed, but always good-natured and genial, and it keeps its flavor the second time around.

Military Fanfares, Marches and Choruses from the Time of Napoleon

Désiré Dondeyne conducting Brass and Percussion Ensembles of Gardiens de la Paix de Paris, with vocal ensemble directed by Jean Rollin; Nonesuch H-71075 (stereo) and H-1075

The marches of Napoleon I were short, businesslike, and not very gay — marches for going into battle, not showing off on parade. There is splendor and ceremony, to be sure, in these rolling drums and rhythmic brasses, but also an underlying grimly functional tone. The numbers, most of which have long passed from the modern French military repertory, include "*Champ d'Honneur*," "*Salut des Aigles*," and "*Veillons au Salut de l'Empire*," which became the anthem of Napoleon's France. The performers are none other than an ensemble of Paris *agents de police*, who thereby divulge musical talents hitherto unsuspected by most tourists.

September of My Years

Frank Sinatra, singer, with orchestra conducted by Gordon Jenkins; Reprise F-1014 (monaural)

"Sinatra in the Sere and Yellow Leaf" might have been a good alternative title for this record, a collection of songs about middle age, shattered hopes, and lost loves. Sinatra, who remains unchallenged for his ability to impart feeling and meaning to a popular song, seems to find an especial affinity for these rather mournful and bitter ballads, which have been imaginatively arranged by Gordon Jenkins. Among the titles are "Once Upon a Time," "How Old Am I?," and "It Gets Lonely Early." More familiar are "Hello Young Lovers" and "September Song," which is performed with a customarily omitted second stanza, and with admirable straightforwardness. Perhaps the most striking performance on the record is that of Ervin Drake's "It Was a Very Good Year," a rueful recollection of girls gone by, including the teen-ager who perfumed her hair, and the society girl with the chauffeured limousine. Sinatra sings it almost as if it were autobiographical, and who is to say it's not?

Stuart Little

Read by Julie Harris; Pathways of Sound POS-1036/37 (monaural): two records, available individually

The Most of Winnie-the-Pooh

Read by Maurice Evans; Pathways of Sound POS-1038 (monaural)

The best children's records are those that tell stories, provided (a) the stories are worth telling and (b) they are told well. These Pathways of Sound releases meet both tests admirably. Julie Harris reads *Stuart Little*, E. B. White's fable about an adventurous and personable little mouse, in a straightforward manner; there is no incidental music, but her pleasant voice supplies plenty of its own. Mr. Evans by now is an old hand at narrating A. A. Milne's *Winnie-the-Pooh*. This is his third Pooh record for Pathways of Sound; as in the two previous, he gives each of the denizens of the Forest of Six Pines a deliciously characteristic voice: a lisp for Rabbit, a squeak for Piglet, and just a touch of stuffiness for Kanga. Three of Pooh's adventures are included on the record: "Kanga Comes to the Forest," "The Discovery of the North Pole," "Search for Small."

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

EARLY in my apprenticeship in Boston I had my first run-in with plagiarism. There were four of us who composed the *Atlantic* staff in 1923: Ellery Sedgwick, the editor, Florence Converse of Wellesley, his right hand, who ran the show when he was away and did all the cutting and fitting, Caroline Church, a classicist from Radcliffe who proofread every paragraph with incredible resourcefulness, and myself, first reader and chief bottle-washer. A short story of a bucolic love affair carried on against the irascible opposition of the father seemed uncommonly good to "F.C." and me, and with our recommendations went up to the boss. Mr. Sedgwick liked it well enough to term it "a discovery"; he enclosed the fee with his letter of appreciation, and he asked the author, whom none of us had heard of, to tell us something of his background and whether we were right in believing that he was at work on a novel. The reply was slow in coming; meanwhile the manuscript had gone to Miss Church's desk to be copy-edited, and she demurred. "I wish you wouldn't schedule it yet," she said. "Tell the boss I'm uneasy about it. I suspect I've read something very like it somewhere, and I'll try to run it to earth." It took her more than a month before she found the original in the collected works of Frank Stockton; the buggy in which the courting took place had been changed to a Ford in our version, and the dialogue had been updated, but in every other essential this was the short story as Frank Stockton told it. Our discovery elicited no comment from the plagiarist, and the check had been cashed. This was my first burn but not the last.

Plagiarism succeeds because no one can have read everything, and this occasionally produces comic results. After her death, some early verses by Edna St. Vincent Millay were submitted to us by her husband. They were a long way short of her best work, and we let them go, but Miss

Millay's fame was tempting, and eventually one of the women's magazines succumbed. The poem which they featured in a big splashy page had originally appeared in Robert Louis Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses*. Miss Millay liked the meter in an apprentice exercise, and had copied it out stanza by stanza, at the end devising two or three additional stanzas of her own.

I learned to be wary of manuscripts coming into us from penal institutions. Usually they were the work of inmates who had time on their hands and whose intelligence had stirred the sympathy of a social worker or the prison chaplain. One's instinct is to help, and certainly every editor knows that O. Henry did some of his earliest and best writing while serving time in a Texas jail. The warden made him the drug clerk, and on the evening rounds as he dealt out medicine to the ailing, he heard their life stories or as much as they cared to tell. But for every O. Henry serving time there are a score of prisoners confident that they can fool the world by copying.

And they do — at least for long enough to get the first check. Rather recently the *Atlantic* received several typed pages of light verse from a young poet serving time in a reform school. His work was uneven, but the best of the poems were deft and amusing, as they should have been, for the two we accepted and published had originally appeared, the one in a book, *Wry on the Rocks*, by Steve Allen, the comedian, and the other in an anthology, *Creative Youth*, published in 1925. The point here is that though we editors were fooled, our readers were not; both poems were spotted for us within a fortnight of their appearance in the *Atlantic*.

In 1962 Arthur Koestler established in England a series of awards in his name to encourage prisoners to do creative work in literature, music, painting, and the handicrafts. The judges of the fiction included such well-known writers as J. B. Priestley,

Henry Green, V. S. Pritchett, and Philip Toynbee. The English prison novel which won first prize in 1963 was *Young and Sensitive* by Don Robson. Hutchinson published the book, which sold about three thousand copies, translations appeared in French and German, and the reprint rights were sold to Penguin Books. Now two years later it has been discovered that *Young and Sensitive* is an almost verbatim copy of an American paperback novel entitled *Fires of Youth* by Charles Williams, which had been dumped on the English market. The chief difference between the two is that the English version omits certain pornographic passages, proving, at any rate, that the copyist was fastidious.

Despite this plagiarism the Koestler Awards are continuing; indeed, the prizewinning novel for 1965, *The Caldron*, an hour-by-hour account of the Battle of Arnhem, has already been accepted with pleasure and credence by Macmillan. The author writes under the nom de plume of Zeno, and it is to be assumed that both the judges and the editors have been more vigilant this time. The truth is that if he is clever enough, the plagiarist can get away with it, and the companion truth is that some reader somewhere is sure to run him to earth, often in an incredibly short time.

SCHLESINGER'S KENNEDY

At Harvard, where he was the youngest member of the faculty at the time of his appointment in 1946, ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR., was known as an irascible liberal. He was an undeviating Democrat, one of the founders of the A.D.A., who took leaves of absence to write speeches for Stevenson in 1952 and 1956. His public endorsement of JFK in the primaries of 1960 made him welcome at Hyannisport, and the publication of his polemic *Kennedy and Nixon* and his hard-nosed effectiveness in the caucuses at Los Angeles commended him for a Washington appointment. His position in the White House, as William Shannon puts it, was that of "resident intellectual," scouting for views and eliciting confidences from friends in Latin America, from Reinhold Niebuhr, or from Kornienko, the Soviet diplomat, which the President might not otherwise have heard. Kennedy had warned his inner circle not to keep journals, but after the Bay of Pigs he specifically charged Schlesinger to take note of what was happening. The research for his three big books on the Age of Roosevelt had given "Young Arthur," as Cambridge called him, a working knowledge of the Democratic Party. Now as a participant in the Executive branch he was to feel the power, the complexity, and the exhaustion of the machinery of government.

What sets *A THOUSAND DAYS* (Houghton Mifflin, \$9.00) above most political memoirs is the trenchant writing, the disciplined assimilation of detail with which Schlesinger leads up to the momentous decisions, the affectionate observation of his hero and Mrs. Kennedy, and the diamond edge of his exasperation and prejudice. His method is to move from the perimeter into the center, as he himself did, and I think he is particularly successful in characterizing JFK's attitude toward his rivals and his Cabinet, and in showing us how swiftly and how thoroughly Kennedy was briefed for the presidency by the twenty-four task forces which reported to him in the interregnum. The historian makes much of the President's bafflement and indignation over the Cuban disaster, "an option," as he puts it, "which became a necessity" under the combined pressure of the CIA and the Joint Chiefs. He shows us the skill with which Kennedy conducted himself in his initial visits to De Gaulle, Khrushchev, and Macmillan, and no one can miss the anguish of the mounting crises over the Bay of Pigs, the missile sites, and recurrently, Berlin. In the re-creation of these scenes the historian is at his best.

The text was written with incredible speed — 420 manuscript pages in August alone — and under such tension it has gained in urgency what it may have lost in judgment. Schlesinger is passionate in his commitment to the President; he signalizes, but himself does not possess, Kennedy's sardonic modesty; and it is often difficult to determine how far his prejudice has colored the scene. For the Republican Party he has a partisan's contempt, especially for Nixon, Dulles, and George Humphrey. He invariably, and I suspect for the most part rightly, rejects "the hard line" of the military, specifically as advocated by General Lemnitzer ("If we are given the right to use nuclear arms we can guarantee victory"), and he rails against the deterioration of the State Department in its enormous growth. He waged a futile war against State's guarded, padded, "automatic writing," such as the continued use of "Sino-Soviet unity" long after the split had made such a tag nonsense. Secretary Rusk he describes as being slow and circumspect. Yes, but what Schlesinger tells us by inference is that Kennedy was surrounded by quick-deciders; that Harriman, ambassador-at-large, was reporting direct to the President, that the swift availability of Bundy and the National Security Council made State seem cumbersome, and finally, that JFK, unlike Eisenhower, was determined to be his own Secretary of State. In the midst of so much impulsiveness the President needed a brake, which he had in Rusk.

The most valuable things in the book are the

splendid portraits of JFK and Jacqueline; the description of those dinosaur bodies, the Pentagon and the State Department, and of how their very size is resistant to efficiency; the fundamental question of whether Kennedy tried to run things with too tight a rein, as Woodrow Wilson had before him; and the superb narration of how the President behaved in his finest hours. His asides, tossed off in heat, touch the heart, as when in the midst of the missile crisis he said to someone, "I guess this is the week I earn my salary," and on the last day, when Khrushchev had thrown in his hand, JFK remarked, "This is the night to go to the theater, like Abraham Lincoln."

ISABELLA GARDNER

In every generation, Boston has produced strong-minded rebels, some like Amy Lowell who stay on at home defying convention with impunity; and others like Harry Crosby who are driven by their rebelliousness into exile. When Isabella Stewart Gardner left her well-to-do family in Manhattan to marry a wealthy Bostonian, John Gardner, she carried with her an impulsive love for painting and sculpture, a zest for entertainment, a style that would have set her apart anywhere, and an aggressiveness that grew with the years. She was not beautiful, but her animation and her independence, her insatiable curiosity, and her sympathy made her powerfully attractive to men. She was hostess of the most spectacular salon Boston has known, and although conservatives never ceased to resent her as a willful outsider, they came in the end to acknowledge her unique contribution to the city.

Her husband adored and indulged her, with the result that "Mrs. Jack," as the town called her, moved and spent with a freedom others envied. She read Dante with Charles Eliot Norton, she made an early capture of Henry James, and when she was forty-six and he was twenty-nine, she spent months encouraging and cajoling F. Marion Crawford toward his career as a novelist. There were times when she drove her husband to jealousy; he must have had a hand in breaking off the affair with Crawford, and he angrily withheld permission to exhibit John Singer Sargent's famous portrait of her after the scurrilous remarks about it overheard at his club. His reaction when such ructions occurred was to take her abroad, where she made fresh conquests, such as James McNeill Whistler and Anders Zorn, scandalously exaggerated in *Town Topics*, and where Mr. Jack renewed her affection by buying the rubies or the paintings she yearned for. I have said enough to indicate how long we have waited for a book which would piece together Mrs. Gardner's travels and

adventures, her conquests and her acquisitions, as LOUISE HALL THARP has done in *MRS. JACK* (Little, Brown, \$6.95).

While she lived, Isabella Gardner, the inner spirit, was as elusive as she was conspicuous, and she left doors closed behind her which no biographer can hope to open. Mrs. Tharp has chartered her heroine's course with understanding; she has described the coterie of young men who were requisitioned as attendants each year from Cambridge; through correspondence and table talk she has followed the more famous friendships; with careful citation of figures she has shown how the magnificent collection in Fenway Court was acquired and housed; and with tenderness she has written of Mrs. Gardner's grief at the death of her only infant son, and of the courage with which she pursued her ideal after her husband's death. Here are the gay parties, when Sando the Strong Man posed behind a screen at Fenway Court; here is the woman who mixed the paint and flung a sponge of it high against the wall to show the tint she was after in the interior court; and here is the woman who in her old age lived so frugally to preserve the endowment of "her palace" for the city. It is a pity that stylistically the text does not do her full justice.

CREATORS OF THE BORZOI

When last autumn Alfred and Blanche Knopf celebrated their fiftieth anniversary in publishing, one realized that no other husband-and-wife team in American letters has ever approached their record. In 1921 the Knopfs made their first trip abroad, and ever since they have worked unceasingly to cultivate American interest in foreign authors: this was their major achievement, signaled by the fourteen Nobel Prize winners on their list, the last being Mikhail Sholokov of the Soviet Union. At home they have had a moderate share of Pulitzer Prize winners. Their overall performance is now commemorated in the anthology *FIFTY YEARS*, edited by Clifton Fadiman (Knopf, \$10.00): novellas, short stories, essays, and verse; prose as versatile as *The Stranger* by Albert Camus, "Two Friends" by Willa Cather, *Farewell, My Lovely* by Raymond Chandler, "Enoch Soames" by Max Beerbohm, "The Fly" by Katherine Mansfield, "Snowing in Greenwich Village" by John Updike. It seems to me stretching a point to have crowded in the brief introductions by Joseph Conrad and Joseph Hergesheimer, I find the excerpt from E. M. Forster sentimental, and I miss Conrad Richter's *Sea of Grass*. But all in all this is an anthology of rare quality and versatility, and like all Knopf books, exquisitely made.



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BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Reader's Choice

BY OSCAR HANDLIN

THE SON OF A SERVANT, the excellent translation by Evert Sprinchorn of the first volume of **AUGUST STRINDBERG'S** autobiography (Doubleday-Anchor, \$1.25), is a moving account of the early life of the great Swedish playwright. It portrays vividly the restrictive family life and the cold middle-class conventions of Stockholm which made Strindberg a rebel and a critic of society. The emotions of an unhappy childhood and adolescence gain force from the eloquence of the sparse, almost laconic, sentences in which they are phrased.

The book reminds us of the close links between science and literature in the nineteenth century. The preoccupation of naturalists like Strindberg and Gorki with the self was not capricious or egocentric, but an effort to use new knowledge to illuminate the problems of man. Strindberg believed that literature had to free itself from art and become a science, absorb all the information the experimental disciplines generated and even adopt their techniques. The autobiography was scientific because it was a medium through which the writer could keep a single human being, himself, under constant observation through a long course of development. The attempt to apply these assumptions expressed the desire of a whole literary generation, which began with Darwin and ended with Freud, to cope with the problems raised by the discoveries of science.

Despite its importance in their lives, science remains an alien domain to most men of the 1960s. The very characteristics that contribute to its success inhibit easy comprehension of its results. The rapid pace of discovery renders many of its

findings obsolete before they are digested. Furthermore, professionalization and the specialization of modes of inquiry, language, and technique make it difficult for all but the initiate to absorb ongoing developments. Popularizations, by the process of simplification, often unintentionally falsify, for they create an impression of certainty, precision, and definitiveness quite foreign to the actualities of creative science.

The gap in the common understanding of science is widened by the tendency to identify it with technology. We are familiar with jets and television, however little we may know of electronic physics, and we imagine that it is the purpose of science to produce these objects for our convenience and welfare. Research is development, the laboratory a branch of industry. The scientific enterprise is thus expected to be safe, highly organized, and practical.

This is the picture, for instance, that emerges from **SCIENCE: U.S.A.** (Viking, \$7.95) by **WILLIAM GILMAN**. In this volume, the associate editor of *Popular Science* has compiled a useful survey of the state of American science in the 1960s. There are lucid descriptions of the Establishment, its laboratories and its connections with government, as well as clear accounts of recent developments in medicine, biology, and physics.

Gilman is by no means complacent. He is aware of the incompetents and predators and of the social irresponsibility, the "recklessness, arrogance, and petulant demands of a self-anointed aristocracy." Yet his standards are primarily those of practicality. Hence he criticizes recent astronomy because it is "heavily theoretical" and "overlooks practical needs," as if it were the primary function of scientists to supply data for NASA.

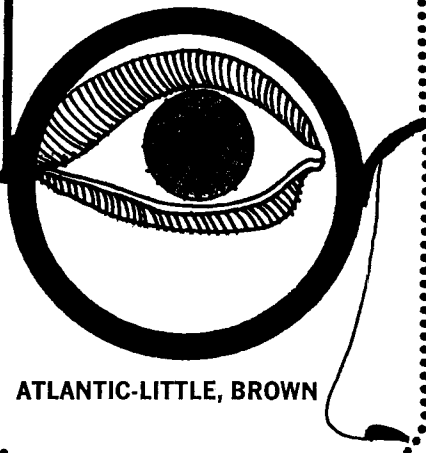
The test of practicality is particularly attractive to new disciplines anxious to establish themselves in public esteem and in their claims for financial support. **JOHN MANN'S CHANGING HUMAN BEHAVIOR** (Scribner's, \$5.95), for instance, envisions a mammoth Human Development Corporation (HDC) that would apply the most powerful analytic weapons to the fulfillment of man's potential. Housed "in a large, modern building, such as is identified with any corporation," HDC

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would electronically store information on behavior and at the same time experiment on an international sample of individuals. "Practitioners of known repute from various parts of the world including Yogis, shamans, and psychiatrists" would each apply their own procedure to patients "under scientifically controlled circumstances" to test the effectiveness of various methods.

Professor Mann is a serious social psychologist, and the bulk of his book consists of sober descriptions of various techniques for altering human behavior. His vision of the ideal scientific enterprise is an interesting illustration of the faith in large-scale organization as a means of attaining certitude and practical results.

The pity is that the distorted popular view, confirmed by many scientists, obscures another, perhaps more important, aspect of science: its imaginative, speculative character, which should be as exciting to our generation as Darwin was to Strindberg's. The astronomers, using great automated instruments which listen through radio windows, have discovered altogether new quasars (quasi-stellar objects), which challenge accepted conceptions of the universe. Microbiologists, using molecular microscopes, have raised novel questions about the nature of the human organism.

Science for the explorer is not so much a treasury of information as a process of continuing discovery. The scientist does not become more certain as his work progresses; often, indeed, the result of a discovery is to uncover the extent of man's ignorance and to convert certainties into questions. Only by direct contact with the thought of the scientists can one glimpse the excited imaginations at work in their enterprises.

GALAXIES, NUCLEI AND QUASARS by **FRED HOYLE** (Harper & Row, \$4.95) is an exuberant astronomer's fresh look at the universe. Professor Hoyle has attempted earlier descriptions of the nature of the universe. But he is not shackled by the fear of being wrong, and he is willing to indulge in "rather whimsical fantasies." "Conservative ideas do not pay very well, especially when dealing with a quite new phenomenon."

Professor Hoyle's speculations will give little immediate aid to NASA. The narrow spaces of the solar system interest him less than the

immensely wider reaches of the galaxies and the quasars, those recently discovered objects far brighter than the known stars. The effort to order and explain the fresh data forces the scientist to wrestle anew with the question of the origin of the universe and the history of matter.

This is not an easy book to read, and only the technically expert will be able to judge the validity of the whole argument. But it would be a waste were the stimulus of discussion confined to the experts.

MAN ADAPTING (Yale University Press, \$10.00) by **RENÉ DUBOS** of the Rockefeller Institute is a vivid illustration of the importance of recent changes in biology. Dr. Dubos has freed himself from the mechanistic view of the human body that once dominated medicine. Man is a social, rational, and ethical animal as well as a chemical machine; and the states of health and disease are as much the expression of the success or failure of adaptation to environmental challenges as they are chemical responses.

The author, himself a microbiologist, has canvassed a wide range of studies that treat the relationship between man and his environment. Climate, pollution, nutrition, and fluctuations in population are among the factors whose influences on health are carefully evaluated. In the light of this discussion there follows an incisive analysis of the situation in organized medicine, which continues to define all the minute particulars of life without adapting to the new problems posed by the modern social context. Dubos calls for a shift in emphasis from elementary units and reactions to the manner in which man responds to the threats he encounters in the world.

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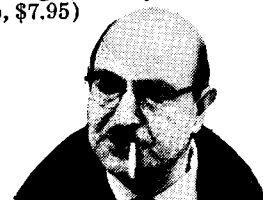
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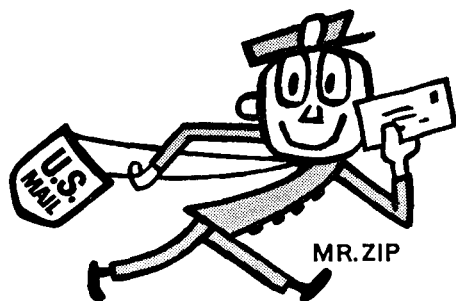
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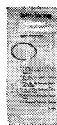
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throws light on the difficulties of establishing democracy in the Dominican Republic. A respected intellectual, a man of evident sincerity and unimpeachable integrity, a confirmed democrat and anti-Communist, Bosch was the first constitutional president of the republic after the long nightmare of Trujillo dictatorship. After seven months a military coup terminated his administration and sent him into exile. In the crisis of April, 1965, he played a curiously indecisive role, and then returned to the island, a bitter critic of American intervention. This book, written in 1964, is an effort to explain the course of events until his ouster.

The Unfinished Experiment reveals the lack of political sense that plagues so much of Latin America. Here is his "plan of action," while president, for coping with a threat from Haiti: the Dominican Army was to mobilize on the border close to Haiti's capital, and the Air Force would fly over Port-au-Prince warning the people to flee before the bombs fell. If absolutely essential, two or three bombs would be dropped where they would cause no casualties. No more would be necessary because Haiti's president would thereupon resign. "But the plan had one flaw. I could confide it to no one, not even the military commanders who would participate in it." Such fancies were the products of a mind unequipped to deal with the problems of a country in torment.

Bosch was certainly aware of his country's grave difficulties; again and again he pleads the lack of time and the lack of resources. But the reader of this book will find no clear account of the use to which additional years and dollars would have been put, for Bosch shows little understanding of the changes required to plant democracy in a soil exhausted by decades of dictatorship. A narrow class view of society and obsessive nationalism clouded his perceptions.

These pages breathe a passionate hatred of the middle class, a romantic idealization of the masses. "The people of the slums have an integrity that makes them mentally and psychologically healthier than" the middle class, which thinks "not with its brains but with its bank account." Poverty purifies the men on the streets and in the fields. "The think-

ing of the masses is clear, sometimes unexpectedly profound. It is not deformed by complexes, because the masses are true to themselves." A man who does not understand that poverty has its vices just as wealth does is trapped by sentimentality and is not likely to inspire a sense of national solidarity.

The Dominican Republic needed help, yet Bosch was sensitive to any hint of dependence. National pride, he explains, reached far back to his childhood. "No one will ever know what my seven-year-old soul suffered at the sight" of the Dominican flag lowered during the protectorate. "This caused me indescribable pain, and even kept me awake a long time after I had been sent to bed." That exaggerated nationalism was no help to a small impoverished country which had to develop a cooperative relationship with its more powerful neighbor.

The United States consistently supported Bosch and expressed its disapproval of the coup that unseated him. Might the subsequent course of events have been different had he been willing to ask for aid, even intervention, to retain constitutional power? As in so many other countries, memories of colonialism and atavistic fears of subjection proved more compelling than the genuine threats to democracy.

AFRICA

GEORGES CONCHON'S THE SAVAGE STATE (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$4.50) is a disturbing work. In a first reading of this powerful novel, attention focuses on the skillfully told story. Avit, a young French UNESCO bureaucrat, arrives in a newly independent African state to discover that his wife, Laure, who had left him some years earlier to become the mistress of a white man, is now living with a black cabinet minister. Everyone knows the story and how the protagonists should behave. When neither Avit nor Laure conforms to those expectations, the whole society, white and black, becomes a delirious mob, instinctively united to expel the deviants.

There is more to the book than its plot however. Every character, black and white, is remorselessly ridiculed, and it is evidence of the author's mastery of his craft that they are credible at all. Only Avit

and Laure possess redeeming qualities, he intelligence and goodwill, she the capacity for love; and those are precisely the qualities that lead to destruction. The rest of the characters — the clownish black officials, the gross white colonials, the cowardly Christian clergy, the doltish populace — are mired in their own stupidity, stifled by their own hatred. The novel draws no racial distinctions in its loathing for humanity.

Conchon has thus gone far beyond such earlier writers as Conrad, who also described the harsh effects of the Dark Continent upon the Europeans who ventured into it. For Conrad the extreme conditions of the alien environment tested men's spirits, revealed their weaknesses and also their strength. Conchon's judgment is much more sweeping. Africa expels Avit and Laure because it cannot tolerate intelligence or love; and contact between the races is doomed to disaster. The novel is thus a testament to the end of imperialism, to the fading of that dream of man's universal dignity which for five hundred years animated Westerners in their contacts with the outer world.

TOTALITARIANISM

In **THREE FACES OF FASCISM** (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$7.95) **ERNST NOLTE** reminds us that neither nationalism nor group hatred is peculiar to underdeveloped societies. Professor Nolte's account of the Action Française, Mussolini's fascism, and Hitler's national socialism gives us a very helpful history of the anti-liberal trends in the two decades before 1930.

His interpretation is open to some question however. Professor Nolte defines fascism as anti-Communism, stresses its conservative nationalism, and underplays other features at least equally important. Hitler and Mussolini were the leaders of genuine mass movements, and they consciously adopted a view of power which totally subordinated the individual to the state. In both respects, their parties differed from the much more genteel Action Française and resembled the Bolshevism of Stalin.

The failure to recognize that in the history of modern Europe fascism is important as a type of totalitarianism rather than as a type of nationalism weakens an otherwise admirable book.

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IVAN SANDERSON'S BOOK OF GREAT JUNGLES, written with assistance from David Loth (Julian Messner, \$9.95), will surprise readers brought up in the belief that these great tropical forests are dark, dank, impassable, infernally hot, and desperately dangerous. As a naturalist, Mr. Sanderson has lived in many jungles, which he defines carefully as a particular type of forest quite unlike the ordinary tropical woods next door, and loves them. They are, he reports, easy to travel in, remarkably healthful, short of dangerous beasts, and comfortable as long as one avoids clothes and boots. In his studious pursuit of all that grows or moves, Mr. Sanderson is willing to climb up, and fall off, almost anything; on one occasion he tumbled down a cliff in a tangle of lianas and found, at the bottom, that somewhere en route the bundle had incorporated an outraged peccary. The whole mess — Sanderson, vines, and pig — rolled into the territory of a pit viper who would accept no apology. The peccary proved a very useful ally in the ensuing war. This affair is typical of Mr. Sanderson's adventures, all of which indicate that the most agreeable diversion possible is a visit to a jungle and its strange, beautiful, amiable inhabitants. The book is large and full of solid information — personal adventures are only an amusing minor element — and is illustrated with Mr. Sanderson's sketches, a great variety of photographs, old engravings, and the fantasies of Henri Rousseau.

LEROI JONES, poet and playwright, has written a book called *THE SYSTEM OF DANTE'S HELL* (Grove, \$3.95). It is what is usually called a poetic novel, meaning it is self-indulgent. Gaudy metaphors flash across Mr. Jones's pages, throwing impressive sparks but little heat, for most of them are too indefinite either to convey meaning or to arouse emotion. Even the interminable excremental references with which the author enlivens his prose have no power to raise shock or shudder. Insofar as it is possible to follow this cryptographic narrative at all, *The System of Dante's Hell* is a per-

fectly standard autobiographical novel about how awful it is to grow up, lose childhood friends, discover sex (both homo and hetero), serve in the army, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. The book sizzles with amorphous misery, and since Mr. Jones is a Negro, one expects it to be blamed, ultimately, on white society. Probably this is indeed what Mr. Jones has in mind, but the book reads like the work of any conscientiously oversensitive young egotist, and one leaves it with the impression that the author would suffer just as much, and would complain just as loudly, if he were white, red, or polka-dotted.

I'VE DECIDED I WANT MY SEAT BACK (Harper & Row, \$3.95) is a selection of BILL MAULDIN's recent cartoons, with remarks on the circumstances that produced them. Generally sour, sensible, funny, and wonderfully ingenious in translating large situations into sharp, simple images, Mr. Mauldin now and again trips himself with fits of virtue and high principle, which are simply not suitable cartoon moods.

JOHN SLOAN'S NEW YORK SCENE (Harper & Row, \$12.50) consists of diaries the painter kept from 1906 to 1913, edited by Bruce St. John. Sloan wrote primarily for the amusement and consolation of his first wife, an alcoholic intimidated by the big city, and the diaries are understandably gentle and discreet even when the subject involved is one of history's wilder drunken parties. Despite its calculated reserve, the book contains a detailed and sometimes quite moving record of the problems faced by a serious painter. There was no need to elaborate on appearances, since Dolly had usually seen all the places and people involved, but at times, stimulated by ugliness, stupidity, or exhibition juries, Sloan achieved descriptions of vitriolic effectiveness.

As for low comedy, there is *THE CONSORT* (Grove, \$4.50) by ANTHONY HECKSTALL-SMITH, offered as a terribly daring business, unpublishable in England for reasons of *lèse majesté*. It has to do with the husband of a most dignified queen who goes adrift in a South Sea island and refuses to leave the palm trees and the hula dancers. The writing is aggressively humorous, and the whole pitch suggests a schoolboy trying to imitate Norman Douglas' *South Wind*.



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